MISTAKES OF INGERSOLL

AND HIS

ANSWERS.

COMPLETE.

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MISTAKES ⁘ OF ⁘ INGERSOLL

AND HIS

ANSWERS COMPLETE,

INCLUDING REPLIES BY PROF. SWING, JUDGE BLACK, J. MUNRO GIBSON, D. D., RABBI WISE, REV. W. F. CRAFT, CHAPLAIN MCCABE, DR. ROBERT COLLYER, BISHOP CHENEY, DR. THOMAS, DR. LORIMER, DR. E. P. GOODWIN, DR. JAMES MACLAUGHLAN,

AND OTHERS.

—o—

INCLUDING ALSO, IN FULL, INGERSOLL'S LECTURES ENTITLED "THE MISTAKES OF MOSES", "SKULLS", "WHAT SHALL WE DO TO BE SAVED?" AND "THOMAS PAINE",

TO WHICH THE REPLIES ARE MADE,

WITH INGERSOLL'S ANSWERS.

—o—

ALSO INGERSOLL'S FUNERAL ORATION AT HIS BROTHER'S GRAVE, WITH REMARKS BY HENRY WARD BEECHER, HON. ISAAC N. ARNOLD,

AND OTHERS.

Etc. Etc., Etc.

——:o:——

EDITED BY

J. B. MCCLURE, A. M.

CHICAGO.

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PREFACE.

A religious faith at present so generally pervades the civilized world that it seems almost amazing that any one should dare speak as Mr. Ingersoll does in his several lectures about the Bible. It is this singularity, no doubt, rather than intrinsic worth, which gives any significance that may attach to his words. That the Bible is in the least endangered is out of the question. It is too late now for that. The words herein compiled from good and able men, who have made the great Book, in its early language, import and history, a careful study for long years, will show how futile are Mr. Ingersoll's efforts in parading what he calls the "Mistakes of Moses," etc. Indeed, it would seem that, possibly Mr. I. is guilty of a mistaken identity, for he is severely accused of false assertions and misrepresentations concerning the *real* Moses. This reminds us of a "mistake" which was made on a certain occasion by the celebrated Archbishop of Dublin, the gifted author of the work so widely known, entitled "The Study of Words." He was not in robust health at the time, and for many years had been apprehensive of paralysis. At a dinner in Dublin, given by the Lord Lieutenant of Ireland, his grace sat on the right of his hostess, the Duchess of Abercorn. In the midst of the dinner the company was startled by seeing the

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Archbishop rise from his seat, and still more startled to hear him exclaim in a dismal and sepulchral tone, "It has come! it has come!"

"What has come, your Grace?" eagerly cried half a dozen voices from different parts of the table.

"What I have been expecting for twenty years," solemnly answered the archbishop—"a stroke of paralysis. I have been pinching myself for the last twenty minutes, and find myself entirely without sensation."

"Pardon me, my dear archbishop," said the duchess, looking up at him with a somewhat quizzical smile—"pardon me for contradicting you, but it is *I that you have been pinching!*"

Messrs. Gibson, Swing, and many others, of Chicago, and Rabbi Wise, of Cincinnati, whose replies are herein given, are too well known as scholars and divines, to require any introduction to a reading public. Their words are wise and timely, and are put on record in this form to show the weakness of modern infidelity and the stability of Divine Truth.

J. B. McCLURE.

January 1st, 1894

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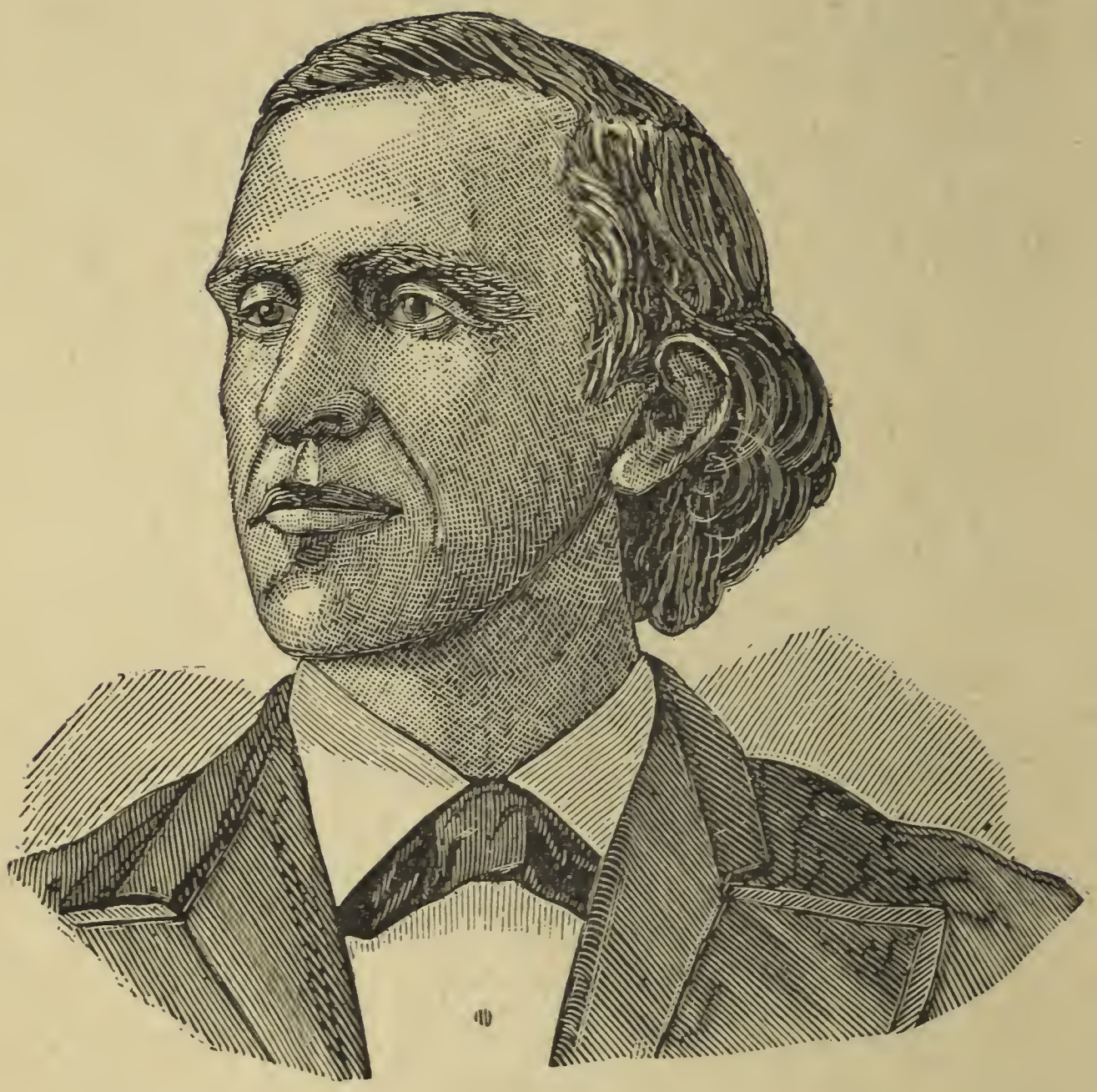

David Swing

PROF. DAVID SWING.

PART I.

MISTAKES OF INGERSOLL.

Replies to Ingersoll's Lecture

— ON —

"THE MISTAKES OF MOSES."

PROF. SWING'S REPLY.

This discourse is not spoken regarding the man, Robert G. Ingersoll, but regarding the addresses which he is delivering and is otherwise publishing. The man Ingersoll is said to be, in his private life, kind, neighborly, humane, and in many ways an example which might be imitated with great profit by thousands who represent themselves as holding the Pagan or the Christian religion. But, were this author and lecturer a mean, wicked man, I should still be bound to consider his thoughts apart from the thinker just as we deal with Bacon's ideas apart from his moral qualities, and the politics of Alexander Hamilton apart from the infirmities of his moral sentiments. The intellect of such an individual as the one before us is a thinking machine. It makes a survey of the religious landscape. Objects strike it that escape you and me. His eyes are not those of a preacher, not those of a bishop, nor those of an evangelist like Mr. Moody;

not those of a moralist like Dymond or William Penn, nor those of Theodore Parker or Emerson, but they are a vision purely his own, and our task is limited to the inquiry what this peculiar sense discovers in our wide and varied world.

THE LAWYER VS. THE PHILOSOPHER—INGERSOLL'S PROFESSIONAL PROCLIVITIES IN MAKING A PART EQUAL TO THE WHOLE. !

We perceive at once that these addresses do not offer us any system of philosophy for woman, or child, or State, and therefore they cannot aspire to be any valuable Mentor to tell each young Talemachus how to live. They are the speeches of a lawyer retained by one client of a large case. Men trained in profession come by degrees into the profession's channels, and flow only in the one direction, and always between the same banks. The master of a learned profession at last becomes its slave. He who follows faithfully any calling wears at last a soul of that calling's shape. You remember the death scene of the poor old schoolmaster. He had assembled the boys and girls in the winter mornings and had dismissed them winter evenings after sundown, and had done this for fifty long years. One winter morning he did not appear. Death had struck his old and feeble pulse; but, dying, his mind followed its beautiful but narrow river bed, and his last words were : "It is growing dark—the school is dismissed—let the girls pass out first." Very rarely does the man in the pulpit, or at the bar, or in statesmanship, escape this molding hand of his pursuit. We are all clay in the hands of that potter which is called a pursuit. A pursuit is seldom an ocean of water; it is more commonly a canal. But if there be a class of

men more modified than others in language and forms of speech, the lawyers compose such a class, for it is never their business to present both sides. It is their especial duty so to arrange a part of the facts as that they shall seem to be the whole facts, and next to their power of presenting a cause must come their power to conceal all aspects unfavorable to their purpose. A philosopher must see and set forth at once both sides of all questions. but a lawyer must learn to see the one side of a case, for there is another man expressly employed to see the reverse of the shield. But few of us are philosophers. When we wish to exhibit something, we instantly cut off all light except that which will fall upon our goods. If we are to display only a yard of silk, we will veil the sun and move about to find the right position, and then light a little more gas, that the fields, and hills, and heavens may all withdraw, and permit us to see the fold of a bride's dress. Thus all the professions, honored by being called learned, do more or less cut off the light from all things except the fabric that is being unfolded by their skillful fingers.

Men of intense emotional power like Mr. Ingersoll, and men who, like him, have hearts as full of colors as a painter's shop, are wont, beyond common, to pour their passion upon one object rather than diffuse it all over the world. These can awaken, and entertain, and shake, and unsettle, but then, after all is over, we all must seek for final guides men who are calmer and who spread gentler tints with their brush. I am, therefore, of the opinion that none of us should follow any one man, but rather all men; should seek that general impression, that wide-reaching common-sense, which knows little of

ecstacy and little of despair. These "Addresses" under notice are wonderful concentrations of wit, aud fun, and tears, and logic, but concentrations upon minor points. They are severe upon a little group of men, upon literalists and old Popes, and old monks, but they do not weigh and measure fully the religion of such a being as Jesus Christ, nor touch the ideas and actions of the human race away from these fading forms of human nature.

SEVEN MISTAKES OF MOSES LEFT OUT!—INJUSTICE TO HEBREW HISTORY.

These addresses do injustice to the Hebrew history. A lawyer has a right to be one-sided and narrow when he is presenting the cause of his client, but when he is addressing a public upon a religious, or political, or social question, narrowness in his discourse must be considered an infirmity, or else an act of injustice. These speeches betray either unconscious narrowness or wilful injustice. But Mr. Ingersoll is the embodiment of sincerity, according to those who enjoy his acquaintance, and therefore we must conclude that the cast of his mind is such that it is led hither and thither by that narrowness which belongs no more to a high Calvinist than to a high infidel. If the lecture upon "Moses" had been more thoughtful, it would have confessed that there were several forms of the man "Moses,"—the historic "Moses"; and then, after this concession, he might have assailed the "Calvinistic Moses".

But if the addresses had been broad, and spoken for that larger audience called humanity, they would have asked us to mark the mistakes of the Moses of Hebrew

times and of common history. But they did not dream of this. Standing in the presence of one of the grandest figures of Egyptian and Hebrew antiquity, Mr. Ingersoll failed to see this personage, and permitted nothing to come upon his field of vision except those sixteenth century theologians who distorted alike the mission of Moses and of Christ, and even of the Almighty. To set forth the mistakes of the historic "Moses" would not be an easy task. One doing this would be compelled to ask us to mark the blunders of a leader who planned freedom for slaves; who bore complainings from an ignorant people until he won the fame of unusual meekness, one who did in reality what infidels only have dreamed of doing—living and dying for the people; the mistakes of one whose ten laws are still the fundamental ideas of a State, of one who organized a nation which lived and flourished for 1500 years; the mistakes of one who divested the idea of God of bestiality and began to clothe it with the notions of wisdom and justice, and even tenderness; the follies of one who established industry and education, and a higher form of religion, and gave the nation holding these virtues such an impulse that in the hour of dissolving it produced a Jesus Christ and the twelve Apostles; and thus did more in its death than Atheism could achieve in all the eons of geology. Seven mistakes of Moses left out!

There is, it is true, a time and a place for irony, but after it has done its work amid the accidental of a time or a place, there remains yet much to be studied by the sober intellect and loved by the heart which really cares for the useful and the true. It is essentially a small matter that some poetic mind, some Froissart or some

Herodotus, came along perhaps after the reigns of David and Solomon, and gathered up all the truths of old Hebrew tradition, and all the legends, too, and wove them together, for out of such entanglements the essential ideas rise up just as noble pine trees at last rise up above the brambles and thickets at their base, and evermore stand in the full presence of the rain, and air, and the sun. Above the brambles and thorn of legend, at which the narrow eye may laugh, there rises up from the Mosaic soil a growth of moral truth that catches at last full sunshine and full breeze; a growth that will long make a good shadow for the graves of Christian and infidel beneath. The errors of legend are so unimportant that even a Divine Book may carry them.

It will thus appear that the method of the addresses is very defective. It is not a wide survey of a two-thousand-year period in human civilization, a period when the Hebrews were making imperishable the good of the Egyptians who were dying from vices and despotism, but is only the ramble of a satirist having a sharp eye for defects and a most ready tongue. All the by-gone periods may be passed over in two manners. We may go forth for our laughter and for our pensiveness and wisdom. Juvenal saw old Rome full of dissolute men and women. Virgil saw it full of literature. Tacitus found it not destitute of patriots and heroes; and where Juvenal found the husbands all debauchees, and the wives all hypocrites, there the most calm and elegant historians found the most excellent Agricola, and found a wife of spotless fame in the daughter Domitia. Thus in the very generations in which the lampoons of Juvenal found only vice, behold we see beauty and virtue in full bloom around the

homes of Tacitus, and Agricola. and Pliny. Thus all the fields of human thought lie open to the invasion of those who wish to mock, and of those who wish to admire. And beyond doubt when Mr. Ingersoll shall have uttered his last thought over the Mistakes of Moses, some other form of intellect could glean in the same field, and leave covered with the truths of Moses, a nobler and larger tablet.

SWING PUTS HIMSELF IN INGERSOLL'S PLACE AND ATTACKS THE SEVENTEENTH CENTURY.—HOW IT WORKS!

Permit me now, in imitation of the style of these addresses, to ask you to look at the seventeenth century: Why, it all drips in blood! Horror upon horrors! The King of Persia put to death some of the Royal family and put out the eyes of all the rest—even the eyes of infants. Russia begins her cruel oppression of Poland. Prussia, the hope of Europe. is desolated by war, which never lifted its black cloud for thirty years. In this wretched century came the massacre of Prague and the forcible banishment of 30,000 Protestant families. Allowing five persons to a family, it will thus appear that 150,000 were driven from their homes and country. Further south, in France, a few years before, 700,000 Protestants had been murdered in twenty-four hours. Afterward came the licentious court of Louis XIV.; while over in England noble men and women were being beheaded or otherwise slain in dreadful numbers. The beautiful Queen Mary is beheaded just as the century begins, and Essex is beheaded in its full opening. And in its close France re-enters the scene, revokes the edict of Nantes, and sends into exile 800,000 of her best citizens.

Thus dragged along the seventeenth century, as it would seem, bleeding, and weeping, and gasping in perpetual dying. What a picture! Amazing indeed, but narrow and false! I have been thinking only of the "mistakes" of a time, Just look at that century again with a wider survey and a happier heart, and lo! we see in it a matchless line of immortal worthies. There flourished Gustavus, laying the foundation of our liberty; there lived Grotius, writing down the holiest principles of duty; there we see Galileo, inventing the telescope, and beholding the starry sky; there sits Kepler finding the highest laws of astronomy; near these are the French preachers, Bossuet, Fenelon, and Massilon, whose fame has not been equaled; there, too, Pascal and Corneille. But this is not all. It is not one-third the splendor of that one epoch, for, cross the Channel, and behold, you meet Shakespeare, and Lord Bacon, and Milton, and Locke, and while these divine minds are composing their books, Cromwell is overthrowing despots, and a Republic springs up as by enchantment. Thus the seventeenth century, which awhile ago seemed only a period that a kind heart might wish stricken from history, now comes back to us as the sublime dawn of poetry, and science, and eloquence, and liberty.

The truth is, we must move through the present and the past with both eyes wide open, and with a mind willing to know all and draw a conclusion from the whole combined cloud of witnesses. The author of the addresses does not do this. He does not make a wide survey nor draw conclusions from widely scattered facts; and hence, after he has spoken about the horrors of the Mosaic age, or of the church, there remains that age or

that church emptying rich treasures into the general civilization, purifying the barbarous ages, awaking the intellect, stimulating the arts, inspiring good works, elevating the life of the living, by setting before man a God and a future existence. Our Christianity has a Hebrew origin. The sermon on the Mount was begun by Moses.

The eloquence of Mr. Ingersoll is much like the art of Hogarth or John Leech,—an acute, and witty, and interesting art, but very limited in its range. Hogarth was without a rival in his ability to picture the "mistakes" of marriage, and of a "Rake's Progress," the peculiarity of "Beer Lane" and "Gin Lane"; and his art was legitimate in its field, but its field was narrow, and took no notice of the eternal beauty of things as painted by Rubens or Raphael. After Hogarth had said all he could see and believe about marriage, there stood the holy relation in its historic greatness, filling millions of homes with its peace and friendship, notwithstanding the mirth-provoking pencil. Thus the ideas of "Moses", and "Church", and "Heaven", and "God" lie before Mr. Ingersoll to be pictured by his skillful derision, but after the artist has drawn his little Puritanic Hebrew and his absurd Heaven, and has painted his little gods, and has limned his own Papal Heaven and Hell, another scene opens and there untarnished are the deep things of right and wrong, the immortal hopes of man, and a Heavenly Father which cannot be placed upon a jester's canvas.

John Leech found the weak points in all English high and low life. The fashions, and sports, and entertainments, und the current politics, underwent for a genera-

tion the torture of his pictures, his sketches, his cartoons, but the moment the laugh had ended, the homes of England, the happy social life of rich and poor, the learning and wisdom of her statesmen were back in their place just as the sun is in its place after a noisy thunder-storm has passed by.

INGERSOLL'S NARROWNESS SHUTS OUT GOD, HEAVEN AND IMMORTALITY—INFIDEL DOGMATISM.

This narrowness of survey which marks Mr. Ingersoll's estimate of the Hebrew period and of the human Church follows him in his thoughts about another life and the existence of God. He denies that any regard whatever should be paid to a second life. Heaven deserves no consideration at our hands. He says in his lecture on the Gods: "Reason, observation and experience have taught us that happiness is the only good; that the time to be happy is now, and the way to be happy is to make others so. This is enough for us. In this belief we are content to live and die." Such assertions as these no broad-reaching mind could make, for the broad mind, not knowing that there may be a second life, having no positive information on that point, is bound to admit all that uncertainty, and that hope is a lawful element in that strange mingling which makes up the soul. As Mr. Ingersoll does not know whence man came, so he knows not whither he goes, and therefore he must himself stand and permit others to stand in the presence of death as in the presence of a great mystery that, at least, should silence all dogmatism of priest or infidel. The logic of the addresses may be fitted for the common jury, but they are too rude for man who is weeping his way along between birth and death.

In some better hour the lawyer forgets his petit jury and addresses the human soul. On the title page of a recent volume he says in substance that: "The dream of immortal life has always existed in the heart of man, and will remain there in its matchless charms, born not of any book or creed, but out of human affection"; and being not born of reason or sense, he can but reject its hope; he is personally above being molded in thought, or action, by such a fable of the heart. In calling such a dream a fable, he is guilty of that very dogmatism which he so hates in Calvin and Edwards, for if Calvin was too certain that he knew God's will, Mr. Ingersoll is too certain that he knows God not to exist. It often happens that the dogmatism of the bigot must await its exact parallel in the dogmatism of the atheist. The ideas of a future life and a God are thus in these addresses rudely set aside as though this author had shown the real origin and destiny of the Universe and had found out the secret of the grave.

He would pay no attention to the idea of God. He would not be guilty of any worship in this life. He says: "If by any possibility the existence of a power superior to and independent of nature shall be demonstrated, there will be time enough to kneel. Until then let us stand erect."

In such language we find only a perfect overthrow of the method of the human soul; for the soul has never dared wait for any such certainty in any of the paths before it. It has always been compelled to build up before itself the largest possible motives and hopes, and live for them and abide the consequences. It is wonderful that a man who will pluck a violet and draw de-

light from its tender color and still more delicate perfume, will sternly command the human race not to hold in its hands any flower of immortality, lest by chance its leaves may at last wither. If this idea of a future life should at last fail, which seems impossible, the human heart will be all the purer and happier from having held all through these years a lily so sweet and so white.

Logic cannot make such short work of the religious sentiments. Mr. Ingersoll says: "If you can ever find a God, just let me know, and I shall kneel. Until then I shall stand erect." What injustice to that delicate form of reason, which has moved the world for perhaps 10,000 years! We do not propose to find God or a future life. What the world has found long since is the deep hope in God, and the measureless hope that the dying loved ones of this world will meet in a land that is better. Nobody has come to the human race to let it know that a God has been found, but many have come to it saying: "My dear children, let us trust that all this matchless universe came from a Creator, and that from Him we also came." So many and so holy were these voices and so responsive was the heart, that upon this trust the living and the dying have knelt and told their longings to the Invisible. The human race has not been haughty. It has been willing to kneel. Its heart has never been stone, nor its knees brass. It has stood erect in battle where liberty was to be won; it has been as erect as an infidel when the bosom was to be bared for arrows or bullets, or when the neck was to be unclothed for the fatal ax, but in moments of hope and longing it has bent willingly in hope and prayer. The advice of the "Addresses" not to kneel until you have reached and

handled the Creator, is advice that civilization has always spurned, for it has woven all its gorgeous fabrics out of delicate probabilities,—gossamer threads spun by the heart. Fame, and learning, and art, and happiness, all are simple probabilities before each youth. He does not dare say, Make me sure of results, and I will gird myself for the present. He casts himself upon the better of two possibilities, and is borne along toward an unknown end. Thus has the human race dealt with the intimations of religion. It has cast itself upon the better hope, and, being at perfect liberty to espouse Atheism, has always repudiated it as being a paralysis of the soul, and a perfect reversal of the common logic of society.

IN THE WORLD'S GREAT FREEDOM OF CHOICE, INGERSOLL IS COUNTED OUT!

The world has always been perfectly free to use the form of reasoning which Mr. Ingersoll suggests. No Westminster Assembly, no Calvin compelled the human family from old Egypt to Greece to think the universe had a Creator. The world has always been free to suppose that such seasons as day and night and spring and summer, such creatures as the nightingale and man, such a star as the sun, all came from mud and water and fire, mingling of their own accord, but the world has had no wide use for such conclusions. Of its own free choice, it has avoided Atheism, and has never made up anywhere a civilization without discarding the idea of waiting for a demonstration, and without espousing the idea that all noble society reposes upon lofty hopes. Out of beautiful possibilities the soul's garments are woven.

It thus appears that the "Addresses" are defective as guides for any man's life or death. They constitute a bill of exceptions against certain hard rulings in some local and ignorant courts, but as pleadings in the great tribunal where the whole human family stands assembled, to get the wisest decisions about duty and happiness, and the possibility of there being a God and a second life, the possible value of a hope forthe dying—they each and all fall far short. They see only the religion of some fanatic, and think it the religion of Jesus or of mankind. They see a God damning honest men, and conclude that is what is meant by Jehovah, They see a Heaven with some little sect in the midst of it, and speak as though they were what is meant by the immortality of man. They note the follies of the Puritans and Papists, and infer that if there were no religion in the world, there would be no bad judgment or bad passions. They fail, too, to mark the delicacy of man's practical logic, which is not iron-like, waiting for the absolute end of all doubt, but which is bending and hopeful, and stands ready forever to found immense motives, and society, and church, and homes upon the greater and better of two probabilities that lie within this world of cloud. They assert the adequacy of earthly happiness as an end of being, and fail to mark that earthly happiness has always depended upon high morals, and father, and mother, and child, and social life, and all mental development have found their full meaning, until a warm and broad religion has shed its cheering light. The human race cannot find its supreme good in having a few acres of ground, and in seeing the grass grow, and in hearing the birds sing. These make some

days delightful indeed, but man, with his retinue of art, and statesmanship, and morals, and temptations, and virtues, and joys, and sorrows, and partings, and death, demands the assumption of God, and the expectations of a resurrection from the dust. Under such a temple as society, the foundation must be deep.

To those who read or hear these addresses of Mr. Ingersoll, let me say: Hear them, read them, for they will show you what a sad caricature of Christianity was that which came down to us from the Dark Ages; but, having thus been taught by an enemy, then dismiss the laughter, and look at religion in the widest forms of its doctrine and experience. We are now warned daily not to follow paatisans in politics, because they will eclipse a country by a little chair of office—they will make a village outweigh a continent. These addresses of a talented lawyer warn us equally against trusting the partisans in religion—the dim-eyed zeal which makes a Deity as small as their own hearts, a Bible as cold and hard as adamant; but now, having been taught to shun partisans in politics and in Christianity, let us learn to resist one more form of partisan—the partisan of an atheism and a hopeless grave. Let us at times laugh with him, let us admire his acuteness, let us confess the honesty of his life, but for our guides or ideas in the world spiritual let us seek some mountain of thought where the survey is broader, and tenderer, and more just, from which height no good lies concealed; but looking from which we can see the great landscape of the soul, some of it bathed in light, some of it lying in shadow, but all of it instructive and full of impressiveness.

REV. J. MUNRO GIBSON, D- D.

DR. GIBSON'S REPLY.

UNHAPPILY, the attention of Bible students has been almost exclusively directed to certain difficulties. These difficulties all arise, as it seems to me, from three sources, and the Bible is not to blame for any of them. First source: treating the passage as if it were history, whereas it is apocalypse. Second source: taking it as intended to teach science, especially astronomical and geological science. Third source of difficulty: the mistakes of translators. For example, the unfortunate word firmament continually comes to the front as one of the "mistakes of Moses." Strange that a Latin word should be a mistake of Moses! Did Moses know Latin? Did he ever write the letters f, i, r, m, etc.? Not only is the word "firmament" not in the Hebrew Bible, but it does not represent the Hebrew word at all. The word firmament means something strong, solid. The Hebrew word for which it is an unfortunate translation, signifies something that is very thin, extended, spread out; just the best word that could be chosen to signify the atmosphere.

Then there is the word "whales," that Professor Huxley made so merry over a year ago. But the Hebrew does not say whales. The Hebrew word refers to great sea monsters, and is just the very best word the Hebrew language affords to describe such animals as the plesiosaurus and ichthyosaurus and other creatures that

abounded in the time probably referred to there. Let us only guard against these three sources of error, and we shall not find many difficulties. If we would only avoid the mistakes of Moses' critics, we would not show our ignorance by talking about the mistakes of Moses.

We have said that almost everybody knows of the difficulties, but how few are there comparatively that know about the wonderful harmonies? So much is said and written about the difficulties that many have the idea that the narrative is full of difficulties—nothing but difficulties in it—nothing that agrees with science as we know it now; whereas, when we look at it we find the correspondencies most wonderful all the way through. Let us look at a few of them. And first, the absence of dates. The fact is very noteworthy that there is such abundance of space left for the long periods, not till quite recently demanded by science. And this does not depend on any theory of day-periods; for those who still hold to the literal days, find all the room required before the first day is mentioned. Not six thousand years ago, but "in the beginning". How grand and how true in its vagueness.

Another negative characteristic worth noticing here is the absence of details where none are needed. For example, almost nothing is said in detail about the heavens. What is said about the heavens in addition to the bare fact of creation, is only in reference to the earth, as, for example, when the sun and moon are treated of, not as seperate worlds, but only in their relation to this earth as giving light to it and affording measurements of time. There is no attempt to drag in the spectroscope!

INGERSOLL BETRAYS HIS IGNORANCE.

A certain infidel lately seemed to think he had made a point against the Bible by remarking that the author of it had compressed the astronomy of the universe into five words. Just think of the ignorance this betrays. It proceeds on the assumption that the author of this apocalypse intended to teach the world the astronomy of the universe; and then, of course, it would have been a very foolish thing for him to discuss the whole subject in five words. Whereas, in this very reticence we have a note of truth. If this work has been the work of some mere cosmogonist, some theorist as to the origin of the universe, he would have been sure to have given us a great deal of information about the stars. But a prophet of the Lord has nothing to do with astronomy as such. All that he has to do with the stars is to make it clear that the most distant orbs of light are included in the domain of the Great Supreme, and this he can do in five words as well as in five thousand; and so, wisely avoiding all detail, he simply says, "He made the stars also." There was danger that men might suppose some power resident in these distant stars distinct from the power that ruled the earth. He would have them to understand that the same God that rules over this little earth, rules to the uttermost bounds of the great universe. And this great truth He lays on immovable foundations by the sublimely simple words, "He made the stars also." But passing from that which is merely negative, see how many positive harmonies there are.

HARMONY OF SCIENCE AND GENESIS.

First, there is a fact of a beginning. The old infidel objection used to be that "all things have continued as

they were from the beginning of the creation." Nobody pretends to take that position now that science points so clearly to beginnings of everything. You can trace back man to his beginning in the geological cycles. You can trace back mammals to their beginning ; birds, fishes, insects to their beginnings ; vegetation to its beginning; rocks to their beginning. The general fact of a genesis is immovably established by science.

Secondly, "The heavens and the earth." Note the order. Though almost nothing is said about the heavens, yet what is said is not at all in conflict with what we now know about them. We know now that the earth is not the center of the universe. Look forward to Genesis iv. 2, and you will find the transition to the reverse order—quite appropriate there, as we shall see in the next lecture ; but here, where the genesis of all things, the origin of the universe, is the subject, it is not the earth and the heavens, but "in the beginning God created the heavens and the earth."

Thirdly, there is the original chaos. "The earth was without form and void." Turn to the early pages of any good modern scientific book, that attempts to set forth the genesis of the earth from a scientific standpoint, and you will find just this condition described. Observe, too, in passing, how carefully the statement is limited to the earth. The universe was not chaotic then.

Fourthly, the work of creation is not a simultaneous, but an extended one. If the author had been guessing or theorizing, he would have been much more likely to hit on the idea of simultaneous, than successive creation. But the idea of successive creation is now proved by science to be true.

Fifthly, there is a progressive development, and yet not a continuous progression without any drawbacks. There are evenings and mornings; just what science tells us of the ages of the past. Here it is worth while perhaps to notice the careful use of the word "created". An objection has been made to the want of continuity in the so-called orthodox doctrine of creation, the orthodox doctrine being supposed to be that of fresh creation, at every point. But the Bible is not responsible for many "fresh creations." The word "ereated" is only used three times in the record. First, as applied to the original creation of the universe, possibly in the most embryonic state. "In the beginning God created the heavens and the earth." Next, in connection with the introduction of life (v. 2), and last, in reference to the creation of man (v. 27). In no other place is anything said about direct creation. It is rather making, appointing, ordering, saying "Let there be." "Let the waters bring forth," etc. Now, is it not a significant fact that these three points where, and where alone, the idea of absolute creation is introduced, are just the three points at which the great apostles of continuity find it impossible to make their connections? You will not find any one that is able to show any other origin for the spirit of man than the Creator Himself. You cannot find any one that is able to show any other origin of animal life than the Creator Himself. There have been very strenuous efforts made a great many times to to show that the living may originate from the not-living; but all these efforts have failed. And the origin of matter is just as mysterious as the origin of life. No other origin can be even conceived of the primal matter

of the universe than the fiat of the great Creator. Thus we find the word "creation" used just at the times when modern science tells us it is most appropriate.

Sixthly, the progression is from the lower to the higher. An inventor would have been much more likely to guess that man was created first, and afterward the other creatures subordinate to him. But the record begins at the bottom of the scale and goes up, step by step, to the top; again, just what geology tells us. All these are great general correspondencies; but we might,

Seventhly, go into details and find harmonies even there, all the way through. Take the fact of light appearing the first day. The Hebrew word for "light" is wide enough to cover the associated phenomena of heat and electricity, and are not these the primal forces of the universe? Again, it used to be a standard difficulty with sceptics that light was said to exist before the sun was visible from the earth. Science here has come to the rescue, and who doubts it now? It is very interesting to see a distinguished geologist like Dana using this very fact that light is said to have existed before the sun shone upon the earth as a proof of the divine origin of this document, on the ground that no one would have guessed what must have seemed so unlikely then. So much for the progress *toward* the Bible which science has made since the day when a sceptical writer said of the Mosaic narrative, "It would still be correct enough in great principles were it not for one individual oversight and one unlucky blunder!"—the oversight being the solid firmament (whose oversight?), and the blunder light apart from the sun (whose blunder?).

I have spoken already about the words "created" and "made", in relation to the discriminating use of them. This word *ragia*, too, how admirable it is to express the tenuity of our atmosphere, especially as contrasted with the clumsy words used by the enlightened Greeks (stereoma) the noble Romans (firmamentum), and even by learned Englishmen of the nineteenth century (firmament)! And not to dwell on mere words, as we well might, look at the general order of creation: vegetation before animal life, birds and fishes before mammals, and all the lower animals before man. Is not that just the order you find in geology? More particularly, while man is last he is not created on a separate day. He comes in on the sixth day along with the higher animals, yet not in the beginning, but toward the close of the period. Again, just what geology tells us.

THE HARMONY OF GENESIS AND SCIENCE, NOT THE RESULT OF GUESS WORK, BUT OF INSPIRATION.

These are only some of the many wonderful harmonies between this old revelation and modern science. I would like to see the doctrine of chances applied to this problem, to determine what probability there would be of a mere guesser or inventor hitting upon so many things that correspond with what modern science reveals. I don't believe there would be one chance in a million! Is it not far harder for a sensible man to believe that this wonderful apocalypse is the fruit of ignorance and guess-work, than that it is the product of inspiration? It is simply absurd to imagine that an ignorant man could have guessed so happily. Nay, more. Let any of the scientific men of to-day set themselves down to

write out a history of creation in a space not larger than that occupied by the first chapter of Genesis and I do not believe they could improve on it at all. And if they did succeed in producing anything that would pass for the present, in all probability in ten years it would be out of date. Our apocalypse of creation is not only better than could be expected of an uninspired man in the days of the world's ignorance, but it is better than Tyndall, or Huxley, or Haeckel could do yet. If they think not, let them take a sigle sheet of paper and try!

....It is of great importance to remember that the symbolism attaches to the form, and not to the substance of the history. To call this whole story of the Fall a mere allegory, is to take away from it all historical reality. Let us distinguish carefully between the *reality* of the history, which is a very important thing, and the *literality* of it, which is of minor importance. It is very unfortunate that so much time is often spent upon the mere letter, regardless of the warning of the great apostle: "The letter killeth, but the spirit giveth life. This accounts for nine-tenths of the dlfficulties people have about it. Suppose a person, seeing a cocoanut for the first time, and being told it was good for food, should spend all his time gnawing away at the shell, and never get at the kernel. No wonder if his verdict should be, it is not fit to eat. So you will find that most of the people who have insuperable difficulties with the Bible are those who are busying themselves all the time about the shell and never get hold of the kernel. If they could only seize the kernel they would so readily see the beauty and enjoy the taste, and find the use of it; and then, perhaps, they would begin to see some beauty and

some usefulness in the shell too. "The letter killeth, but the spirit giveth life."

A very good illustration of this is found in the fifteenth verse of the third chapter, where we read about "the seed of the woman bruising the head of the serpent." The literalists get nothing more out of it than a declaration that in time to come serpents will annoy the descendants of Eve by biting at their heels, and on the other hand, the descendanis of Eve will destroy serpents by crushing their heads! The mere shell of the thing manifestly. The reality, as pictured there, is of a great conflict to go on throughout all these ages of development; a great conflict between the forces of good on the one hand, and the forces of evil on the other. Of this conflict the issue is not doubtful. There is to be serious trouble all the while from the the forces of evil, but in the end these forces will be crushed. There is One coming—a descendant of this same woman, called here "the seed of woman"—who will at last bruise the head of the serpent" and gain the victory, and bring in that glorious era when sin and suffering and pain and death shall have all rolled away in the past. There is a great deal more than this in that wonderful verse—more than we would have time to tell though we spent a whole hour on it. We only refer to it now as an illustration.

And now, what matters it whether you take the "serpent" that tempted Eve to be a real and literal serpent, or the mere (phenomenal) form of a serpent assumed by the Spirit of Evil for the purpose? or even whether the serpent form is connected with the old style of pictorial representation? All that is minor and subordinate. There is no use of wasting time on it. All we want to

be sure of is the truth, that there was a tempter, an evil spirit, that in a seductive form tempted our first parents and they fell. Let us by all means beware of allowing our time to be frittered away by mere trivial questions of the letter, instead of making it our great aim to see and to seize the great spiritual truths set forth in this old and simple record.

There are many who represent this book of the Generations as a second edition of the Genesis, or separate account of the creation ; and of course they find difficulty in comparing the two. All their difficulty, as we shall see, comes from their not understanding the passage as a whole, their not perceiving that it was intended to teach. It will help us to meet this difficulty if we follow the same order of ideas as in the exposition of Genesis i, viz.: God, Nature, Man. In all we shall find marked differences. But these differences, instead of presenting any difficulty, will have their reason made abundantly manifest.

GOD.

First, then, there is a different name for God introduced here. All through the Genesis it has been "God said," "God made," "God created." Now it is invariably, "Jehovah God" (LORD God in our version). And this is the only continuous passage in the Bible where the combination is used. How is this explained ? Very easily. In the apocalypse of the Genesis, God makes Himself known simply as Creator. Sin has not yet entered, and so the idea of salvation has no place. In this passage sin is coming in, and along with it the promise of salvation. Now the name Jehovah is always

connected with the idea of salvation. It is the covenant name. It is the name which indicates God's special relation to His people as their Saviour and Redeemer. This name is introduced now, because God is about to make Himself known in a new character. He appears in Genesis simply as Creator. He appears now in the book of the Generations as Redeemer, and so we get the name Jehovah in place of the name God. But lest any one should suppose from the change of name that there is any change in the person ; lest any one suppose that He who is to redeem us from sin and death, is a different being from Him who created the heavens and the earth, the two names are now combined—Jehovah God. The combination is retained throughout the entire narrative of the Fall to make the identification sure. Thereafter either name is used by itself without danger of error.

NATURE.

Look next at the way in which nature is spoken of here. When you look at it aright, you find there is no repetition. Nature in Genesis is universal nature. God created all things. But here, nature comes in, as it has to do immediately with Adam. Now see the effect of this. It at once removes difficulties, which many speak of as of great magnitude.

In the first place, it is not the whole earth that is now spoken of, but a very limited district. Our attention is narrowed down to Eden, and the environs of Eden, a limited district in a particular part of the earth. Hence the difficulty about there not being rain in the district ("earth") disappears. Let me here remind you once for all that the Hebrew word for *earth* and for *land* or

district is the same. See Gen. xii., 1., where the word is twice used, translated "country" and "land."

Again, it is not the vegetable kingdom as a whole that is referred to in the fifth verse, but only the agricultural and horticultural products. The words "plant," "field" and "grew" (v. 5) are new words, not found in the creation record. (The correct translation of the fifth verse is: "Now no plant of the field was yet in the land, and no herb of the field was growing.) In Gen. i. the vegetable kingdom as a whole was spoken of. Now, it is simply the cereals and garden herbs, and things of that sort; and here instead of coming into collision with the previous narrative, we have something that corresponds with what botanists tell us, that field and garden products are sharply distinguished in the history of nature from the old flora of the geological epochs.

In the same way it is not the whole animal kingdom that is referred to in verse nineteen, but only the domestic animals, those with which man was to be especially associated, and to which he was much more intimately related than to the wild beasts of the field. It may be easy to make this narrative look ridiculous, by bringing the wild beasts in array before Adam, as if any companionship with them were conceivable. But when we bear in mind that reference is made here to the domestic animals, there is nothing at all inappropriate in noticing that while there is a certain degree of companionship possible between man and some of those animals, as the horse and dog, yet none of these was the companion he needed.

In the first chapter of Genesis, nature is the great theme. We are carried over universal nature, and the

great truth is there set forth, that God has created all things. In the second chapter of Genesis, man is the great theme, and consequently nature is treated of only as it circles around him, and is related to him. This sufficiently accounts for the difference between the two.

MAN.

Passing now from nature to Man, we find again a marked difference. In Gen. i. we are told, "God created man in His own image; in the image of God created He him." And here: "The Lord God formed man of the dust of the ground." (ii. 7.) Some people tell us that there is a contradiction here. *Is* there any contradiction, let me ask? Are not *both* of them true? Is there not something that tells you that there is more than dust in your composition? Is there not something in you, that tells you, you are related to God the Creator? When you hear the statement that "God made man in His own image, is there not a response awakened in you—something in you that arises up and says, It is true? On the other hand we know that man's body is formed of the dust of the earth. We find it to be true in a more literal sense than was formerly supposed, now that chemistry discloses the fact that the same elements enter into the composition of man's body, as are found by analysis in the "dust of the ground."

And not only are both these statements true, but each is appropriate in its place. In the first account, when man's place in universal nature was to be set forth—man as he issued from his Maker's hand—was it not appropriate that his higher nature should occupy the foreground? His lower relations are not entirely out of sight even there, for he is introduced along with a whole group of

animals created on the sixth day. But while his connection with them is suggested, that to which emphasis is given in the Genesis is his relation to his Maker. But now that we are going to hear about his fall, about his shame and degradation, is it not appropriate that the lower rather than the higher part of his natnre should be brought into the foreground, inasmuch as it is there that the danger lies? It was to that part of his nature that the temptation was addressed; and so we read here, "God formed man of the dust of the ground." Yet here, too, there is a hint of his higher nature, for it is added, "He breathed into his nostrils the breath of life," or as we have it in another passage, "The inspiration of the Almighty gave him understanding."

In this connection it is worth while to notice the use of the words "created" and "formed." "God *created* man in His own image." So far as man's spiritual and immortal nature was concerned it was a new creation. On the other hand, "God *formed* man out of the dust of the ground." We are not told He created man's body out of nothing. We are told, and the sciences of to-day confirm it, that it was formed out of existing materials.

WOMAN.

Then, in relation to Woman, there is the same appropriateness in the two narratives. In the former her relations to God are prominent: "God created man in His own image. In the image of God created He him; male and female created He them"—man in His image; woman in His image. In the latter, it is not the relation of woman to her Maker that is brought forward, but the relation of woman to her husband. Hence the spe-

cific reference to her organic connection with her husband.

Here, again, it is very easy for one that deals in literalities to raise difficulties, forgetting that there is no intention here to detail scientifically the process of woman's formation, but simply to indicate that she is organically connected with her husband. It is here proper to remark that the rendering "rib" is probably too specifie. The word is more freqnently used in the general sense of "side." As an evidence that there is no intention in giving here any physiological information as to the origin of woman, we may refer to the words of Adam: "This is now bone of my bone and flesh of my flesh. She shall be called Woman, because she was taken out of man." And now, is there anything irrational in the idea that woman should be formed out of man. Is there anything more mysterious or inconceivable in the formation of woman out of man, than in the original formation of man out of dust? Let us conceive of our origin in any way we choose, it is full of mystery. Though there may be mystery connected with what is said in the Bible, there will be just as much mystery connected with any other account you try to give of it. Matthew Henry, in his quaint and half-humorous way, really gets nearer to the true spirit of the narrative than any physiological interpreter can, when he makes the remark that some of you may be familiar with, "that woman was taken out of man, not out of his head to top him, nor out of his feet to be trampled underfoot; but out of his side to be equal to him, under his arm to be protected, and near his heart to be beloved." Another remark of his is worth quoting. Referring to the fact of

Adam's being first formed and then Eve, and the claim of priority and consequent superiority, as made on his behalf by the Apostle Paul, he says: "If man is the head, she is the crown—a crown to her husband, the crown of the visible creation. The man was dust refined, but the woman was dust double-refined—one remove further from the earth."

But, Matthew Henry apart, one thing is certain, that this old Bible narrative, while it has not done that which it was never intended to do, while it has given no scientific explanation of either man's origin or woman's origin, has nevertheless accomplished its great object. It has given woman her true place in the world. It is only in Bible lands that woman has her true place; and it is only there that marriage has its proper sacredness. Here as everywhere else, we see the practical power of the Bible. It was not written to satisfy curiosity, but to save and to bless; and most salutary and most blessed has been the influence of these earliest words about woman, setting forth her true relation to man and to God, to her earthly husband and to her heavenly Father.

MISTAKES RESPECTING LABOR AND DEATH, CORRECTED.

. . . The Bible has been charged with representing labor as a curse. The charge is not true. On the contrary, we are told that Adam was appointed in Eden to dress the garden and keep it. The law of labor came in among the blessings of Eden, along with the law of obedience and the marriage law. It is a slander on the Bible to say that it represents labor as a curse. It is not the labor that is the curse. It is the thorns and the thistles. It is the hardness of labor. "In the sweat of

thy brow thou shalt eat bread." Labor would have been easy and pleasant otherwise.

Then in regard to death. There are those who represent the Bible as if it taught that death was unknown in the world until after the Fall. And then they point us to the reign of death throughout the epochs of geology as contradicting the Bible. Now, the Bible teaches nothing of the kind. On the contrary, there seems rather to be a suggestion that death was in existence among the lower animals all the way through. Not to speak of the probability that one of the divisions of animals mentioned in the first chapter of Genesis, corresponds with the carnivora, is there not something in the way the subject of death is introduced, which rather suggests the idea that it was already known? It was a new thing to Adam. It was not a new thing to animal life. Man had been created with relations to mortality beneath him, but with relations also to immortality above him. Had he not fallen, his immortal nature would have ruled his destiny; but now that he has separated himself from God by his sin, his lower relations, his mortal relations, must rule his destiny. Instead of having as his destiny the prospect of being associated with God in a happy immortality, he is degraded from that position, and is henceforth associated with the animals in their mortality. We are told that "death passed upon all *men*, because all have sinned." But you do not find a passage in the Bible asserting that death passed upon the animals because of man's sin.

. . . We must here touch a little on the difficulties connected with the story of the flood. These difficulties are almost all founded upon the idea that the deluge

was universal; that it covered the highest tops of the Himalayas in India, the Rocky Mountains here, and all the mountains over all the earth. It is but reasonable, then, to ask if there is good reason for insisting that it was universal?

THE DELUGE AND ITS DIFFICULTIES—NOT UNIVERSAL—ARARAT ORIGINALLY A DISTRICT (ALAS! INGERSOLL CALLS IT A HIGH MOUNTAIN)—OTHER DELUGES.

I know of only three strong reasons that are given for this position. The first is the use of the term "earth" continually throughout the narrative, which only proves that those who translated the Bible into English, believed the flood to have been universal. As we have had occasion already to prove, the word "earth" in Hebrew means just as readily a limited district. Why do not those who insist so strongly on the wide signification of "earth" here, not insist upon the same interpretation in such a passage as Genesis, xii. 1, and make it an an article of faith that Abraham left the world altogether and went to another, when he left Ur of the Chaldees and went to Canaan? The second argument for universality is found in universal expressions, the strongest of which is Gen. vii. 19: "And the waters prevailed exceedingly upon the earth, and all the high hills that were under the whole heaven were covered." Now remember that this is the account of an eye-witness, vividly describing just what he saw, water on every side, water all around, nothing but water—even the mountains to the farthest verge of the horizon covered over with water. When, in the book of Job, we read of the lightning flashing over the whole heaven, the meaning surely can not be that a lightning flash starts at a certain de-

gree of latitude and longtitude, and makes a journey right round the world to the point where it started. "The whole heavens" is evidently bounded by the horizon. The third reason which has led people to suppose the whole earth was covered with water, is found in the tradition that the ark rested on Mount Ararat. The tradition, we say, for that is all the authority there is for the idea. In Gen. vii. 4, we are told that the ark rested on the mountains or highlands of "Ararat." The word "Ararat" only occurs other two times in the Bible and in neither place does it refer to what was only long afterward called Mt. Ararat. In Old Testament times Ararat was not a mountain at all, but a district, on some of the highlands of which the ark rested. A moment's thought will show that it could not be on the top of Ararat. It would require one of the hardiest mountaineers to perform such a feat as the climbing of Ararat. It would be the most inconvenient place you could think of for the ark to rest on. When you look fairly at these three arguments that are urged in support of a universal deluge, you will find that none of them really demand it.

On the other hand, there are things that seem to point the other way. In the eleventh verse of the seventh chapter we are told that "the second month, the seventeenth day of the month, were all the fountains of the great deep broken up, and the windows of heaven were opened." There is no indication there of the sudden creation of such a body of water as would cover the earth to the depth of 30,000 feet above the old sea-level. The causes that are assigned are just such as could be most readily and naturally used. It may be worth while to notice here in passing, an attempt which has been made

recently to cast ridicule upon the story of the flood, by representing the Bible as if it attributed the deluge to nothing else than a long, heavy rain, whereas the first importance is given to an entirely different cause: "the fountains of the great deep were broken up." That is just what would appear to one who was describing such a scene as we imagine this to be. Suppose there had been some great submergence of the land there, as has taken place in other parts of the world. There would be a rushing up of water from below, from "the fountains of the great deep."

Again, in the first verse of the eighth chapter, natural agency is made use of: "God made a wind to pass over the earth, and the waters assuaged." There is no reason why we should suppose a greater miracle performed than was necessary. Still further; turn to the tenth verse of the ninth chapter, where God says: "I establish my covenant with you, and with every living creature that is with you; from all that go out of the ark, to every beast of the earth." What were those beasts of the earth thus distinguished from those going out of the ark? Probably they were those that came from the area of land not covered by the flood.

Then again, attention is called to the purpose of the flood, which was simply to destroy the race of men, and it is not to be supposed they had traveled a great distance by this time from their original place of abode. The extent of the flood need not have been any greater than was necessary to submerge that area.

Further, when we take this view, not only do geological and other difficulties disappear, but there is decided confirmation from modern scientific research.

There is no evidence in geology that there was in any period of the earth's history, a flood great enough to overtop the Rocky Monntains, but there are evidences of floods as great as this one must have been, for the purpose of destroying the race. I do not know how it is in the immediate region where the flood is supposed to have been. I do not know whether geologists have explored it sufficiently; but this is certain, that there are evidences of similar floods in other parts of the world. Some of our own geologists have discovered evidences of them in this very neighborhood. You have not to go very far from Chicago to find such traces of sudden, powerful, and transient diluvial action. Then, finally, this view of the deluge removes, of course, all difficulty about the number of animals in the ark, because all that was necessary was, that the species more nearly connected with man, those found in the region that was submerged, should be represented in the ark.

But after all, the question of extent is of quite minor importance so long as it is conceded that it was universal in the sense of destroying all but the family of Noah. *The reality* of the judgment is the great thing, and of this we have abundant confirmation from tradition. We find legends of a flood everywhere. We find them among the Semitic and Aryan and Turanian races. We find them east and west, and north and south; in savage nations and civilized nations; on continents and in islands; in the old world and in the new. And if Egypt is a solitary exception, which is very doubtful, but if it is, the exception is accounted for by the simple fact that in that country they have floods every year.

Here again, as in the traditions of the Fall, there is

difference enough to show which is the original and true. Other traditions of the flood are polytheistic, whereas here we have the one living and true God. Those are full of mythological elements, whereas here is a plain narrative, with the impressive scene vividly, but quite simply, depicted. In heathen traditions, too, you find many grotesque items and exaggerations, as for instance, when the ark is described, as three-fourths of a mile long, and drops of rain the size of a bull's head ; and, generally speaking, a conspicious absence of that moral purpose which is so impressive and all pervading in the narrative before us.

FAITH IN JESUS CHRIST THE ESSENTIAL FACTOR.

. . . There are those in our day who find a stumbling-block at the very threshold of Christian life, in the fancy, that what is required of them in order to salvation, is the crediting of all the details of a long history extending from the first man to the last man, from Adam to the consummation of all things ; and long accustomed to that sceptical attitude of mind which questions all things, they think it would take them a life-time (as indeed it would) to verify every statement that is made from Genesis to Revelation, and clear them from all possible objections ; and so they do not venture at all. But remember, it is never said : "Believe everything that is in the Bible and you will be saved." Ah, there have been many who believed everything in the Bible, who never thought of questioning a sentence in it, who will find themselves none the better for their easy acquiescence in the statements of a book which they had been taught to accept as inspired. There is no such word written as, "Believe the Bible and you

will be saved." No. It is "Believe on the Lord Jesus Christ and thou shalt be saved." Do not trouble yourself in the first instance about questions with the book of Genesis, or difficulties suggested by the book of Revelation. Let the wars of the Jews alone in the meantime, and dismiss Jonah from your mind. Look to Jesus; get acquainted with Him; listen to His word; believe in Him; trust Him; obey Him. That is all that is asked of you in the first instance. After you have believed on Christ and taken Him as your Saviour, your Master, your Model, you will not be slow to find out that "all Scripture is given by inspiration of God, and is profitable for doctrine and for reproof, and for correction, and for instruction in righteousness." You may never have all your difficulties solved, or all your objections met; but though difficulties may still remain, and interrogation points be scattered here and there over the wide Bible-field, you will be sure of your foundation; you will feel that your feet are planted on the "Rock of Ages," even on Him of whom God, by the mouth of the prophet Isaiah, said: "Behold, I lay in Zion for a foundation, a stone, a tried stone, a precious corner-stone, a sure foundation: he that believeth shall not make haste."

CANDOR VS. INJUSTICE—DR. GIBSON'S POINTED SUMMARY.

The prevailing feeling among intelligent readers of the Bible in reference to the profane and coarse assaults made on it by Mr. Robert Ingersoll, is that few people are so ignorant as to be imposed upon by his vulgar witticisms. But, inasmuch as there are not a few who accept without inquiry his account of what is in the

Bible, it may be well to give a few illustrations of his unscrupulousness in putting "mistakes" into the Bible which he either knows or ought to know, are not there.

He asserts positively that Moses must have understood by firmament something solid, though every one who has studied the subject knows, and the fact has been published again and again, that the Hebrew word means something exceedingly attenuated, being the very best word in the language to designate the atmosphere; while the mistake found in the English word "firmament," is due to the science of Alexandria, where in the third century before Christ, the "expanse of Moses was translated "stereoma" (firmament) to suit the advanced astronomy of the time.

When in speaking of the vegetation of the third day he says: "Not a blade of grass had ever been touched by a single gleam of light," is he dealing fairly with a narrative that makes light its first creation?

When he accuses Moses of compressing the astronomy of the universe into five words, is he dealing fairly with a narrative that does not profess to give any astronomy at all, but, after a general reference to the heavens and the earth as created in the beginning, restricts itself to the earth and its "environment?" Any intelligent person can see that this is the reason why sun, moon and stars are referred to only in their relation to the earth.

When he represents the first and second chapters of Genesis as a varying repetition of the same story, is it fair to withhold all reference to the different purport and object of the two narratives, which fully and satisfactorily explain the variation?

Is it fair to speak of the deluge to represent it as ascribed to nothing but rain, when the Bible expressly says: "All the fountains of the great deep were broken up," evidently pointing to such a subsidence of the land as is familiar to any one acquainted with geology.

Is it fair to make the Bible responsible for the Armenian tradition that the ark rested on the top of Mount Ararat, 17,000 feet high, when the Bible nowhere, from Genesis to Revelation, makes any such statement? The district of Ararat on the mountains or highlands of which the ark rested is not the "Agri-Dagh" to which the name Ararat has in modern times been given; and Mr. Ingersoll's ignorant mistake about it is of the same kind as that of the bumpkin who should inquire for the Coliseum in Rome, N. Y., or seek the tomb of Leonidas in Sparta, Wisconsin.

It will be at once seen that with this childlike ignorance is connected the Ingersoll nonsense that the water was five and a half miles deep. So says the ignorant critic, while the simple and reasonable statement of the Bible is: "Fifteen cubits upwards did the water prevail." As for the submersion of even the hills to the utmost verge of the horizon, the subsidence of the land was quite sufficient to accomplish it without resorting to the supposition of any unreasonable quantity of water.

Is it fair, when Mr. Ingersoll wishes to render ridiculous the rate of increase among the Israelites in Egypt, to represent the length of their stay there as 215 years, when Moses says (Exodus, XII., 40): "Now the sojourning of the children of Israel who dwelt in Egypt was 430 years." The only other place in the Pentateuch where the length of their stay is referred to is in the prediction

concerning it in Genesis xv., where it is put in round numbers at 400 years. To do Mr. Ingersoll justice, it is admitted that certain theologians, on the strength of one or two passages in the New Testament and some genealogical difficulties, have favored shortening the period, but the subject was not the mistakes of Moses, but of theologians; and again we ask, Was it fair, without a word of apology or explanation, to deduct more than two centuries from the time Moses gives, and then make all his coarse, not to say indecent ridicule turn on the shortness of the time?

One hardly knows how to characterize the infamy of such a passage as that about the bird-eating priests during the time of rapid increase, in view of the fact that there were no priests at all, and no such rule as he refers to during the entire 430 years! The consecration of Aaron, the first priest, did not take place till after the Law was given at Sinai, and the ordinance relating to the offering of the pigeons was still later. These are mere specimens of the mistakes and misrepresentations which form the warp and woof of this lecture.

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JUDGE JERE S. BLACK'S REPLY TO COL. INGERSOLL.

This is no personal wrangle with Mr. Ingersoll. He has said nothing offensive about me.

His indignation at finding himself confronted, not by a professional theologian, but by a layman who applied the judicial test to his assertions, was natural and expressed with tolerable moderation. On the other hand, I tried, and I think I tried successfully, to confine myself rigidly to the square issue between us.

A just or even an intelligent criticism could not be made without some reference to hit mental peculiarities, which, with habits of shallow thinking and rash talking, made him an utterly incompetent judge of the subject he pretended to argue. But I found the proofs of this within the four corners of his own paper. There, also, I learned that he was without any acknowledged standard of right or wrong. It was legitimate to notice that, because it accounted satisfactorily for his other utterances.

Neither is there any question of partisan politics between us. I have certain political convictions, which you may call prejudices if you will. But whether they are well or ill-founded, they have no manner of just connection with the subject matter of Mr. Ingersoll's diatribe against Christianity.

I believe, and have often expressed the belief, that religion and politics cannot be mingled together without

endangering both. The most perfect system of human government that ever was invented by the wit of man, and the holiest religion that God has revealed to His creatures, when united together, form a monstrous compound highly injurious to the best interests of the human race. Such a union is pronounced by Christ and His apostles to be impure, and the fathers of this Republic so shaped their fundamental law as to make it a wall of perfect partition between them. Without such complete separation there can be no security for either civil liberty or the rights of conscience in matters of religion. The worst form of this adulterous connection is not assumed when a legal union is formed between Church and State. It is when a popular party in a free government undertakes to mingle its interests and its vulgar passions with the religious coarse sentiments of the people. That is what pollutes and falsifies both.

The history of the world, and especially that of our own country, has been written in vain if this be not the lesson it teaches. These convictions not only disarm me of the power to repel Mr. Ingersoll's assaults by a political argument, but force me to admit for the purposes of this case that he is right on all the points of that kind which he chooses to lug in. I can do that, *argumenti gratia*, without affecting the real question in controversy.

He thought he was striking a powerful blow at the Almighty when he showed that the Jewish Constitution contained a provision which conflicted with the platform of the Abolitionists. They had determined and resolved under all circumstances, at all times, and everywhere, the toleration of slavery or servitude for life was a crime.

By this and by other means not now to be described, they got money, power, and great personal consequence for themselves and their fellows.

Mr. Ingorsoll could trust them to unite with him in howling down Christianity or anything else that diminished the profits of their business. Directly before him he had the successful example of Demetrius, the silversmith, who raised a tremendous uproar against the Gospel of Christ by simply bellowing out: "Great is Diana of the Ephesians." "Sirs, you know that by this craft we have our wealth."

I could only protest that these appeals to the interest and passions of a political party were unfair. Diana of the Ephesians and Yankee Abolitionism may both have been great, and they were great in the sense of being popular, but that does not prove that the Gospel of God is a pernicious imposture. The Jewish Constitution, which tolerated the enslavement of savages in Judea, and the resolves of the Abolition caucus, which condemned it in America, might both be right, since the two systems were not to be judged by one another; each should be considered with proper reference to circumstances widely different. But the suggestion that the infallible God might be believed to have proceeded on just grounds without impugning the righteousness of the Abolitionists met with no favor.

The practiced demagog cannot forego the tricks of his trade, and so he makes the panegyric of his political faction an excuse for casting contempt in the face of his Maker and for insulting the faith and reason of all who believe in Christ. The barest thought that the Judge of all the earth did right fills him with rancor, which he

pours out over page after page and then repeats it again and again :

> Unpacks his heart with words,
> And falls to cursing like a very drab —
> A scullion —

I have said thus much about the slavery point, not as an answer to Mr. Ingersoll, but because I will not have it understood, if I can help it, that I permitted or provoked the introduction of partisan politics into the discussion of a religious subject.

These furious outbreaks of intemperate abuse upon God, His laws and institutions, do not disturb any one's intellectual belief or at all diminish the awful reverence which a Christian feels for the supreme object of his adoration. Mr. Ingersoll thinks he is raising a storm on the ocean of thought ; he is not producing a ripple. He is merely doing the part of a common scold, to whom the idle listen for the sport of the thing, while others, taking counsel of their outraged feelings, think him a nuisance that ought to be abated. This is, perhaps, not so very easy to do. A woman, for such an offense, could be ducked, under the rule of the ancient law, but when a *communis vixatrix* of the male gender vexes the peace of the neighborhood in this way the remedy is difficult and doubtful.

To learn how gratuitous these anilities are—how he scolds for the mere sake of scolding—look at his fanfaronade on polygamy. By the unaided influence of the Church alone this vice has been extirpated completely and perfectly. In Christian countries the universal rule is that one man shall be the husband of one wife and no more ; and it is neither the rule nor the practice

anywhere else on the face of the globe. Now, a person who has ordinary sense must see that the moral merit of Christ's Gospel in this respect is directly proportioned to the magnitude of the evil, from which it has relieved human society.

But Mr. Ingersoll tries to blacken the character of the Christian religion by railing at the bad practrice which it has opposed and destroyed. If he had flung out a monogamous marriage, which Christianity upholds, his act, though unjust, might have had an apparent object not altogether preposterous. Indeed, monogamy is as open to mere vulgar vituperation as polygamy. When an unclean mind exerts itself to imagine what may take place it is as easy to talk about brutality and the animal degradation of woman in one case as another. To the beastly all things are beastly.

In point of fact the great body of unbelievers have denounced the Christian institution of marriage with especial bitterness. To tie one man and one woman together by a bond which nothing but death can dissolve is, in their opinion, not only unjust and immoral, but a base and brutal tyranny which imposes a degrading restraint upon the natural rights of men and women to love and cohabit with whom they please. This is a prime and prominent part of the atheistic theory, everywhere advocated by its regular organs and its greatest disciples. In France, where their societies are compact and powerful, they define their creed substantially thus: 1. There is no God. 2. Religion is a lie. 3. Property is theft. 4. Love must be free. 5. Marriage is slavery. 6. Children belong to the State and not to anybody in particular.

This is "the gospel of dirt." I don't say that Mr. Ingersoll swallows it whole. He believes, or at least he practices, the Christian doctrine on the subject of marriage, paternity, and property,, not because he is bound by the Divine commandment, but because he *feels* like it. Others, rejecting as he does the "golden metewand of the Law," have an equal right to take their own feelings as the measure of righteousness. So one set of atheists curses marriage and another blackguards polygamy, and they are both right if there be no God above all and over all.

My principal object is to show that Ingersoll's "circular abuse" amounts to absolutely nothing. A regular reply would prove that in every line of his last article he has either falsified history or applied to it an erroneous iterpretation. But I am tempted not to quit without giving a sample of his efforts at scientific reasoning.

If he does not deny the existence of a God, his occupation is gone. The object, therefore, of his highest ambition ever since he took the stump against Christianity has been and is to annihilate the evidence which shows that the world has a Maker and a Moral Governor. This being his great central point on which all other points must turn, he has, of course, laid himself out to his very best for it. Let us see what he has achieved.

I thought I was giving a true and accurate account of his theory when I said that he regarded the universe as natural; that "it came into being of its own accord"; that "it made its own laws at the start, and afterward improved itself ccnsiderably by spotaneous evolution." But he denies that this is a true exposition of his views,

and he exercises his conceded right to define them again more sharply than he did before. Now he says that the universe did not come into being at all; it *always was*; nor did it make its own laws, for it *has no laws*.

If the material universe existed, just as it does now, from all unbegun eternity, there is, to be sure, not much chance for a creature to have done any work; if its harmony is preserved and the uniformity of its action maintained without any rule or regulation prescribed by a superior power, then there is and has been no need of a lawgiver: God is, therefore, so useless a being that He must be theoretically blotted out of existence.

For the proposition that the universe always was (without a creator) and will be forever (without a preserver) he offers only one proof, to-wit, that it is according to *his* idea. This he considers potent enough to overrule all the evidence, direct and circumstantial, by which his "idea" is opposed. All testimony borne by the common sense of mankind, all the deductions of reason, all philosophy, and all faith in Holy Writ, must be swept aside, so that *his idea* may have free course to run und be glorified. But this ascription of supreme authority to an idea, merely because it happens to be his idea, will hardly be concurred in. The asssertion of it, indeed, proves nothing except that his bump of self-esteem is in a state of chronic inflamation.

He starts another idea, which has the same merit of being especially his own, namely; that the material universe is not governed by laws. The planets move at the rate and in orbits which can be calculated with absolute certainty; the earth revolves on its axis with such perfect regularity that the very second of time

at which the sun will rise at a particular place can be predicted a thousand years beforehand; chemical substances combine always in exactly the same relative proportions; in the animal and vegetable worlds like produces like; in all organized beings certain causes are known to produce certain effects favorable or unfavorable to life and health.

Mr. Ingersoll's idea is that these are not the results of law or any sort of intelligent pre-arrangement; but they are phenomena which *happen*, and the world is by mere accident prevented from falling into chaos. In his wisdom he decides "as matter of fact" that there is no rule back of the phenomenon which *happens* and the world is a by mere accident prevented from falling into chaos. In his wisdom he decides "as matter of fact' that there is no rule back of the phenomenon which a controlling power compels the subject-matter to obey; it merely *happens*, but it happens so uniformly that it creates the idea of law in our minds, which is, however, delusion. If Galileo and Newton and Kepler and all the other philosophers great and small, have been seduced into the weak belief that the material universe is under the reign of law, it is rare good fortune for us in these latter days to have found a superior personage who, by merely turning the Drummond light of his intellect on the subject, at once exposes the blunders of the ignorant living and "the barbarous dead."

Let no man misunderstand or misrepresent Mr. Ingersoll. It is not in irony or to point a scurrile jest that he denies the operation of natural laws upon matter. He is in serious earnest, and if he does not actually believe what he says, his simulation of sincerity is very

perfect. To make himself clear; he takes a simple case. Water, he says, always runs down hill, not because there is a law behind it—law does not cause the phenomenon, but that phenomenon causes the idea of law to exist in our minds—but that idea is on this side of the fact. It follows that Newton must have been grossly mistaken when he said that the falling of water and other bodies toward the center of the earth was caused by the law of gravitation.

Mr. Ingersoll supposes that he is imputing an absurdity to me when he says, "Mr. Black probably thinks the difference in the weight of rocks and clouds is produced by law." Undoubtedly I do. I learned in my infancy, and I have "kept the credulity of the cradle," that this difference is caused by that same law of gravitation operating according to rules which are perfectly understood by all tolerably well-informed men. I will go further and confess that I think it a most beneficient law which prevents the rocks from flying about through the air and the clouds from becoming immovably fixed in the earth. Our great Creator ought to be adored and thanked for making such an arrangement. But this only proves to Mr. Ingersoll that I am a believer in "the monstrous and miraculous, the impossible and immoral."

Mr. Ingersoll is much accused of plagiarism. Whether that be true or not of his declamatory spouting, this notion that the material world is not governed by law is without doubt original. It never entered any human head before—and I think that in all future time it will find no lodgment in the mind of any reasonable being.

Another way he has of reaching the atheistic conclu-

sion—I do not say that I know what he wants to be at—but as well as I can understand him, he asserts that the universe could not have had a design because we cannot trace back the designer to his own origin; the world was not made because we cannot tell who made the maker. The mechanism of a watch is so curious that "it must," says he, "have had a maker, but he adds the watchmaker himself is more wonderfully made than the watch, and hence he infers that he also must have had a maker, since the necessity of a Creator increases with the wonder of the creature. He is unquestionably, though perhaps unconsciously, right in this. It makes a demonstration as complete as mathematics that man was created by "some pre-existent and self-conscious being of power and wisdom to us unconceivable."

But instead of accepting this plain, palpable, and necessary consequence of his own logic, he turns his back upon the conclusion, and begins to maunder over his own inability to understand how a designer could be without an anterior design, and telling how hard it is for him to see the plan or design in earthquakes and pestilence; and how the justice of God is not visible to him in the history of the world.

This silly trash he thinks sufficient to repel the irresistible proofs of a Creator which he himself has adduced, and which by all fair and unperverted minds are received as conclusive.

J. S. BLACK.

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RABBI WISE'S REPLY.

We need not pray for Col. Rob't Ingersoll's soul, for he says he has none ; and in this instance we are bound to believe him, as he is judge, jury and witness in the case; and there may be men without souls, as there are some without conscience, others without reason, and quite a number without principle. The first man of whom the Bible says that he prayed, was Abraham. He prayed for Abimelech. But Col. Ingersoll, we suspect, is not smitten with that disease. He prayed for the wicked people of Sodom and Gomorrah, to which class belongs no American citizen, of course, as "Mitchell's Geography" substantially proves. Jacob prayed when his brother Esau approached him with an armed force ; and the Colonel has come to us unarmed, and without any force except a few harmless agents of the Boston Lecture Bureau, who take the money, show the show, and depart in peace. Moses prayed for his sister Miriam when she was leprous, but Mr. Ingersoll is no woman, and his excellent exterior betokens no leprosy. Joshua prayed to make the sun and moon stand still, but Mr. Ingersoll is neither the greater nor the lesser light, and to the best of our knowledge nobody wants him to stand still at any place.

Speaking of imagination it reminds me that Col. Ingersoll said he could not imagine the existence of a God. Imagine God ! Any professor of philosophy would faint

if he were told that illogical expression. How can God be imagined? Perhaps one of Mr. Ingersoll's manufactured gods could be imagined in a disorderly imagination, as only physical objects of nature or combinations thereof could be imagined—nothing else. What kind of a god would that be which could be submitted to the imagination of a man without a soul? It must be the miniature or pocket edition of an idol, made by man, such as Col. Ingersoll purchases and exhibits to amuse tall babies. It must be that sort of farcical gods which he describes in his burlesques. He is not the first quack who would not take his own medicines, although he is certainly among reasoners the first who would imagine Deity, for none tries to imagine that which reason only can grasp; none will permit himself to be led astray by imagination where pure reflection only can reach the aim.

The perversion of ideas springs from a mistake about Moses. A god or gods have been fabricated at the expense of Moses, until each little priest had his own snug little god that could be used as the Crusader's emblem or the license of the auto-da-fe, to massacre and glut in human gore, or the frail woman's last resort of love to make honest men out of rogues, pure souls out of the dregs of hell. The god or gods variously depicted, miscellaneously described, and promiscuously applied become objects of imagination, hence also the farce. The mistake is that Moses was charged with all the follies of theological jugglers and sophistical bummers. The God whom Moses taught is emphatically the God whom no man can see and live,—the Great I am, who is the I, the Ego, the Subject of the Universe, the law, the life, the

love and the intellect of the cosmos, the Eternal Jehovah, essence itself, and the absolute substance, in whom all things are as all objects of a man's tender love are in his soul, of whom all things came and into whom all return. This is not a God fabricated by man, hence He could not be imagined by man, as no man can imagine a being superior to himself. This is the God taught by Moses; the other gods may be subjected to farce and ribaldry, while the true Deity is too sublime even for the pyrotechnical displays of Mr. Ingersoll's disentangled humor. It is a mistake about Moses which feeds his boiler to tweedle the rusted think-apparatus of twaddlers. The God of Moses is too great for Mr. Ingersoll; he only deals in gods which can be imagined, and in speaking of mistakes of Moses he reverently passes by the God of Moses. The man is not as bad as his reputation.

I maintain that Col. Robert Ingersoll is not half as bad as his reputation. The man was persecuted by his countrymen, was defeated in his political aspirations by church-members, and thinks the Presbyterians have done it. He is a man of prominent talents, belonging to the better class; all on account of the Presbyterians, he was teased, persecuted, and wounded in his pride, and so he became a public lecturer. But business is business; if one wants to make money he must know how. He could imagine that people go to the circus to see the clown, to the theater to laugh over the comedian. People want fun to be amused, alcohol to force the blood to the brain, to fill up the vacuum. He could see that earnest men who reason on principles would not take with the masses. Aware of his own talents as a humorist and an orator, of the scarcity of humorists in this country, and

the plenitude of slang, low comedy, and uncultivated taste, he could only choose the career which he did choose—a career of ribaldry, to laugh over everything holy, to sneer alike at human follies, frailties, virtue and piety ; and as a business man he has chosen well—he makes plenty of money and hurts nobody. A moral effect he will never have upon anybody, because there is no moral force in his burlesque. He is no Thomas Paine, Thomas Jefferson, no Voltaire, Strauss, Feuerbach, or even a Heinrich Heine, because he lacks the research, the erudition, the systematical learning, and the moral backbone of either of them. He will not set Rome on fire in order to sing from his balcony the destruction of Troy ; he lacks the fire and the torch. It is all pyrotechnical ribaldry, which sweeps away many a consumptive superstition and laughs many a prejudice out of existence ; but truth takes care of itself. Let the man alone ; he is better than his reputation.

You think, perhaps, I ought to be very angry, because the gentleman spoke of the mistakes of Moses, and ridiculed the great lawgiver of the Jews. Let me tell you first, anything over which you laugh leaves no particular impression behind. That which goes not through the avenues of reason or the depth of the moral sentiment in a short time proves effectless. Scorn is a terrible weapon to achieve momentary success, but it is worse than worthless after a second sober thought or a healthy action of the feelings. Then let me say, the theology of Moses is certainly beyond the reach of Col. Ingersoll, for he is no reasoner ; he can spit, but he could not think with philosophical minds. He never studied through or even read any of the philosophical systems of Germany,

England, or France ; nor has he the ability to do it. He is no naturalist of any description, has never troubled himself about any specialty thereof, and so he talks about matters and things in general as is the American custom, what the Germans call *Wurst-philosophie*, good enough as jokes or for beer-house reasonings. When he speaks of the Infinite he becomes too ludicrous for anything, especially for men of thought to make anything out of it. He will not upset the theology of Moses.

The law of Moses is also secured against the Colonel's possible attacks. He will commence no trouble with his Blackstone or Hugo Grotius, or the other writers on law who maintain that all law rests upon the Mosaic legislation.

Thirty-five hundred years of history, and the common consent of the civilized world at this end of the nineteenth century, are a little too much for any man to upset. He says he could write a better Decalogue than Moses did, but that is said only—he is not going to do it ; he will not even add a category of law to the ten.

Well, then, if he is not the man to attack successfully the theology or jurisprudence ot Moses, I have no cause to object to his lectures. He ridicules Bible stories, but that concerns literalists only, not us. If all the stories of the Pentateuch be ridiculed, denied, or otherwise disposed of, it does not change an iota in the jurisprudence or theology of Moses. Let the literalists take up that part ; it does not concern us so very much.

Here, again, is a point which makes me feel bad and badly disposed to the eloquent humorist. Why does he

continually repeat that which others said often before him; why does he not hit upon something original? He rehearses old rags in new shoddy, and that is unworthy of a man who has any pride about him. He does sometimes worse than that; he ignores his opponents, which no honest man must do. He speaks a long yarn about the history of creation, always assuming an air of originality, without having the honesty of mentioning even Dr. J, W. Dawson's work, "The Origin of the World", which upsets his whole twaddle. It is dishonest to make people believe that a thing said is indisputable, when it has been completely upset.

He appeals to the apotheosis of labor to impeach Moses, because it said in the Genesis that God cursed man. "In the sweat of thy brow shalt thou eat bread"; and labor is a blessing to man. Did all Socialists clap hands? If not, some must have thought this is the language of a demagogue, who is either a hypocrite or a self-deluded man. Labor and hard labor are two different things, and the "sweat of thy brow" points to hard labor, which rests like a curse upon the poor man, and is the severest punishment imposed on the criminal condemned to hard labor.

He talks about the creation of woman like an ignorant man who has not the remotest idea of the difficulties among biologists, considering the differentiation of man and the origin of sexes. So he talks about the littleness of the ark and smites Charles Darwin in the face, instead of saying this proves Darwin's theory on the origin of species. He scoffs at the God who destroyed His own children and undertakes to teach the Colonel of Peoria how he should educate his. It all depends upon what

kind of children one wishes to bring up. Usually every parent brings up his own kind. God wanted them to bring up God-like children, and when they would not do it, He got them out of the way in preference to destroying human freedom or perpetuating wickedness. If it is only to bring up such children as Robert Ingersoll, of Peoria, Ill., no such stringency is necessary. Musquashes grow spontaneously in abundance. Then he speaks about 600 pigeons a day for three priests, and does not know that there were no pigeons in the wilderness, and the Mosaic sacrificial policy was not introduced till Joshua had taken the Land of Canaan, and then there were more priests than there are to-day humorists in America, for Joshua gave them quite a number of cities, and I would not be astonished if those American humorists could eat more pigeons than they can do good in this world.

But what is the use to speak of the mistakes of Moses? Speak of mistakes about Moses. Did Moses write the Genesis? Says Col. Ingersoll, "I don't know", and he does not know a great many other things. Did Moses write the historical portions of the Pentateuch? Says the Illinois Colonel again, "I do not know." If he has written all that, did the translators and commentators which the Colonel read represent correctly the ideas of Moses? "Don't know," says the Colonel. If those writers do represent the matter correctly, have those points which the Colonel ridicules never been discussed and refuted? "Don't know," says the Colonel; and decent men must not curse; still they are permitted to say, "Why do you talk of matters of which you know so precious little? That is all excusable, however, in this

case. The humorous and eloquent gentleman is out on a lecture tour, and wants to succeed. This can be done by reckless ribaldry only. It makes no difference whether Hell or gods, Devil or Moses, Pope or Presbyterian church—anything that will pay must be pressed into the service. The Colonel's field is small; he has no great choice of subjects, and he must take the first best to ridicule it and make it pay. He has that particular talent, and could not do the same work in another field. He cannot criticise Aristotle and Emanuel Kant and make it pay, because he cannot read them. He cannot ridicule Carlyle or Stuart Mill, because he cannot understand them. So he picks up some small stories which the children know, and dishes them up in his own humoristic way for the amusement of big babies. The man understands his business to a T. I tell you, he is not as bad as his reputation. I beg a thousand pardons of Col. Robert Ingersoll if I have wronged him. I did not mean to make fun of him anyway.

———:o:———

W. F. Craft.

REV. W. F. CRAFT.

PART II.
MISTAKES OF INGERSOLL.

Replies to Ingersoll's Lecture on "SKULLS".

REV. W. F. CRAFT'S REPLY.

INGERSOLLISM OUTLINED—"TEN POINTS" INSTEAD OF "FIVE"—INFIDEL PROTOPLASM.

"I WAR with principles not with men"—the motto of Daniel Webster in political debates—should be the law in all conflicts of ideas, especially in the realm of religion. It is not of the person, Mr. Ingersoll, that I speak, but rather of the principles of which he is the most popular spokesman, and which make up that shallowest, but loudest, Jericho book of infidelity's bitter waters which begins in a few tears of pretended matyrdom to love of truth; spatters the mud of epithets upon Christians, while condemning that very vice in a part of the Church in less advanced ages; babbles shallowly along its little channel about law as an almighty executive, as if the rails that give direction to a train took the place of the engine that draws it; winds very crookedly through the Old Testa-

ment avoiding every passage except those few that can be used for ridicule; plows still more crookedly through church history, shunning every part except the unchristian swamps of bigotry and superstition; keeps up the same snaky crookedness in its passage through religion of to day, hurrying noisily among only the few rocky and marshy places, where it can find the reptiles of superstition and error; passes with great dash of spray along the audacious theory that Christian civilization is the result of anti-Christian forces; plunges with loud roar of waters down its claim that infidelity is the only liberator of man, woman, and child; and still flowing within its little channel babbles itself as an emancipated ocean of untrammeled thought.

These characteristics of the brook are the ten points of Ingersollism. I have read and re-read, carefully, the nine published lectures of Mr. Ingersoll on religious themes, besides hearing the one entitled "Skulls," and every one of them has something on each of these ten points of his fixed and unchanging creed, and not one or all has anything beyond these ten "doctrines" —for he often uses the words, "That is my doctrine." While attacking creeds of the Church he holds an urges all to believe his own unformulated but distinct creed, offering in place of the "five points of Calvinism" the ten points of Ingersollism, the latter occurring as regularly in every one of his lectures in this age as the former did a century ago in the sermons of Calvinists, which he ridicules for their sameness.

What is this frightful monster that we call "a creed?" Simply a statement of what one believes. Every man,

unless he is an idiot, has a creed in which he agrees with somebody. The only question is to find by "reason, observation, and experience," which is the best. It would hardly be considered bigotry for a scientist to believe a few things as a creed of fixed scientific truths which no progress can ever erase, for instance, the rotundity and revolution of the earth, the attraction of the planets upon each other, and scores of other things which every scientist has held for many years unchanged, and is sure are unchangeable because proved conclusively. There are some certainties in the science of religion, such as are referred to in the Apostles' Creed, which may, without any greater bigotry, be considered as proved and established. The Christian Church of today does not generally insist upon anything further than these few concrete facts of the Apostles' Creed "as essentials" in Christian belief. When Evangelical churches shout their watchword, "In essentials, unity; in non-essentials, liberty; in all things, charity," it is as if a company of scientists should say, "On proved facts we will all agree, but in the realms of hypothesis and opinion, we will agree to disagree."

But the special point we wish to notice is, that Mr. Ingersoll attacks creed with creed. He is as bigoted a partisan of his own creed as ever called hard names. The very heart of his creed seems to be the belief that his mission is to destroy the creed of everybody else.

It is a suggestive fact that the naturally-gifted mind of Mr. Ingersoll, who declares that godless and soulless materialism is the emancipator and inspirer of thought, should be able, in all the years which these ten lectures represent, to produce but ten ideas which made up his

earliest lecture, years ago, appearing successively in each of the succeeding lectures, including that of to-day, there being no change, save in the cap and bells of his jokes. Reading these ten ideas over and over for as many hours in going through these lectures, brought back a ludicrous scene in our college burial of mathematics when fifteen notes of Pleyel's hymn were played dolefully over and over again for nearly an hour, as marching music.

In reading these lectures, which are but ten combinations and permutations of ten ideas, one is reminded also of the lecturer's own illustration of the boarding house keeper, who, for years, had no change of diet from hash, for every lecture is the same hash of ten ideas, changed only in the name and in the order of putting in the ten elements.

ARTICLE I.

FIRST POINT IN THE TEN—SEPULCHRAL HOOTS OF THE THE INGERSOLL OWL—A THEOLOGICAL RIP VAN WINLLE.

As in the beet hash of New England the blood red beet predominates and gives color to the whole, so the principal element in these lectures against Christianity is the blood of past persecutions by a corrupt part of the Church, for which true Christianity has no more responsibility than a loyal colonel in our war of 1776, or 1861, for the robberies and crimes of camp-followers or traitors. In every published lecture on religion, Mr. Ingersoll deliberately cites the acts of the Benedict Arnolds of the Christian army as representing the Washingtons and Grants. He describes past counterfeits of religion as specimens of its accepted currency. It is as

if one should attack present astronomers by relating ridiculous stories of the old astrologers, or assail present physicians by quoting the strange practices of the ancient alchemists.

In one lecture—a fair representative of all in this respect—I found that in forty-three pages only two did not contain these references to past persecutions, except a few pages given to the trial of Professor Swing, which were equally stale as assailing chiefly abandoned features of human Calvinism. Past errors and follies of the human Calvinism, human Catholicism, and heathen religions are constantly spoken of as if vital elements of Christianity.

Mr. Ingersoll ought to have a hymn to sing at the opening and close of his lectures, made on the pattern of that one whose first verse is :

Go on, go on, go on, go on,
Go on, go on, go on,
Go on, go on, go on, go on,
Go on, go on, go on.

with forty-two verses more of the same, substituting "past persecutions," instead of "go on," which is too progressive for a "go back" lecture.

Mr. Ingersoll is a Rip Van Winkle in theology, who seems to have slept ever since the days of persecution. He is a Sancho Panza who assails imaginary foes of his own making, and thinks he has captured the golden helmet of Christianity when he has only secured the abandoned brass kettle of old traditions and discarded superstitions. He is a Falstaff killing the dead Percy of past follies. His lectures bustle with the antiquated and misused words "priests," "dark ages," "witches," "fagots," "religious wars," "church fathers," "damned

infants," "martyrs," "gods," etc., as if he were speaking in a heathen land, and also in some dead century. And he uses the past tense so exclusively in his "progressive" lectures that one would suppose English as well as Hebrew had no present tense. It must have been Mr. Ingersoll, in his boyhood, that came from his first hunt crying, "I've shot a cherub," having mistaken an owl for a cherub, because of the wretched pictures of the latter on the old grave stones. Mr. Ingersoll logically destroys some Church owl of the dark ages, and because it corresponds with his own carricature of the Church thinks he has dethroned Christianity itself. Like Poe's "raven" who had but one word, "Nevermore," Mr. Ingersoll is continually crying in the ears of the present that worn-out strain about abuses which we all condemn, "Galileo-Servetus, Galileo-Servetus."

This ten-idea-champion of popular materialism, while talking of progress and condemning those who hold fast to things of the past, is nevertheless so largely devoted to showing his carefully preserved martyr-mummies from the long-past ages of persecution, that we find Mark Twain's question constantly arising at each new charge against Christianity: "Is he—is he dead?" and we are also tempted to cry out for a "fresh corpse" in place of these very dry and dead mummies of past abuses. To paraphrase the lecturer's own words, we want one present fact. We pass our hats through the lectures in vain for some present facts against pure Christianity, which he assumes to assail and overthrow. There is far more excuse for Thomas Paine, in an age when the old Calvinistic errors were largely held, and for Voltaire, surrounded by the superstitions of Romanism, misunder-

standing Christianity, than for this modern lecturer, who very well knows that the carricatures which he represents as Christianity are very old pictures of its ancient camp-followers.

ARTICLE II.

INGESOLL MISTAKES A PART FOR THE WHOLE — GROSS MISREPRESENTATIONS.

Article Second of Ingersollism, like unto the first, but with present instead of past tense, is about as follows: Christianity to-day is proved to be false by the present errors and abuses that are found in some of the churches.

Romish superstitions aud the errors of those who have grossly misinterpreted the Bible as a support of slavery, polygamy, etc., are continually used by this champion of "liberty of thought," and "charity" and "brotherhood," as representing true Christianity to-day, which is quite as honorable as if a man should attack the principles of medicine by citing the tricks of quacks. An examination of the hull of the great Eastern found adhering to the iron-plates of the bottom an enormous multitude of mussels, whose weight is estimated at three hundred tons. The great ship has been carrying on her hull a burden equal to full cargoes for six or eight sailing ships.

Suppose I should show you a few of those barnacles as specimens of what the Great Eastern is made of, and then denounce its builders as fools? Mr. Ingersoll is constantly confounding barnacles of some "church" with Christianity. Suppose I should take the belts and whips of torture that are used by Romanists in Mexico

and show them in lectures as specimens of barbarism of Congregationalists and Methodists? It is certainly most palpable unfairness for Mr. Ingersoll to use the word "gods" indiscriminately of heathen and Christian objects of worship, and to employ the words "The Church" as if there were no false or true, past or present in connection with it, and as if its meaning were as much a unit as "The Moon," So also he unfairly classes all ministers as "priests." It would be quite as fair to speak of all "medicine men," past and present, savage and civilized, under the words "The Doctors."

ARTICLE III.

THE GREAT INGERSOLL BOOMERANG—HOW IT WORKS—FURTHER MISREPRESENTATIONS CAREFULLY EXAMINED.

Far less prominent, but ever present, is the third element in Ingersollism—an oft-recurring moan—"Infidels to-day are martyrs at whom men cast epithets, but not ballots."

The defeated infidel politician appears as regularly and revengefully in every lecture (indirectly, of course) as the misanthropic Byron shows himself in each of his poems as the real hero under the various names of "Childe Harold," "Don Juan," "Corsair," etc. He who cries out against the past for calling infidels by hard names hurls in the more kindly present more anathemas than any other Pope.

"You are an infidel."

"You're a bigot! Arn't you ashamed to be calling names, you old hypocrite?"

In this debate of Mr. Ingersoll's bigotry with the bigotry of the past, a printer might fitly misprint the "pros

and cons," "pigs and cows." It is like the English lady who criticised an American friend for saying, at a mistake in croquet, "What a horrid scratch," and when asked what would have been better, replied, "You might have said, 'What a beastly fluke.'" It is not strange that the people will not elect to represent them in politics, one who so audaciously misrepresents them, as does Mr. Ingersoll in nearly every attempt to declare the belief of Christians.

MISREPRESENTING BIBLE PASSAGES.

Dr. Ryder, Prof. Swing, and Dr. Herford, have abundantly shown his numerous and inexcusable misrepresentations of Bible passages, to which may be added another more atrocious, if possible, the implication that the persecutions of Saul of Tarsus, and the adulteries of Solomon, are a part of the Christian system, and also that Jephthah really killed his daughter as a sacrifice, which the Bible does not declare, nor any Christian believe, and the mis-interpretation of the passage about women keeping silence in the churches, which the Christian Church of to-day considers of only temporary force, a command to Corinth, and not to Christendom, no more binding upon us than Paul's request that Timothy should bring his cloak that was left at Troas. It is a kindred misrepresentation to say the assertion that those who tortured the martyrs were the same ones who made the Bible—an assertion which history clearly refutes, as the Old Testament was arranged in its present form 388 B. C., and the New Testament was collected as it is at present before the days of persecution by the church began.

It is also a misrepresentation, not only of the Bible,

but of the common principles of interpretation in every department of literature, to intimate that an explanation of passages as poetic and figurative, is unfair and begging the question. Suppose we shonld put a literal interpretation upon the tropical figures of Mr. Ingersoll's eloquence, and when he speaks of the sun's rays "as arrows from the quiver of the sun," declare him an ignorant idolator, who thinks the sun an intelligent being who has caught the passion for archery.

SUN AND MOON STANDING STILL.

It is equally absurd for him to interpret the poem about the sun and moon standing still by the rules of prose. Mr. Ingersoll also says, poetically: "Think of that wonderful chemistry by which bread was changed into the divine tragedy of Hamlet." Suppose we should interpret that sentence as fact rather than figure, and say that Mr. Ingersoll believes that by the combination of certain liquids and solids in the chemist's retort this marvelous literary production was created! It would be quite as reasonable as to insist upon absolute literalness in the bold figures of Oriental eloquence and poetry.

Mr. Ingersoll also misrepresents the Christian's Sunday in the home, speaking of it as "a day too good for a child to be haypy in," saying: "The idea, that any God would hate to hear a child laugh." We all know (?) that in the Christian homes of to-day the smiles and laughter of childhood are strictly forbidden, and any one who smiles in church is carried out by the police (?).

HELL.

Especially does Mr. Ingersoll continually and grossly misrepresent Christianity in regard to the conditions by

which men are believed to bring themselves to Hell. Hear him: "It is infinitely absurd to suppose that a God would address a communication to intelligent beings and yet make it a crime, to be punished in eternal flames, for them to use their intelligence for the purpose of understanding His communication. Neither can they show why any one should be punished, either in this world or another, for acting honestly in accordance with reason; and yet a doctrine with every possible argument against it has been, and still is, believed and defended by the entire orthodox world. If I should say ninety-nine in a hundred go down to Hell I should have the support of the entire orthodox world. You can see for yourselves the injustice of damning a man if his parents happened to baptize him in the wrong way. Think of a a God who will damn his chlldren for the expression of an honest thought!"

Few, if any, intelligent Christians teach that a man must accept their denominational creed in all its details in order to be saved, as the careless critics of Christianity so often assert, but rather all evangelical Christians repeat the New Testament conditions of salvation, "'Believe on the Lord Jesus Christ and thou shalt be saved,' and declare negatively, not as has been said by Mr. Ingersoll, said by infidels, that all who do not believe will not be saved, but rather in the words of Martin Luther, "No man shall die in his sins, except him who, through disbelief, thrusts from him the forgiveness of sin, which in the name of Jesus is offered him." It is the firm of Ignorance and Bigotry that declare that evangelical Christianity teaches that a man can not be saved who

does not believe in its statement of the Trinity and its interpretations of the Bible.

He also utterly misrepresents the Christian conception of saving faith as ignoring reason and action, both of which it includes, and as resting chiefly on a book or a creed as its end, rather than on the person, Christ. Every church teaches that intelligent faith and faithfulness toward Christ (not creeds in detail) is the condition of salvation. "Faith," says Bishop Wightman, "believes on competent testimony what it could not otherwise know." Or, as Dr. Arnold says: "Faith is reason leaning on God." Reason is the foundation of belief.

THE PRESENT VS. THE FUTURE.

Another of the almost countless misrepresentations of religion by Mr. Ingersoll, is the frequent statement that Christianity is wholly devoted to the future, and ignores man's present needs, which reminds us that it was Thomas Paine (?) and not the Bible that said, "Pure religion and undefiled before God the Father, is this, to visit the fatherless and the widows in their affliction, and to keep himself unspotted from the world." And you have all observed that the organized societies and benevolences, by which orphans, and the aged, and the helpless, are aided in asylums and refuges, were not (?) established by this Christianity which "ignores man's present needs, and devotes itself exclusively to the future." Christian ministers never preach on combining works with faith, or showing character by conduct, or loving their neighbors as themselves. Mr. Ingersoll declares that a little restitution is better than a great deal of repentance, and we have noticed that when Ingersoll has delivered a lecture or two in our large cities,

those among his hearers who have defrauded others, at once, begun the work of restitution (?) by sending back the money they had stolen from employers, creditors and customers. (?) Mr. Moody, who preaches repentance as well as restitution, of course (?) has no such results following his work, as he proclaims the Christianity whose entire interest is in the future life. (?) You smile at this practical test of Mr. Ingersoll's theory, in view of the fact that we have no record of a single instance where one of his lectures has led to the restitution of stolen property; while such cases are constantly occurring in connection with the work of Mr. Moody and other Christians. Several very notable ones have come under my own immediate notice.

It is an equally astounding, barefaced misrepresentation, or to put it in fewer letters, false, when he states that all of the orthodox religion of the day is Calvinistic. Part of the so-called Calvinistic churches are not Calvinistic in the usual sense of the word, and we had fondly dreamed that there was such a body of Christians as Methodists who are distinctly anti-Calvinistic, and hold the first place in numbers among Protestant Churches in America.

It is also a misrepresentation to say, "Whoever thinks he has found it all out, he is orthodox," for every orthodox pulpit constantly preaches the duty of growth, intellectual and spiritual. Mr. Ingersoll declares that Protestants to-day would persecute, as in the past, if they had the power, a statement in which he assumes the role of the prophet, and shows the profundity of his insight into the spirit of Christianity to-day, which binds up the broken-hearted and ministers to the troubled and

sorrowing. It is cunning sophistry to say that every one is opposed to the union of Church and State, because they know that the Church could not be trusted with power, a statement which obtains its force by suppressing the very important fact that the Church when united with political power draws into itself unprincipled politicians, and becomes entirely a different body through the opportunities it offers to selfishness and ambition. It is also a misrepresentation to say that Protestants stand up for Protestant persecutors of the past," for all Protestant churches of to-day condemn the burning of Servetus and such acts as much as any one. It is also a misrepresentation by holding back half the truth to tell us of that base or mistaken element of the Church that made the rack and not of that other noble element of the Church that was upon the rack, for the martyrs were seldom if ever infidels.

INGERSOLL'S HORRIBLE ESTIMATE OF TRUTH.

Mr. Ingersoll, in his recent lecture on "Skulls," twice said that truth was not worth a little suffering, that one had better lie or recant than suffer a little pain, or lose a drop of blood. He would "turn Judas Iscariot to his own soul" to save a thumb. This significant item as to his whole estimate of truth helps us to account for the wholesale manufacture of falsehoods in his lectures.

Mr. Ingersoll's most gross misrepresentation is the habitual custom of telling only one side of a fact, quoting difficult Bible passages but never sublime ones, bad customs of the Church but never good ones, defects in Christians but never excellences. When Mr. Ingersoll speaks of "a lawyer whipping his child for holding back part of the truth," he describes his own partisan and

one-sided method, as Professor Swing has shown, attacking Christianity as the hired attorney of infidelity, or the hired campaigner of the anti-Christian party who is to present only one side. This, too, from a man who claims that infidelity unfetters thought and broadens mind.

THE BIBLE THE BEST OF BOOKS, AND CHRIST THE BEST OF MEN.

Mr. Ingersoll also misrepresents the differences among the various forms of Christianity. All men of broad scholarship of the last and best century who have written on religion, both skeptics and Christians, agree on two things—the Bible as the best of books, and Christ as the best of men. So much at least may be said to be indorsed by all scholarship, and when a man rests down upon these two truths to which they lead, he will not be likely to go far astray, for if Christ is confessedly the greatest and best of men, the "Teacher sent from God," then His teachings ought to be accepted, and those teachings are the foundations of all essential Christianity; and if the Bible is the best of books, the moral and spiritual guide of man, then its teachings are to be carefully read and deeply regarded, and all who take this book as life's guide book will be led into all truths of Christianity that are fundamental and important.

All Christians, Romanists and Protestants, agree that Christ is the living embodiment and pattern of Christian manhood, and that the Bible, at least, contains the "Word of God." All evangelical Christians agree on that broad and simple platform of the Apostles Creed, and declare not "many," but one way to

Heaven, and that not by "believing an incomprehensible creed," but by faith and faithfulness of intellect, will, heart and life, toward the person, Jesus Christ. Two quotations fairly represents all the evangelical churches on this matter. Bishop Whipple, an Episcopalian, recently remarked, "As the grave grows nearer, my theology is growing strangely simple, and it begins and ends with Christ, as the only refuge for the lost." Dr. Alexander, of Princeton, a Presbyterian, when dying, said: "All my theology is reduced to this narrow compass, 'Jesus Christ came into the world to save sinners.'" Mr. Ingersoll misrepresents the most familiar facts when he says, "Just in proportion as the human race has advanced, the church has lost power. There is no exception to this rule." It is a fact so familiar that every intelligent child knows it, that Christianity was never so powerful in the world, as to-day—never had so many followers. By the multiplied agencies of church work, six thousand are converted per day—two Pentecosts every twenty-four hours.

Mr. Ingersoll misrepresents not only the Bible and church history, by leaving out all that would not help his theories, and stating one half the truth, but he also misrepresents the Declaration of Independence as "retiring God from politics," as if the words were not there, "the station to which the laws of nature, and nature's God entitle them," "All men are endowed by their Creator with certain inalienable rights"—"and for the support of this declaration, and in a firm reliance upon Divine Providence, we mutually pledge to each other our lives, our fortunes, and our sacred honor." It is surely infinitely absurd to expect a man broadly and truly to

represent us in politics, who so inexcusably and grossly misrepresents us in religion.

ARTICLE IV.

SOMETHING NEW IF TRUE—INFIDELITY THE ESSENTIAL FACTOR IN PROGRESSIVE CIVILIZATION—BUT COLERIDGE, WM. H. SEWARD, BISMARCK, AND OTHER GREAT STATESMEN CAN NOT SEE IT—CIVILIZATION GOES ONLY WITH CHRISTIANITY.

The fourth article in Ingersollism is as follows: "The civilization of this country is not the child of faith, but of unbelief—the result of free thought. But for the efforts of a few brave infidels, the church would have taken the world back to the midnight of barbarism." How ignorant we have all been! Luther, who led Europe out of the Dark Ages, was not, it seems a child of faith, but of free thought (?) and Paul also, who brought civilization into the barbarous Europe, peopled with savage tribes, as described by Julius Cæsar in his Commentaries. The transformation of savage Gaul and Britain into civilized France and England was accomplished by the efforts of "unbelief." (?)

Long ago, Christianity had a contest with Atheism, Pantheism, and Culture, as to which was the best civilizer. Christianity selected Europe, and gave the other three contestants Asia, with several centuries the start. Atheism or Buddhism, which ignores all spiritual things and devotes itself to present life, has operated for thousands of years in India. Pantheism, or Brahminism made its experiment in the same country; and Culture obtained exclusive control of China, ruling both

church and state. As a result, in accordance with Mr. Ingersoll's theory, these elements of Ingersolllsm have developed a lofty civilization (?) in China and India, given education to woman, torn away the veil of her slavish seclusion, made her the equal of man, treated female infants as honorably as the boys, developed a high morality in the community, and supplied the world with its standard literature, its foremost science, and its chief inventions. (?) On the other hand Christianity came into barbarous Europe a dozen centuries later, caused the degradation and enslavement of women and children, (?) repressed scientific investigation, (?) prevented invention, (?) checked thought, (?) and thus hindered literary activity, and, by the barbarism of the Bible, "brought bondage to man, woman, and child" in body and brain. (?) If the facts do not correspond to these legitimate deductions from Mr. Ingersoll's theories as to the effect of atheistic culture, on the one hand, and Christianity, on the other, on national life, so much the worse for the facts.

Mr. Ingersoll says much against the wars of Christian nations. He forgets that peace societies and arbitration were never known outside of Christianity, and that wars in Christian lands are the gradually disappearing remains of previous barbarism. He talks of science and invention as opening up this era! How does it happen that all this is in Christian rather than in heathen lands? He talks of charity and benevolence of infidels! Why is it that all benevolent societies are Christian, and that Thomas Paine halls can not be supported? He talks of liberty of speech and thought and government! Why is it that such liberty is only found in Christian countries?

He has much to say of the barbarous age of dug-outs, tom-toms, and wooden plows! Has he not seen in the World's Expositions these very things as representing nations to-day, that have not risen from their primitive degradation and ignorance because Christianity has not yet reached them?

As to the relation of the Bible to civilization, Samuel Taylor Coleridge declares that "for more than a thousand years the Bible, collectively taken, has gone hand in hand with civilization, science, law, in short, with moral and intellectual cultivation, always supporting, and often leading the way."

W. H. Seward says, "The whole hope of human progress is suspended on the ever-growing influence of the Bible."

Bismarck utters a similar sentiment, as quoted in his recent biography: "How, without faith in a revealed religion, in a God who wills what is good, in a Supreme Judge, and a future life, men can live together harmoniously—each doing his duty and letting every one else do his—I do not understand."

Similar sentiments are uttered by the leading statesmen of all lands, the unanimous verdict of statesmanship being that civilization can not be carried forward without Christianity.

ARTICLE V.

MARVELOUS POWER OF TIME AND CIRCUMSTANCE—TRAGIC EFFECT OF ISO-THERMAL LINES—PEORIA MUD NECESSARILY THE SEVENTH HEAVEN AS INGERSOLL SEES IT.

The fifth article of Ingersollism is, that gods and men are but evolutions of matter and circumstance, the dif-

ference between heathen gods and the Christian's God being the result of a difference in their worshippers, and the difference of men being the results of varying soils and surroundings. He says: "No god was ever in advance of the nation that created him." In answer to this last statement, which is true, of course, of all imaginary deities, but not of the One True God, it is only necessary to ask any candid and intelligent man to read the description of God given in the Bible, where both Testaments declare Him to be "merciful and gracious, long suffering and abundant in goodness and truth, but will by no means spare the guilty," and then say whether this God is nothing more than the reflection of the stiff-necked and perverse people who held to this conception of Deity. The fact is, God as described in the Bible is infinitely loftier and purer than the Jewish people, or any people of any age. It is still more absurd, if possible, for Mr. Ingersoll to assert that "men are but the creatures of their surroundings, made what they are wholly by material causes, such as soil and climate. It is one of the characteristic contradictions of history, such as are found so frequently in Mr. Ingersoll's lectures, when he asserts that great minds have never been found except in the "lands of respectable winters," with the iutimation that no great achievements in art or literature are possible in warm Oriental lands. As if Babylon, and Nineveh, and Egypt had not been in early ages the universities of the world. Carlyle must have been very much deceived when he declared Job of the Oriental land of Uz to be the greatest poet the world has known. Mohammed of those warm lands was certainly great, even though wrong, and scores of others,

equally eminent, might be mentioned, although, of course, it is evident that greatness of men or peoples in tropical lands is rather in spite of circumstances than by their help.

Mr. Ingersoll in his lecture on "Man, Woman, and Child," speaking of one of these warm countries as the representative of all, says: "You might go there with five thousand Congregational preachers, five thousand deacons, five thousand professors in colleges, five thousand of the solid men of Boston and their wives, settle them all, and you will see the second generation riding upon a mule bare-back, no shoes, a grapevine whip, with a rooster under each arm going to a cock fight on Sunday. Such is the influence of climate." But like most of Mr. Ingersoll's theories, this one is unfortunately the direct opposite of facts. The Sandwich Islands have all these disadvantages of climate, and fifty years ago were plunged in the deepest barbarism, with all the vices of savage life; but to-day, as all well informed persons know, they are as truly civilized as any land, with industries, education, protection of life and property, equal to what is found in our own favored country. And this is all due, as King Kalikua said in New York, to the Christianizing of his people. Indeed, Mr. Ingersoll contradicts his own theory as to the dependence of the individual upon surroundings in his lectures on Humboldt and Paine, both of whom he represents as becoming great in spite of surroundings that would naturally have led in the opposite direction, thus involuntarily recognizing something in man deeper than mere physical evolution.

The whole absurd theory of individuals and nations

being wholly dependent upon soil, and climate, and surroundings for their character, is fairly represented in the following incident :

"Pa," said a little six-year old, "what makes me grow ?"

"Why, the bread and potato I feed you with.

"Does potatoes make our pig grow, too ?"

"Yes."

"Then, what makes him be a pig and me be a boy ?"

That boy's simple question explodes all the theories of evolution.

ARTICLE VI.

LAW IS INGERSOLL'S GOD.

The sixth article of Ingersollism is, "I believe in law, the Almighty maker of Heaven and Earth." One might as well say that the United States Constitution made our country, or try to rule the land by laws without enforcers.

That the universe is governed according to a system of law is recognized by Christians as much as by any one, and the laws of the Bible are not new arbitrary enactments, but recognitions and proclamations of that part of the law-system of the universe that relates to religion and morality. Laws of spirit are as eternal as laws of matter. Natural science proclaims the latter, religious science the former.

ARTICLE VII.

LIBERTY AND INFIDETITY—WHAT DE TOCQUEVILLE SAYS ABOUT IT.

The seventh article is made made up of the following statements :

"All religions are inconsistent with mental freedom. The doubter, the investigator, the infidel, have been the saviours of liberty."

Mr. Ingersoll, when talking of liberty, contradicts what he himself has said of law, and fails to remind his hearers and readers that the circle of law bounds on every side the privileges of liberty, that one has liberty only within the range of propriety, and that all beyond that is license. He also forgets the very evident fact that the prevailing ideas of personal liberty in the world are due to the general dissemination, by Christianity, of the truth that a man is a soul as well as a body. Wherever men are regarded as mere physical beings, with no lie deeper than the bodily life, the stronger will enslave the weaker—woman, child and captive. When the idea that each man is an immortal soul takes hold upon man, with it there comes the idea of individual rights. If Ingersollism should ever persuade a civilized people that man has no soul, this form of bondage of the weaker to the stronger will be resumed. Not soil, but soul, is the secret of liberty.

Even Mr. Frothingham recently declared that the Bible is a democratic book, and that we get out of it our ideas of equality. He remembered what Mr. Ingersoll seems to forget, that all through the Bible, the idea of personal and religious liberty is found, especially in those words of the Apostles to the rulers who attempted to tyrannize over their consciences, "We ought to obey God rather than man," which has fitly been termed the concisest of all statements of the principles of personal liberty. We may show this relation of religion to liberty in the words of the greatest mo-

dern writer upon such questions, De Tocqueville, who says, "Bible Christianity is the companion of liberty in all its conflicts, the cradle of its infancy, and the divine source of its claims."

AKTICLE VIII.

WOMAN—INGERSOLL'S THEORY AT VARIANCE WITH FACTS.

The eighth article of Ingersollism is in regard to woman, and is as follows: "As long as woman regards the Bible as the charter of her rights, she will be the slave of man. The Bible was not written by a woman. Within its lids there is nothing but humiliation and shame for her."

You have all doubtless observed that in heathen countries, where the Bible has not yet come with its enslaving (?) influence woman has (?) liberty and honor, and education, and opportunities of public activity and benevolence (?), but in Christian lands she is veiled, degraded, shut out of sight and restrained from education (?). I have always observed, as a pastor, that it is the religious, and church-going husbands that tyrannize over their wives as "bosses" and deny them their liberties of conscience, and other rights. (?)

You smile at the absurd statement, knowing that the "heathen at home," who as husbands are harsh and brutal to the wives they have promised to cherish, are frequently ardent believers in Ingersollism, and seldom in any way connected with even nomial Chrsitianity, while every schoolboy is familiar with the fact that woman, in all except Christian lands, is hardly better than a slave, notably so, in that land where Ingersollism under the name of Buddhism has the controlling influ-

ence. Mr. Ingersoll utters many true sentiments about the family, but all of these he learned of Christianity, not from China or Egypt.

ARTICLE IX.

INGERSOLL'S THEORY OF CHILDHOOD—SOME OF HIS LITTLE STORIES—WHOLE SUBJECT CAREFULLY EXAMINED—SIGNIFICANT INCIDENT IN THE LIFE OF ABRAHAM LINCOLN.

The ninth article of Ingersollism is a theory of childhood which attacks the principles of sound government and health even more than religion: "Do not have it in your mind that you must govern them; that they (children) must obey. Let your children eat what they desire. They know what they wish to eat. Let them begin at which end of the dinner they please."

Such a theory is worthy of nothing more than the smile with which you hear it. It is all answered in the following representative fact of childhood: A little bit of a girl wanted more and more buttered toast, till she was told that too much would make her sick. Looking wistfully at the dish for a moment, she thought she saw a way out of her difficulty, and exclaimed, "Well, give me annuzer piece, and send for the doctor!"

Mr. Ingersoll, in connection with his theory of childhood, often refers to the fact, that he leaves his pocket-book around where his children can help themselves to whatever they wish, and urges the same course upon all parents. It is said that one of the lecturer's admirers, being convinced that this was the correct theory, determined to give up punishing his child, and try the new plan.

So he said to his boy, "John, I am convinced I have

been taking the wrong course to try to make you a better boy. I am going to trust you more, and give up whippings. I am going away for a few days, and I have left my pocket-book in the top drawer of the bureau. Help yonrself to money whenever you need it." After a few days the father returned to his home, late at night. As he opened the door he stumbled over a large canoe in the entry, and was then attacked by a large bull-dog that his boy had bought. Entering the boy's room, he found it hung round with guns, and fishing poles, and daggers, with another canoe, and several small dogs—his pocket-book lying empty on top of the bureau. He is now less enthusiastic in regard to Ingersoll's knowledge of domestic government.

The leading point which Mr. Ingersoll endeavors to make in connection with his lecture on Thomas Paine is that the Bible shocks a child, and, therefore, can't be true. You have all observed how much children are shocked as they gather about the mother's knees in the twilight, and hear her tell the stories of Jesus, and Joseph, and Moses, and Samuel, and Daniel (?). As to the relation of the Bible to childhood and home life, let me quote the opinion of several eminent men, mostly skeptics, for whom even Mr. Ingersoll cherishes the highest regard:

Thomas Jefferson, speaking of the Bible and home-life, says: "I have always said, and always will say, that the studious perusal of the sacred volume will make better citizens, better fathers, and better husbands."

John Quincy Adams says: "So great is my veneration for the Bible, that the earlier my children begin to read it, the more confident will be my hopes that they

will prove useful citizens to their country and respectable members of society."

Theodore Parker says: "There is not a boy on the hills of New England, not a girl born in the filthiest cellar which disgraces a capital in Europe, and cries to God against the barbarism of modern civilization; not a boy nor a girl all Christendom through, but their lot is made better by that great book."

Diderot, the French philosopher and skeptic, was wont to make this confession: "No better lessons than those of the Bible can I teach my child."

Huxley, in an address upon education, says: "I have always been strongly in favor of secular education, in the sense of education without theology; but I must confess I have been no less seriously perplexed to know by what practical measures the religious feeling, which is the essential basis of conduct, was to be kept up, in the present utterly chaotic state of opinion on these matters, without the use of the Bible. The pagan moralists lack life and color, and even the noble stoic, Marcus Aurelius, is too high and refined for an ordinary child. Take the Bible as a whole, make the severest deductions which fair criticism can dictate, and there still remains in this old literature a vast residuum of moral beauty and grandeur. By the study of what other book could children be so humanized? If Bible reading is not accompanied by constraint and solemnity, I do not believe there is anything in which children take more pleasure."

What would "shock the mind of child" would be to hear Mr. Ingersoll excuse them for telling a lie, in order

to escape a whipping. What would shock a child would be to hear Mr. Ingersoll uttering profanity. . .

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What would shock the mind of a child would be to hear Mr. Ingersoll telling to a crowded audience with a smile of approval the story of a boy's oath. — —

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Speaking of swearing reminds me of that incident of Abraham Lincoln, whom Mr. Ingersoll calls "the grandest man ever President of the United States," who said to a person sent to him by one of the Senators, and who, in conversation, uttered an oath, "I thought the Senator had sent me a gentleman; I see I was mistaken. There is the door, and I bid you good-day." I hold in my hand the last report of the New York Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Children. Of course, the bruised and beaten little ones, here described, were the victims of cruelty in Christian homes (?). Their fathers and mothers had taken too much religion (?), had become brutalized by reading the Bible (?), and hence abused the children by their own fireside until the law was compelled to interfere for their defense (?).

In my work as a member of the Citizen's League for the suppression of the sale of liquors to minors, I have noticed that this supreme cruelty to children—selling them in their immature years the liquors that make them self-destroyers, violators of the public peace, and candidates for drunkard's graves—is perpetrated by Christian men, not by the infidels who applaud so lustily at

Mr. Ingersoll's lectures (?). Here I am reminded of the published report, which seems well authenticated, that Mr. Ingersoll in his childhood lived in one of those exceptional homes where nominal Christianity was combined with harshness, cruelty and bigotry. If so, this would be some slight excuse for his present conduct, were it not for the fact that maturer years have given him abundant opportunity to see the bright and sunny side of Christian gentleness in other homes. And there are no true homes that do not owe their existence to the influence of Christianity upon the family relation.

Having myself made childhood a special study for several years, I find that the degree of recognition given to the opinions and importance of childhood in various ages and countries, is exactly in proportion to the degree of Christianity there, children being scarcely noticed in heathen lands, either in poetry, or history, or ethics, while the Bible religion has always given childhood an exceedingly prominent place. All the attention given to the education and development of the little ones is but the starlight that shines down upon us from the manger of the God-child.

AKTICLE X.

INGERSOLL SAYS CHRISTIANITY FETTERS THOUGHT—THE BIBLE AND A HOST OF DISTINGUISHED MEN SAY OTHERWISE.

The tenth article of Ingersollism is the frequent assertion that Christianity fetters thought, while infidelity emancipates it in such passages as these: "In all ages, reason has been regarded as the enemy of religion." "The gods dreaded education and knowledge then (in the time of the Garden ot Eden) just as they do now."

"For ages a deadly conflict has been waged by a few brave men of thought and genius, on the one side, and the great, ignorant, religious mass, on the other. The few have said: 'Think.' The many have said: 'Believe.'"

In order to ascertain what freedom and power of thought materialism had given to the mind of Mr. Ingersoll, I made special examination of the logic in the lecture on "The Gods," and found there, in a very short time, one or more specimens of all the fallacies laid down in the text-books of logic. "Waiter," said John Randolph, at a certain hotel, "if this is coffee, bring me tea; if this is tea, bring me coffee." And so we say, if this is the "power of thought," give us weakness.

Instead of the Bible forbidding us to think, as Ingersollism so often declares, it is full of ringing appeals to "reason," "think," "consider," "ponder," "prove all things."

Prov. 26:16: "The sluggard is wiser in his own conceit than seven men that can render a *reason*."

Eccl. 7:25: "I applied mine heart to know, and to search, and to seek out wisdom, and the *reason* of things, and to know the wickedness of folly, even of foolishness and madness."

Isa. 1:18: "Come now and let us *reason* together, saith the Lord; though your sins may be as scarlet, they shall be as white as snow; though they be red like crimson, they shall be as wool."

Matt. 22:42: "What *think* ye of Christ?"

Acts 17:2: "Paul, as his manner was, went in unto them, and three Sabbath days *reasoned* with them out of the Scriptures."

Acts 18:4: "He *reasoned* in the synagogue every Sabbath, and persuaded the Jews and the Greeks."

Acts 18:19: "And he came to Ephesus, and left them there; but he himself entered into the synagogue and *reasoned* with the Jews."

Acts 24:25: "And as he *reasoned* of righteousness, temperance, and judgment to come, Felix trembled."

Rom. 12:4: "I beseech you therefore, brethren, by the mercies of God, that you present your bodies a living sacrifice, holy, acceptable unto God, which is your *reasonable* service."

Phil. 4:8: "Finally, brethren, whatsoever things are true, whatsover things are honest, whatsoever things are just, whatsoever things are pure, whatsoever things are lovely, whatsoever things are of good report, if there be any virtue, and if there be any praise, *think on these things*."

1 Thess. 5:21: "Prove all things; hold fast that which is good."

Let us look into biography, and make a practical test of this theory that the Bible fetters thought. If so, those who believe and love it will not be strong and leading thinkers. Let us apply the test in the ranks of science.

A CLOUD OF WITNESSES.

Professor Benjamin Pierce, of Harvard College, has recently completed a very remarkable course of lectures at the Lowell Institute, Boston, on the "Ideality in Science." Professor Pierce, who is now in his seventieth year, is, perhaps, the most eminent mathematical scholar in this country, and the author of some of the most profound investigations and speculations that have

been made in the realm of astronomical science. This man of mighty thought must have been emancipated and inspired by infidelity (?). This scholar, whose mind may be supposed to feed on fact, holds an unquestioning faith in a personal God and the immortal life.

The late Professor Henry, of the Smithsonian Institute, was one of the broadest and best of scientific thinkers because infidelity gave him freedom of thought(?). No, he was a sweet-spirited Christian in his daily life.

Sir David Brewster, another eminent scientist, said of his Christian experience: "I have had this light for many years, and oh! how bright it is to me."

Professor Silliman, who is unsurpassed in his scientific department, must also be classed under the head of "the ignorant religious mass," for he was another of the very many Christian scientist, whom the world has ignorantly (?) supposed a thinker, in spite of Mr. Ingersoll's theory of faith as being a mental bondage. He says: "I can truly declare that, in the study and exhibition of science to my pupils and fellow men, I have never forgotten to give all honor and glory to the infinite Creator—happy if I might be the honored interpreter of a portion of his works, and of the beautiful structure and beneficent laws discovered therein by the labors of many industrious predecessors." We might add scores of others in each department of science, who have found no discord between the Word and World of God.

Who are the four greatest thinkers in the realm of statesmanship of this century? Daniel Webster, Gladstone, Thiers, and Bismarck. All of them, of course, are enabled to be thus broad and prominent as national

thinkers by the power of infidelity (?). No, each one of them is most positive in his Christian belief.

Webster declares the grandest thought which ever entered his mind was that of "personal accountability to God."

Gladstone gives much of time and attention to religious writing. He says: "During the many years I was in the Cabinet I was brought into association with sixty master minds and all but five of them were Christians. My only hope for the world is in bringing the human mind into contact with divine revelation."

Thiers says, in his last days: "I often invoke that God in whom I am happy to believe, who is denied by fools and ignorant people, but in whom the enlightened man finds his consolation and hope."

Bismarck is called, in derision, "the God-fearing man," in reference to his well–known religious principles. (Busch's Bismarck, p. 200).

We might add to these Charles Sumner, who called Christianity the "true religion" and "our faith," and whose speeches constantly recognize God and Christianity.

Who are the leading literary characters of the century? Victor Hugo, what of him? Did you ever read his chapter on prayer in Les Miserables, and his grand tribute to immortality, uttered as a rebuke to a company of French physicians, a few years ago? Moore—have you read his "Paradise and the Peri," the Gospel of repentance, and do you know him as the author of the hymn, "Come, ye Disconsolate?" Walter Scott—have

you read his translation of "Dies Iræ," uttered so devoutly in his last days:

"Oh! in that day, that dreadful day
When Heaven and earth shall pass away,
Be Thou, O Christ, the sinner's stay,
When Heaven and earth shall pass away."

And Shakespeare, whom Mr. Ingersoll accounts one of the grandest of human minds, was great enough to believe in the Bible. And so Thackeray, Whittier, Dickens, Goldsmith, Longfellow, and Irving were intellectual believers in Christianity.

The following men, also lacking the freedom and power of thought that comes by materialism (?) became mentally so weak (?) that they declared in varying terms after reading largely in all departments of literature, that the Bible is the best book in the world: Sir Walter Scott, Sir William Jones, George Gilfillan, Milton, Pollock, Coleridge, Collins, Bacon, John Adams, Napoleon, James Freeman Clarke, Lange, Kitto, Robertson. And Channing put the Gospels where these others place the whole Bible—above all other literature.

The following persons strongly commend the Bible as a whole: Dr. Samuel Johnson, Carlyle, Dryden, Young, Cowper, Locke, Newton, Seward, Dawson, Franklin, John Quincy Adams, Bellows, Bartol, Theodore Parker, Rousseau, Guizot, Bunsen, Story, Webster, Diderot, Matthew Arnold, and Huxley.

The following persons among many others declare that they found in the Bible, not fetters for thought, but their strongest inspiration to thought: Daniel Webster,

Fisher Ames, Mitchell, the Astronomer, Ruskin and Gœthe.

It is evident that very many others might truly have said the same, including Theodore Parker and Mr. Frothingham and other skeptics, whose writings show plainly that they owe their beauties of style to a familiarity with the Bible.

JESUS CHRIST.

With these great men who have commended the Bible should be mentioned one who is confessed by Christians and skeptics the greatest and best of men, JESUS CHRIST, who used the Psalms as His prayer and hymn book, and always spoke of the whole Old Testament as the Eternal Law Book of humanity. There is not time, nor is it necessary now to answer in detail all the hard questions that can be asked about single Bible passages. But these great men and Christ saw all these points of difficulty, and yet accepted the Bible as the pre-eminent book, commendidg it to the perusal of all as the source of the mind's grandest inspirations. Side by side with these scores of the world's foremost men who declare the the Bible the best of books, or strongly commend it, or point to it as the source of their grandest thoughts, put the opinion of that more learned (?), more profound (?), more unprejudiced (?) scholar and philosopher, Colonel Ingersoll, who stands almost alone among educated men in strongly condemning the Bible, which his bigotry prints with a small "b" in spite of the rules of grammar, and describes it as about the worst book of the world, in these words among others: "If men will read the Bible as they read other books, they will be amazed that they ever, for one moment, supposed a being of in-

finite wisdom to be the author of such ignorance and of such atrocity. The Bible burned heretics, built dungeons, founded the inquisition, and trampled upon all the liberties of men. All the philosophy of the Bible would not make one scene in Hamlet. I could write a better book than the Bible, which is full of barbarism."

AMAZING IGNORANCE OF INFIDELS CONCERNING THE SCRIPTURES—HUME'S IGNORANCE OF THE NEW TESTAMENT—TOM PAINE WITHOUT A BIBLE.

"But some one asks, Are there not other eminent men who despised and condemned the Bible? Most certainly, as there are those who have entered their protest against almost any and everything mentionable. It is, nevertheless worthy of note, that in most instances, those who have sought the more resolutely to defame the Holy Scriptures are those who are comparatively unacquainted with them. David Hume distinguished both as essayist and historian, standing among the most noted of modern skeptical philosophers, was a resolute objector of the Bible, but was notoriously ignorant of its contents. Dr. Johnson, in conversation with several literary friends, once observed, in his usual, direct, and unequivocal manner, that no honest man could be a deist, because no man could be so after a fair examination of the truths of Christianity. When the name of Hume was mentioned to him as an exception to his remark, he replied: 'No sir; Hume once owned to a clergyman in the bishopric of Durham, that he had never read even the New Testament with attention.'" * .

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* From "What Noted Men Think of the Bible.

Let us cross-question another important witness as to his knowledge of the book against which he offers testimony. We ask Thomas Paine as to his familiarity with the Bible, which he so bitterly condemns, and he replies, "I keep no Bible." I hold in my hand a sermon preached in New York City, by Rev. W. F. Hatfield, in reply to Mr. Ingersoll's lecture on Thomas Paine, in which reply with abundant facts, such as would convince a court, it is shown conclusively that Thomas Paine was vicious and corrupt in life, and miserable and remorseful in death.

As to the value of Voltaire's testimony against Christianity, Carlyle declares it worthless on the ground of lack of knowledge on the subject of which he testifies. He says: "It is a serious ground of offense against Voltaire that he intermeddled in religion without being himself, in any measure, religious; that, in a word, he ardently, and with long-continued effort. warred against Christianity, without understanding, beyond the mere superfices, what Christianity was."

DISTRIBUTED IGNORANCE AND CONCENTRATED HATRED—PROBABLE CAUSE OF INGERSOLL'S INFIDELITY.

There are also a class of specialists who are quoted against the Bible, and who manifest a hostility to it, whose testimony is of little value because of the narrow range in which they have studied, making them authorities only in their special department. Halley, the astronomer, once avowed his skepticism in presence of Sir Isaac Newton. The venerable man replied: "Sir, you have never studied these subjects and I have. Do not disgrace yourself as a philosopher by presuming to judge on questions you have never examined."

The largest proportion of skeptics, however, are mere sophomores, spoiled with a little learning which is only "distributed ignorance," well represented by a precocious boy of fourteen, whom I found writing an essay on "Matrimony," and who left it during my call to argue in favor of Ingersollism and against the Bible (of which he knew as little as of matrimony), which he admitted he had never read, as do nearly all skeptics when questioned on this matter. The bitterness of the opposition to Christianity of Mr. Ingersoll and other infidels is explained by the Earl of Rochester, who was converted from infidelity and said, in explanation of his former course and that of others: "A bad heart, a bad heart is the great objection against the Holy Book." "The fool hath said in his *heart* (not his head) "there is no God." The bad heart is father to the infidel thought. It is like the case of the old woman who broke her looking-glass because it showed the wrinkles creeping into her fading face. Men strive to break the Bible glass that shows the wrinkles and defects of character. The whole appearance and tone and spirit of Mr. Ingersoll in his lectures is suggestive of his heart hatred against the book which he attacks, "kicks," "hates," not with the calmness of logic, but with the bitterness of a heart-hostility. Those infidels who have faithfully examined the Bible have usually been convinced of its truth and converted to Christianity. Among them, such distinguished names as Lord Lyttleton, Gilbert West, Soame Jenyus, Bishop Thompson, and at least a score of notable cases in connection with Mr. Moody's revival meetings in England. "What comparison, let us ask, will the number of celebrated skeptics, even when the

best possible showing is made, hold with the distinguished men who have ranked the sacred volume above all others? Remember that your mother's love for the Bible and your own early reverence for it, have the indorsement of the grandest and profoundest minds which have been known and honored among humanity."

THE TRUTH OF THE WHOLE MATTER.

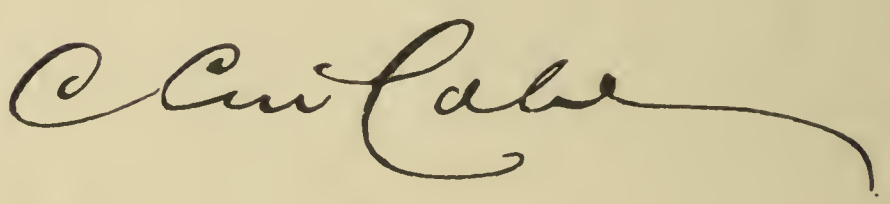
But salvation is not by belief in a book, or a creed, or a Church, but by belief in the person of Jesus Christ. Mr. Ingersoll skips this hard problem, "What think ye of Christ?" He hardly refers to this citadel of Christianity half a dozen times in all his lectures, making his attacks chiefly on human outposts and then claiming to have overborne the citadel of Christianity. Even Strauss, Renan, Rousseau, Theodore Parker, Napoleon, and Richter—none of them experimental Christians—unite as a jury in the verdict expressed by Richter in regard to Christ. "He is the purest among the mighty, the mightiest among the pure." We have, then, two facts as a sure anchorage of our Christianity to-day. All scholarly skepticism agrees with Christianity that the Bible is the best of books and that Christ is the best of men. He who thus accepts the Bible and Christ can not logically or consistently stop short of a Christian life, following Christ as his pattern, and walking by the Bible as his rule.

We may differ about creeds, and Church forms, and Bible interpretation, but he who has faith and faithfulness toward the person, Jesus Christ, shall be saved. Let us then devoutly utter the creed of Daniel Webster,

as inscribed by his own request on his tombstone at Marshfield:

"LORD, I
BELIEVE, HELP
THOU MINE UNBELIEF.
PHILOSOPHICAL ARGUMENT
ESPECIALLY THAT DRAWN FROM
THE VASTNESS OF THE UNIVERSE in COMPARISON WITH THE APPARENT INSIGNIFICANCE
OF THIS GLOBE HAS SOMETIMES SHAKEN MY REASON
FOR THE FAITH THAT IS IN ME; BUT MY HEART HAS
ASSURED ME THAT THE GOSPEL OF JESUS CHRIST MUST
BE A DIVINE REAIITY. THE SERMON ON THE
MOUNT CAN NOT BE A MERELY HUMAN
PRODUCTION. THIS BELIEF ENTERS
INTO THE VERY DEPTH OF MY
CONSCIENCE. THE WHOLE
HISTORY OF MAN
PROVES IT."

———:o:———



REV. C. C. McCABE.

CHAPLAIN McCABE'S REPLY.

THE FAMOUS CHAPLAIN HAS A REMARKABLE DREAM—HE SEES THE GREAT CITY OF INGERSOLLVILLE—WHICH INGERSOLL AND THE INFIDEL HOST ENTER—AND ARE SHUT IN FOR SIX MONTHS—REMARKABLE CONDITION OF THINGS OUTSIDE AND INSIDE—HAPPINESS AND MISERY—INGERSOLL FINALLY PETITIONS FOR A CHURCH AND SENDS FOR A LOT OF PREACHERS.

I had a dream which was not all a dream. I thought I was on a long journey through a beautful country, when suddenly I came to a great city with walls fifteen feet high. At the gate stood a sentinel, whose shining armor reflected back the rays of the morning sun. As I was about to salute him and pass into the city, he stopped me and said:

"Do you believe in the Lord Jesus Christ?"

I answered: "Yes, with all my heart."

"Then," said he, "you can not enter here. No man or woman who acknowledges that name can pass in here. Stand aside!" said he, "they are coming."

I looked down the road, and saw a vast multitude approaching. It was led by a military officer.

"Who is that?" I asked of the sentinel.

"That," he replied, "is the great Colonel Robert I———, the founder of the City of Ingersollville."

"Who is he?" I ventured to inquire.

"He is a great and mighty warrior, who fought in

many bloody battles for the Union during the great war."

I felt ashamed of my ignorance of history, and stood silently watching the procession. I had heard of a Colonel I———, * * * * * * but, of course, this could not be the man.

The procession came near enough for me to recognize some of the faces. I noted two infidel editors of national celebrity, followed by great wagons containing steam presses. There were also five members of Congress.

All the noted infidels and scoffers of the country seemed to be there. Most of them passed in unchallenged by the sentinel, but at last a meek-looking individual with a white necktie approached, and he was stopped. I saw at a glance that it was a well-known "liberal" preacher of New York.

"Do you believe in the Lord Jesus?" said the sentinel.

"Not much!" said the doctor.

Everybody laughed, and he was allowed to pass in.

There were artists there, with glorious pictures; singers with ravishing voices; tragedians and comedians, whose names have a world-wide fame.

Then came another division of the infidel host—saloon-keepers by thousands, proprietors of gambling hells, brothels, and theatres.

Still another division swept by; burglars, thieves, thugs, incendiaries, highwaymen, murderers—all—all marching in. My vision grew keener. I beheld, and lo! Satan himself brought up the rear.

High afloat above the mass was a banner, on which

was inscribed: "What has Christianity done for the country?" and another on which was inscribed: "Down with the churches! Away with Christianity—it interferes with our happiness!" And then came a murmur of voices, that grew louder and louder, until a shout went up like the roar of Niagara: "Away with Him! Crucify Him, crucify Him!" I felt no desire now to enter Ingersollville.

As the last of the procession entered, a few men and women, with broad-brimmed hats and plain bonnets, made their appearance, and wanted to go in as missionaries, but they were turned rudely away. A zealous young Methodist exhorter, with a Bible under his arm, asked permission to enter, but the sentinel swore at him awfully. Then I thought I saw Brother Moody applying for admission, but he was refused. I could not help smiling to hear Moody say, as he turned sadly away:

"Well! they let me live and work in Chicago; it is very strange they won't let me into Ingersollville."

The sentinel went inside the gate and shut it with a bang; and I thought, as soon as it was closed, a mighty angel came down with a great iron bar, and barred the gate on the outside, and wrote upon it in letters of fire, "Doomed to live together six months." Then he went away, and all was silent, except the noise of the revelry and shouting that came from within the city walls.

I went away, and as I journeyed through the land I could not believe my eyes. Peace and plenty smiled everywhere. The jails were all empty, the penitentiaries were without occupants. The police of great cities were idle. Judges sat in court-rooms with nothing

to do. Business was brisk. Many great buildings, formerly crowded with criminals, were turned into manufacturing establishments. Just about this time the President of the United States called for a Day of Thanksgiving. I attended services in a Presbyterian church. The preacher dwelt upon the changed condition of affairs. As he went on, and depicted the great prosperity that had come to the country, and gave reasons for devout thanksgiving, I saw one old deacon clap his handkerchief over his mouth to keep from shouting right out. An ancient spinster, who never did like the "noisy" Methodists—a regular old blue-stocking Presbyterian—couldn't hold in. She expressed the thought of every heart by shouting with all her might, "Glory to God for Ingersollville!" A young theological student lifted up his hand and devoutly added, "*Esto perpetua.*" Everybody smiled. The country was almost delirious with joy. Great processions of children swept along the highways, singing,

"We'll not give up the Bible,
God's blessed Word of Truth."

Vast assemblies of reformed inebriates, with their wives and children, gathered in the open air. No building would hold them. I thought I was in one meeting where Bishop Simpson made an address, and as he closed it a mighty shout went up till the earth rang again. O, it was wonderful! and then we all stood up and sang with tears of joy,

"All hail the power of Jesus' name!
Let angels prostrate fall;
Bring forth the royal diadem,
And crown him Lord of all."

The six months had well-nigh gone. I made my

way back again to the gate of Ingersollville. A dreadful silence reigned over the city, broken only by the sharp crack of a revolver now and then. I saw a man trying to get in at the gate, and I said to him, "My friend, where are you from?"

"I live in Chicago," said he, "and they've taxed us to death there; and I've heard of this city, and I want to go in to buy some real estate in this new and growing place."

He failed utterly to remove the bar, but by some means he got a ladder about twelve feet long, and with its aid, he climbed up upon the wall. With an eye to business, he shouted to the first person he saw:

"Hallo there!—what's the price of real estate in Ingersollville?"

"Nothing!" shouted a voice; "you can have all you want if you'll just take it and pay the taxes."

"What made your taxes so high?" said the Chicago man.

I noted the answer carefully; I shall never forget it.

"We've had to build forty new jails and fourteen penitentiaries—a lunatic asylum and an orphan asylum in every ward; we've had to disband the public schools, and it takes all the city revenue to keep up the police force."

"Where's my old friend, I———?" said the Chicago man.

"O, he is going about to-day with a subscription paper to build a church. They have gotten up a petition to send out for a lot of preachers to come and hold revival

services. If we can only get them over the wall, we hope there is a future for Ingersollville yet."

The six months ended. Instead of opening the door, however, a tunnel was dug under the wall big enough for one person to crawl through at a time. First came two bankrupt editors, followed by Colonel I——— himself; and then the whole population crawled through. Then I thought, somehow, great crowds of Christians surrounded the city. There was Moody, and Hammond, and Earle, and hundreds of Methodist preachers and exhorters, and they struck up, singing together,

"Come, ye sinners, poor and needy."

A needier crowd never was seen on earth before.

I conversed with some of the inhabitants of the abandoned city, and asked a few of them this question:

"Do you believe in Hell?"

I can not record the answers; they were terribly orthodox.

One old man said, "I've been there on probation for six months, and I dont want to join."

I knew by that he was an old Methodist backslider. The sequel of it all was a great revival, that gathered a mighty harvest from the ruined City of Ingersollville.

———:o:———

Robert Collyer

REV. ROBERT COLLYER, D. D.

DR. COLLYER'S REPLY.

DR. COLLYER RELATES A LITTLE STORY—A BOOK THAT COST MR. INGERSOLL THE GOVERNORSHIP OF ILLINOIS—THE VOLUME PHILOSOPHICALLY CONSIDERED —HEAVY BLOWS.

I have been told a gentleman went to see Mr. Ingersoll once, when he lived in Peoria, and finding a fine copy of Voltaire in his library, said, "Pray, Sir, what did this cost you?" "I believe it cost me the governorship of the State of Illinois," was the swift and pregnant answer. I can not but recall the incident as he stands in the light of his lecture. He seems to be saying, "It is my turn now, and I will do what I can to square the account. I will dethrone your God to-day amid peals of laughter, blow His being down the wind on the wings of my epigrams. I have those about me who will send my words flying all over the state. I will start a crusade which will shut up your churches some day, silence your immemorial prayers, slay all the hopes that would strive after something more than this momentary gleam between the eternities, make of no account the grand deep truth that 'life struck sharp on death makes awful lightning,' and so dwarf our human kind that when we get man where we want him he shall never again be able to look over the low billows of his green graves, and

end the fight by making my own creed good once, for all that

> Man, God's last work, who seemed so fair,
> Such splendid purpose in his eyes,
> Who rolled the psalms in wintry skies,
> Who built him fanes for fruitless prayer,
> Who trusted God was love indeed,
> And love, creation's final law;
> Though nature red, in tooth and claw,
> With raven, shrieked against his creed;
> Who loved, who suffered countless ills,
> Who battled for the true and just,
> *Is* blown about the desert dust,
> And sealed within the iron hills."

Now, since we first knew Mr. Ingersoll by report, there has been a time when those who can only believe in God as a rather helpless little brother, by no means able to take care of Himself, and in themselves as big brothers that are bound to stand up for Him, might have felt there was grave danger in such a sight as we have witnessed—of a vast array of men and women, some of them it is fair to believe of a thoughtful turn, assembled to hear the last and best word which can be said why God should be dethroned and His presence and providence numbered among the things that seemed true enough once, but pass away inevitably in the process through which we arise from "our dear selves to higher things."

SPARKS FLYING IN ALL DIRECTIONS—SINGULAR MENTAL PHENOMENON OCCASIONED BY $25,000 A YEAR.

He was clothed once in a fine austerity; went on his lonely way quite content, to give grave and serious reasons for rejecting what so many of us hold dearer

than our life, and was faithful to his instinct and insight, though such ovations as were ever given him—as Dr. Dyer used to say of the old abolitionists—might take the form mainly of rotten eggs. I know of more than one man, who, in those days, nourished a deep and most tender regard for him, and found something noble in the stand he made for the best a man could do and be, who has to abide so utterly alone. But Mr. Ingersoll, roystering around as the popular advocate of atheism, at $25,000 a year, as the common report goes, is quite another sort of a man. No doubt the laborer is worthy of his hire. Those who run the thing may be trusted to see to that, and a good many of us who stand on the other side may not be much better, according to the old proverb that "money makes the mare go." Still, as this always turns the fine edge of *our* endeavor and makes us weak for good when we make it at all a matter for barter and sale, so it must be with Mr. Ingersoll, making him weak for what I can not but believe to be evil. He is no more in such a case than the second batch of reformers in the old times, who argued lustily for a reformation, while still they grew rich on the Church lands. No more than your Archbishop in the Church of England, arguing on the godliness of tythes and priestly authority. So, Mr. Ingersoll, in motley, trying to laugh the deepest and most sacred convictions of men down the wind under the guise of girding at the Pentateuch (for we must thank him, I say again, for the frankness with which he tells us that this is his ultimate aim), is a very different man to the quiet, manful fellow we used to hear of in Peoria long ago, who won such regard from those who could at all understand him. The man in the ring,

whose sole business it is to make you laugh, makes no converts even to rough riding. And so there is ground for neither hope nor fear, as we stand on that side or this, about the advance of atheism, so long as this remains as the best method of its choicest champions. It may make headway with such men as Voltaire had to handle, and in such times; but this serious and deep-hearted race of ours never did take to this kind of thing, and never will. It is only as the crackling of the thorns under a pot.

Nor can this bitter and relentless spirit toward those who differ help the advocates of atheism any more than it does the advocates of faith. Robert Southey says, in a letter to Sharon Turner, touching the contentions of his time between the sects, "When I hear the dissenters talk about Churchmen, I feel like a very high Churchman myself; but when I hear Churchmen talk about dissenters, I feel that I am a dissenter, too." It was but the bias of a nature, in which the balances were still true, in favor of the side which was dealt with most unfairly. The plea in the mind of one who could look on both sides with a calm concern, that the result of fighting over the lamp should not be to put out the light, or of contending over the nature and properties of the spring, to soil the water so that no one could drink at it, be he ever so athirst. Lord Bacon says, "there is superstition in avoiding superstition, when those think they do best who go farthest; but care should be taken that the good should not be purged away with the bad, which commonly happens when this is the method." So I think it must be with such violent and utter denunciation as this, which lies within the spirit of Mr.

Ingersoll's address. It has pleased a very bright and able man in our ranks to fall into accord with him in many things he has to say, and to show how we also hold this ground. I may be old-fashioned, and unfit for a fair judgment, but I am very much of Southey's mind, and when I hear orthodoxy denounced in such a spirit, I say I agree with Ingersoll nowhere. Here is bigotry of a new shape, denouncing bigots; and I sway to the other side for very charity, and the desire that the most good possible should be found in any evil, and especially that one should think as well as possible of those who can not see as we do, but are still of as fine and clear a grain, and show as noble a soul of self-sacrifice—that uttermost and innermost proof a man can give that he believes he is right.

THE CLEAR RING OF TRUTH VS. THE DULL THUD OF BASER METAL—POTENCY OF SIMPLE STATEMENT—THE DOCTOR'S OBJECTIONS TO INGERSOLL'S TALK.

Now, a man who seeks and loves the truth, must be esteemed in every human society; but so far as my own observation goes, the most of our fights and contentions carried on in such a spirit as this I am trying to touch, end in vast clouds of dust and smoke, in which the clear, shining sun of the truth turns blood-red to our human vision. And those who, even with the best intentions, are forever going about, as we say, with a chip on their shoulder, are likely in the end to be voted a common nuisance. The truth must be told, no matter who gets hurt; the truth, or even semblance of the truth, which smites the man who tells it, and moves his heart so that he has to cry, "Woe is me if I preach not this Gospel!"

But the truth still comes to us through clear and simple statements which tell their own story, rather than through denial, denunciation, satire, slang, and appeals to the top-gallery. So Channing thought, and the result is, that his best sarmons are simply statements of the truth as it had come home to his own heart and mind. So Parker thought, and reading his life again, just now, I find there is nothing the man longed for so much as that he might be quiet, and just let the truth dome itself in his great fine heart and brain, while he regrets bitterly the evil times that compelled him to take to other methods; and the best work he ever did for the deep, still truth, are statements. So John Wesley thought, when once he struck his shining path from earth to heaven, and his sermons from 1740 to 1780, are simply statements of the ever-growing and ever-brightening truth God is revealing to man. And so even Calvin thought, and his earliest and best utterances are still statements, grim, hard, iron-clinched, but all the same the stern and inexorable affirmation, made good for all time, that neither priest nor Pope can play fast and loose with the Most High God. Always you find the greatest and best men when they themselves are at their best making statements, exactly as Jesus does in the sermon on the mount. Saying what is in them simply and sincerely, feeling sure, as Coleridge says, that "no authority can ever prevail in opposition to the truth." So Columbus holds himself before the Council of Salamanca, when a new world is in debate. So Stephenson holds himself before the House of Lords, when he has to answer for his locomotive. So Newton affirms his discovery of the law of gravitation; and Harvey, that of the circulation

of the blood. That is the law of all truth-telling in its noblest and best shape, and then the contention, if there is one, is simply the hiss, as Stebbins, of California, said once, when he was speaking in defence of the Chinese, "is simply the hiss the white-hot truth makes when it strikes the black waters of hell."

Here, then, is my radical objection to Mr. Ingersoll's talk, apart from his final aim. It is conceived and done in a narrow and most bigoted spirit, by one who claims, above all things in the world, to be free from bigotry. The men of whom he speaks so unworthily are, take them by and large, worthy men. The things in the five books of Moses, so called, on which the fathers based their creeds. are rapidly passing into worthier meanings; and the day is not far distant when the old belief will have rotted down, and be as when an old tree rots, to become the nursing mother of a bed of violets. No man believes in such things any more, who has read and thought to any purpose; and the man who has not done this, had far better believe in the six days' work and one days' rest, rib, serpent, fall, flood, ark, manna, and all the rest of those wonders, than in Mr. Ingersoll's enormous and most fatal negation of God.

PUTTING THE FINE EDGE ON ORTHODOXY — TAKING A WELD WITH PROF. SWING AND DR. THOMAS— BORAX AND BIGOTRY.

Nor is that bad and bitter spirit in orthodoxy now which once found utterance in fire and the axe, as it did in far more ruthless ways in atheism when the goddess of Reason was the divinity of France. Orthodoxy, in a free-spoken land like ours, is very civil, indeed, and timid, as I think, almost to a fault, showing just the

spirit which is not sure the ground may not slip from under it any moment; and so far as its finest leaders go edging away from the rocking base, as fast and as far the people for whom those men have to care will follow. Nothing could be more gentle than the way orthodoxy used Brother Swing. He was no more orthodox than you are. He might not think so, but that's the truth, patent to the whole world. Yet the church to which he was preaching, and the old standbys, as we call them, said, "This is what we are here for, and have laid out our money and time for, and, if you go back far enough, it is what our fathers shed their blood for. Dr. Swing must be true to his ancient vows, or leave."

If Ingersoll should ever lay out his money, and those of his mind put theirs to it, to build a great hall in Washington or Chicago for the propagation of atheism, and employ a man to preach to them, and then if this man should depart as far backward from their way of thinking as Brother Swing departed forward from that of the Presbyterians, they will be much more catholic and inclusive than I think they are if they use that man as gently.

I do not mention this for proof of my word that orthodoxy is getting to be very civil—indeed, gentle, timid, and even wanting in a proper courage to take care of its own household, if we are to judge from the half-and-half measures they are taking with Mr. Talmadge, in Brooklyn, and the way in which they let him smite them on the mouth.

Orthodoxy has exchanged the old fetters of iron for silken bands with an elastic base. Brother Thomas,

my dear and good friend, has no right to preach in a Methodist pulpit, and in the days I remember, would not have preached in one to this time. There must be a certain concert of opinion, capable of being brought within fair lines, or nobody would organize or hold anything. This is the secret of our most happy relation through all these years in this church. We hold together through a large, free, common opinion about certain grand verities. I should injure my own nature if I went over those lines. Yet men are continually going over them in the orthodox churches. But they bear and forbear, scold a little, fret a good deal, and trust the brother may see things different presently or depart in peace, and then, when there is no help for it, they lift him very gently out of the fold.

Nor is the scorn Mr. Ingersoll pours out on these ancient books befitting any man who could feel his way to their heart, apart from any theory of inspiration or the use made of them to hinder human progress. It is the spirit of the Caliph he shows, who, when the question came up what should be done with a superb library, said, "Burn it; whatever is against the Koran ought to be burnt, and whatever agrees with the Koran is not needed." With some such narrow vision he would judge these venerable monuments of the most ancient time; make an end of them to human credence; get them branded for worthless in the interests of human reason; and order himself toward them as if an iconoclast, looking over the treasures of the Louvre, should note only what is grotesque or painful, while he missed what is most beautiful and entrancing, tumble the whole into a heap, and burn it into ashes and lime. Men have mis-

used these books, there can be no doubt of that, and turned some parts of them into bane, which, well used, might bring blessing. So they tell me, there is no place that can match Peoria in its power to turn good grain into whisky ; therefore, shovel Peoria into the river, and leave the smiling prairies where the grain grows, a waste.

Nothing in the world shows a man's limitations so fatally as the play of this power which can not or will not distinguish between the use and abuse of things, or will overlook the abiding good because of the transient evil. We tolerate it easily in the child who turns in wrath on the chair against which he has bruised himself; we look twice at the man who does this, and then draw our own conclusion. I have been told, on good authority, that Mr. Ingersoll, in his childhood and his early youth, did get badly bruised against these books. Well, the books have to take it now ; but is this the sign of a large and graceful mind ? One would think he might have gotten over it before this, and come to understand them better than mere instruments of hurt. I can agree in nothing touching the Bible and the soul's life with the man who tells me his aim is to damage or destroy the faith of man in God, to the best of his ability ; but if this was out of the way, one might not object to his antagonism to the misuse of Moses by those who think they do God service. Still, in any case, I find too much beauty in the books to allow me to touch them with irreverent hands. They are simply above all standards of value, with which I measure other books outside the Scriptures, in the revelation they make to me of the way men felt their way toward a sure faith in God in

those old times, and so grew, in many instances, to be very noble and good at last, and, as I have said, of the way in which they tried to account for this wonderful and mysterious universe in which they found themselves when they had "learned the use of I and me, and said, 'I am not what I see, and other than the things I touch.'" Nor would I lose one of the wonders. They all tell us something we want to know about the working of the human mind.

That is a very poor and rude matter I treasure in my study; a broken vase of gray clay, with a few fishbone marks on it; but if there was not another of them in the world I woud not exchange it for the Portland vase, for this reason: That on a day, so remote I can not strike it, some poor savage made that vase in my little town, to hold the dust of some one dear to him, put those marks on it for a token what was in his mind, and then made a little vault and hid it away until the sun of this century should shine on it, and when I hold that vase, I find a trace of the man who had else been lost, There is the faint beat of a human heart lingering in the clay, and a dim remembrance of tears, and the marks, are as if they should open my grave two thousand years from now, and find the white cross still fresh on my coffin, and say, "Tender, loving hands laid that there, let us deal with it tenderly." These rude and half-shapen things in the old books are the clue to the man who made them, and how he felt, and what he thought. I would not spare the last letter out of them, but would scan them all in reverence, let who will scorn them. They all belong to our human history, and it is only their misfortune they have ever been misused.

They are included in the saying of the great and wise German, that the Bible begins nobly with Paradise, the symbol of Faith, and concludes with the eternal kingdom; and with the grand, sweet word of Thomas Carlyle: "In the poorest cottage there is one book wherein, for thousands of years, the spirit of man has found light and nourishment, and an interpreting response to whatever is deepest in him. The Book wherein to this day the eye that will look well, the mystery of existence reflects itself, and if not to the satisfying of the outward sense, yet to the opening of the inward sense, which is the far grander result."

A TOUCHING ILLUSTRATION—ELOQUENCE AND TRUTH—HAVELOCK'S SAINTS.

Of the doctrine advanced by Mr. Ingersoll, and his purpose to have done with the God Jesus believed in, and show reason why we should have done with Him, there is nothing to say if I have not said it steadily these many years. A remark of Charles Hare strikes me forcibly as I read the few words that are said on this matter, in the address, "There is no being eloquent for atheism. In that exhausted receiver the mind can not use its wings—the clearest proof that it is out of its element." For when I consider how eloquent Mr. Ingersoll has been at times, and the moving cause of it, I can see that he also must answer to this law. He never said grander words than those about our boys, their mighty heart, and utter self-sacrifice, for the noblest ends. But there never was anything done since the world stood, in which the presence of God could be traced, and his power felt more clearly, nor did ever men make such sacrifice with a devouter sense that God

was within it all, than those most worthy his grand and touching eulogium. "Call out Havelock's saints," Sir Archibald Campbell shouted, when hope was almost dead in the great Sepoy rebellion in India. Something must be done, and done on the swift instant, or there would be more woful work among the woman and children. Call out Havelock's saints, they are sure to be ready, and they are never drunk. They were of the sort that carry a Bible in their knapsack, and turn to chapter and verse, and sing psalms from old Rouse's version to Dundee and Elgin, and the Martyrs, and nourish their hearts on stories of the way stout battles were fought and grand martyrdoms endured for God among the moors. Call out Havelock's saints, they are always ready, and never get drunk, and they do fight like the very angels. They were but the brothers of the great, simple souls who fought at Ball's Bluff, and in scores of battles beside, while mothers and sisters did the praying for the moment, for they had no time except just to look up and hear that voice in the heart say, "Steady, my boy, steady, you are of a grand stock, you must tell a grand story. And they told it, and at the heart of it all was God, and a new life for the nation, and in time a new civilization that shall shed its blessing on the whole waiting world.

ATHEISM—NOT AN INSTITUTION BUT A "DESTITUTION!"—THE TRUE LIFE.

I have no stones to throw at atheism any more than I have stones to throw at blindness. It can never be more than a very sore and sad limitation, not an institution, but a destitution. This Anglo-Saxon nature is not good soil for it; no arguments can make it take hold

and grow in us any more than arguments can make roses take hold and grow on Aberdeen granite. Nor have I any exhortation save this: That as we stand as pioneers of the noblest and fairest faith we can reach, a faith which throws no strands to stay itself on the fall, or the flood, or the manna, or the sun standing still, or any of these old wonders, but just fronts the light and drinks it in, we shall grow ever more worthy to prove God's presence in the world, by revealing it in our life, and in the work he has given us to do. There is no argument like that which lies within a sweet and true life which looks to God forever for its inspiration and its joy. Let us be right worthy of our faith.

Then shall this Western Goth,
So fiercely practical, so keen of eye,
Find out some day that nothing pays but God.
Served whether in the smoke of battle field,
In work obscure done honestly—or vote
For truth unpopular—or faith maintained,
To ruinous convictions—or good deeds,
Wrought for good's sake, heedless of heaven or hell.

———:o:———

BISHOP CHENEY'S REPLY.

HOW THE QUESTION OF FORGERY APPLIES TO THE FIVE BOOKS OF MOSES.

In looking at almost any object in the world of nature round about, it becomes remarkable only from certain points of view. The cathedral rocks that form one of the glories of the Yosemite Valley differ not much from any other great pile of jagged cliffs, except in a certain position, where the great mass of Gothic spires and arches appear clothed with evergreen ivy. Only as you reach a certain point where Profile Notch penetrates the White Mountains, do you see far up, up on the topmost cliff, the formation of a face cut in the solid granite by nature's own chisel. But the case of alleged forgery before us is extraordinary from every point of view, for forgery is generally something which concerns some brief document, something that requires only a signature in order to secure its currency. The longer and more elaborate the document which forgery produces, the more danger there must inevitably be of its final and ultimate detection. But here are five long historic books. They are full of details. They cover vast periods of time. They enter into a variety of topics. They are full of details. Incidentally they discuss not only questions of religion, but of law, of politics, of commerce, even of hygiene—medical laws of health.

Was ever forgery committed before or since on such a gigantic scale as this? Moreover, there is no crime that is liable to be so speedily detected as forgery. The man who signs some document with another's name rarely goes down to the grave without meeting his punishment here on earth. Why, only a few weeks ago, the doors of our penitentiary, in the State of Illinois, closed upon a prisoner who had affixed the name of another, whose name was better than his own, to a check upon which he had received the money; but only one month intervened as a gap between that crime and the punishment it merited and received.

It was a hundred years ago, that Thomas Chatterton, one of the most wonderful men, or boys, I might rather say, that England has ever produced, forged a huge mass of papers, professedly historical, that were dated away back in the thirteenth and fourteenth centuries. The style was that of the monks and chroniclers, which he had imitated with the greatest possible perfection. The references to the customs of that ancient period were such as to avoid detection, and Chatterton, in the precocity of his intellect, and in the versatility of his talent, was without a peer in English literary history. The English literary world received it as a revelation out of lost centuries. The great scholars of England were deceived. But it only took three years to expose to every eye the fraud that had been committed, and Chatterton, whom Wordsworth called the "marvelous boy," ended his career in a suicide's grave. O, brethren! who can count the years, who can enumerate the centuries which have rolled over this world of ours since the alleged forgery of this man Moses! And

yet to-day, after the lapse of centuries, there are more people who believe in that forgery as the genuine work of the man whom God appointed the great law-giver and leader of Israel, there are more people who hang their hopes for time and eternity on this alleged fraud, and that which has grown out of this alleged fraud—the Gospel of our Lord Jesus Christ—than ever before in two thousand years. Am I not then justified in saying that if this be forgery, which is contained in the five books of Moses, it is the most extraordinary forgery that has ever been committed in the world since words expressed human thought, or human beings learned to wield a pen?

THE "COMMON GROUND" OF THE CONTENDING PARTIES —LOGICAL POSITION OF EZRA.

Now, in the first place, I desire to call your attention to certain facts concerning the Mosaic record. In all controversies in every department of human thought there are certain points which are regarded as neutral ground. When our great civil war shook this land from centre to circumference and two mighty armies were face to face in the Valley of the Tennessee, the stars and stripes floated in the same breeze that wafted the stars and the bars; the strains of "Dixie" and "My Maryland" commingled with "Hail Columbia" and the "Star-Spangled Banner"; the soldiers of the different armies exchanged such commodities as they possessed, as if they had been neighbors in peace at home. No wonder that finally it came to pass that between these armies there was what is known as neutral ground, on which it was agreed that the soldiers of one side should not fire on those of the other. Now, is there any such

ground as that between those who defend what are known as the five books of Moses, and those who declare they were never written by Moses at all? Is there any point, I say, in this controversy where the skeptic and the believer can come to stand upon one common ground? If we can find such a neutral ground as that, it will save us a long, tiresome, profitless debate.

Now, such a ground I think we have in the life and history of Ezra, the writer of the book of the Old Testament, which bears his name. It is conceded on all hands that this man was a scribe of the Jewish law after the close of the Babylonian captivity. After the people had returned from the land of their exile into the land of their fathers, he gathered into one great collection all these sacred writings that were held by the Jews to be the inspired word of God. No infidel that I am aware of has ever questioned the fact that in this collection of Ezra was contained the five books of Moses. It has been claimed by some of the least scholarly of infidels that Ezra wrote those five books. But that idea was found visionary and was long ago given up by those who opposed the truth of Christianity. But the fact remains that no one, Christian or unbeliever, to-day questions the historic fact that the five books of Moses, as we now accept them, were received as the writings of the lawgiver of the Jewish people when Ezra was at the acme of his influence after the Baylonian captivity. But they state that it was universally conceded that it was four hundred and fifty years before the birth of Christ. In other words, it was admitted that every Jew who returned out of the Babylonian captivity, held these five

books to be the works of Moses, the man of God, twenty-three hundred years ago.

THE BISHOP PLANTING SIGNALS ON THE MOUNTAIN TOPS OF HISTORY—SURVEY OF THE NEW MOSES AIR LINE.

We stand, then, without dispute, without any controversy, at this point of time—four hundred and fifty years before the birth of our Lord and Saviour Jesus Christ. Now, fix that point in your memory while I attempt, like a civil engineer penetrating some wilderness, to plant the signal on some more remote mountain top of history. Now, all the ancient writings, whether Egyptian or Chaldean, corroborate the testimony of the Bible that these Hebrews were slaves in the land of Egypt. They also agree that they migrated into Southern Syria, under the leadership of a man who was called Moses—a word which meant "one drawn out of the water." It is also universally allowed that they settled in this new land, which had long before been promised to their fathers, about the year 1450 before Christ. We have established then our second date—a date which no skeptic has ever called in question. When our great tunnel that brings the pure water of Lake Michigan into every home and household in this city was in progress of construction, the workmen began at either end. There was a shaft out in yonder crib, and there was another on the shore, and underneath the waves the two parties of toilers worked toward each other. And so it is with us. We tunnel between our two shafts. The date 450 B. C. and the date 1450 B. C.—only one thousand years are to be accounted for. Does that seem a long period of time to you? I admit that it does, but not in the history of nations. It is only a trifle more than the time in which

you and I are living is removed from the time of William of Normandy, who conquered Harold and the English barons.

Now we will cross the sea to the old tower that still recalls the memory of William the Conqueror. We will enter the office of public records, and in that fire-proof vault, guarded as they guard the specie that is gathered into the treasury of the nation, is a book in two huge volumes of vellum. It is known as the "Doomsday Book." In the year 1086, eight hundred years ago, remember, William the Conqueror caused that record to be prepared. It is nearly as old as the five books of Moses, the Pentateuch, was in the days of Ezra the scribe. But not a page of the "Doomsday Book" has been lost; not a line has been altered; not a letter erased. Its pages read to-day as they did in this old time when the Norman heel was on the Saxon neck—eight centuries ago. The ink is as fresh on the parchment as though that parchment were unstained by age. Do you ask how it is that the record has remained uncorrupted? Do you ask how it is that after all the revolutions that have swept over England, after all the changes of royal houses, and the dissolutions of powerful parties, that that has remained perfectly unaltered? The answer is a perfectly easy one to give. It is because "Doomsday Book" contains the name of every man, who, in the days of William the Conqueror, owned one rood of English soil. It contains a description of the lands throughout the realm. It gives the boundaries of every estate, and every English family must, therefore, find the roots of itsgenealogy in that old book of the early times of the Norman conquest. It gives the title to every acre of

land in England. Thus, two of the strongest motives that can influence the human mind and the human will have conspired to guard this "Doomsday Book" with a jealous and tireless care.

The possession of a great name, and the possession of landed property are wrapped up in England in the safety of that one book. Now, exactly the same motives conspired for the preservation, from all corruption, of the five books of Moses. They contain the list of those who came out of Egypt with Moses and entered into Palestine; they gave a description of the land that was apportioned to each and every name. To lose these books, which the Jews ever regarded as a precious treasure, the genealogy of their household—to suffer them to be tampered with, was to unsettle the title to every man's field from Dan to Beersheba.

If the "Doomsday Book" has survived, uncorrupted, what reason on earth is there to doubt that the Pentateuch was preserved intact during the thousand years that intervened between the time of Moses and the time of Ezra? But I need not stop here. Ezra, as I have said, was one of the captives who returned out of exile. But Daniel, long before the time of Ezra, speaks of this law of Moses. He bases his own conduct and his own private character upon it. Daniel brings us a hundred years nearer to the days when Moses gave that law to the world. When King Josiah mounted the throne of Judah he found that throne polluted by the wickedness that characterized the reign of his father, King Manasseh, and then there came an overwhelming and powerful revival of religion throughout the kingdom. Monarch and subject united in humiliation before God. Numbers of

people bowed down before the Jehovah whom they had offended. But we all distinctly know that the root and the seed out of which this revival sprung was the finding of the copy of the five books of Moses, and learning there what Moses had commanded against the sin of idolatry. I have reached a point nearer yet to the time of Moses himself. I will hasten on.

TERMINATION OF THE GREAT AIR LINE.

One thousand and four years before Christ, Solomon regulated the temple service and worship, but he regulated it, we are distinctly told, according to the law that was contained in the Pentateuch. And we are within four hundred and fifty years of the death of Moses. But David refers constantly to the five books of Moses in the psalms. The law of Moses was the foundation on which all the religious character of the psalms of David rest. Before David was Samuel. His entire career pre-supposes the existence of the Mosaic books. But only three hundred and fifty years intervened between Samuel and Moses. Joshua succeeded Moses as the leader of the chosen people. Again and again in his addresses to the people, did he reprove, exhort and encourage Israel, but everywhere on the basis of the books of the law of Moses. Thus we have link by link carried back this chain of testimony to the very days in which Moses lived. Now we want no better proof than that in the secular history. Suppose the farewell address of George Washington had been made the object of skeptical criticism; suppose that it had been denied that it had been written by Washington, and if I find it alluded to in Mr. Lincoln's address at the monument-raising in Gettysburg; if I find in one of his speeches that President

Polk also spoke of it ; if this is true of Mr. Van Buren, and Mr. Madison before him, and even if John Adams, the successor of George Washington in the presidential chair, refers to that address—why then, every sensible man will say that it is the nearest equivalent of mathematical demonstration that can possibly be given of the genuineness of the document to which I have referred.

GENEALOGICAL REFLECTIONS.

Now, I want you to notice again that if these writings were forged, they were forged by men, who even in so doing, blackened the character of their own lineage and ancestry. It has been well said that a man whose chief glory is in his ancestors, is very like a potato—the best part of him is under ground. But after all there is no good man who does not rejoice—and thank God for the fact—when he is able to trace back a long line of God-fearing, pure-living, honest men and women as the seed from whence he sprang. If I go to work and forge a genealogy for myself, I certainly will not manufacture one that describes my forefathers as the blackest set of criminals that ever escaped from a penitentiary. No one pretends for a moment that any one but the Jews were those who could have been responsible for the Testament records ; but if they forged it they must have had some motive. Forgers always have a motive. There is something before their minds that is to be gained. But what did these forgers do? Why they compiled a record of their own family tree, that overwhelmed their fathers with everlasting shame and contempt. They described the ancient Hebrews as besotted idolaters in the land of Egypt. When God promised them a land, all their own, flowing with milk and honey

—when all that was set before them—they were willing to give up all hope of prosperity, all hope of deliverance from slavery, if they might only have that which they sighed for—the fish and the leeks and garlic of Egypt. They are represented as bowing down to the worship of a calf, which their own hands had made out of their golden ear-rings, and doing that in the very presence of God, displayed upon Mount Sinai, and are described when they reached the borders of the promised land, when all its glory was before them, and its liberty was almost theirs, as being too cowardly to fight the battles that were necessary to gain the possession of their inheritance, till at last God refused to let one of the miserable, cowardly generation enter the land He had promised to their fathers. Yet all this is forgery, not of the Assyrians, not of the Egyptians, who were their heriditary enemies, not of the Philistines, but themselves. As though in the dead of night a man should steal out under cover of the darkness to the tombstone of his dead father, and with chisel and mallet in hand try to erase the honorable record of his life, and forge a lying epitaph that made him the vilest scoundrel that ever polluted the earth. Nay, if I commit a forgery on my family record, if ever I try to impose a fabulous family tree on those who know me, I don't think I shall ever trace my line to Cæsar Borgia.

CUTTING THE GORDIAN KNOT.

Now again I would like to notice very briefly some of the objections to the credibility of the Mosaic writers. Now, there is nothing easier than to start difficulties on any subject which the human mind can give attention to. Let a child in its tiny fingers grasp a pin and get at

the silvered side of a mirror, and in five minutes it will do more damage than the most skillful laborer can remedy with the work of many hours.

Is it wonderful that the Bible has been made the subject of repeated attacks? I no more hope to answer all the objections that can be put against a book such as the book in question, or even the books of Moses—I say I can no more hope to answer all these attacks than in this spring-time I can hope to pick off every green leaf that starts out upon every spreading tree. It were an easier and more effective way to girdle the tree itself. God girdles the tree of infidelity by revival.

If the record of experience tells any fact in the world, it is this, that a thousand objections which the head can see, vanish into thin air when the spirit of God gets hold of a man's heart. Why, there are men here to-night who remember the hour when they found difficulties upon every page of the word of God, when they objected to every principle it propounded, and now look back to the difficulties they used to find there, and wonder how it was possible that they could ever have been troubled by difficulties so palpably absurd. They did not study out one by one the replies that might have been made to these objections. When, in June, huge swarms of flies make our city like the land of Egypt in the days of old, we never undertake to kill them one by one; half a million of people would not be sufficient for that. But God's west wind blows and they are scattered. So it is that the winds of God's spirit sweep away the swarms of difficulties that men find in the Bible. And yet I am prepared to night to take up two or three of the objections which have been urged against the credibility of the

Pentateuch. These objections resolve themselves into two different parts—the one to the facts of the history of Moses, the other to the morality of the acts that are there recorded, or the precepts that are there laid down. I won't have time to go over both branches of the subjects. The limits of such a sermon as this absolutely forbid it. I speak now of the facts. At some future time I hope to take up the moral portion of it.

Now, every time you visit the South Park, you find a place of rest under the grateful shade of an ancient willow. The vast expanse of its gigantic branches, the immense girth of its trunk are the witnesses of its venerable age. If I should take up to-morrow the report of the park commissioners and find there the statement that they, at vast expense, had transplanted that willow tree from the native soil in which it grew to adorn Chicago's pleasure ground, I should know beforehand that it was false; the very appearance of the tree gives the lie to the statement, and if there were any way in which I could examine the rings that made up the trunk, I need only count them to have a positive proof of the fact that the statement contained in the report was false.

THE BISHOP'S CHALLENGE—MOSES AND INGERSOLL AS CHRONOLOGISTS.

Now, precisely akin to that is the accusation that is often brought against the Book of Genesis. It is said that Moses declares that six thousand years ago God created this world in which we are living now. But we only need to count the geologic strata—we only need to number the rings of the huge trunk of this earth in order to disprove the statement.

Now, in reply to this difficulty, which is so often urged

against the Book of Genesis, I want to say one word, and that is, I challenge any man in this congregation—I challenge any man in the wide world that has ever read the Bible, to find in any book of the Bible, much less in the Book of Genesis the statement that the creation of this earth took place six thousand years ago. This Moses, whom Mr. Ingersoll thinks was such a blunderer; whose mistakes have been the subject of his jeers and blasphemous ridicule, was a more careful man than our Peoria skeptic thinks. He certainly was careful not to fix the time at which God created this earth. Whether that creation took place six thousand or six million years ago, he does not state. He does say that "In the beginning God created the heavens and the earth." But that is all. All that he asserts is, that matter—the substance out of which the earth was made—is not eternal; it had a beginning; He did create it.

Well, then, again, the creation of man, equally with that of the world, is made the object of attack. We are told that the Bible claims that between five and six thousand years ago God placed the first pair of the human family in Eden. But when geologists have dug down into the formations that make up this globe—formations which upon mathematical calculation have taken ages and ages to produce—they find there the remains of ancient tools, weapons, ornaments and utensils that prove that man must have lived in a time far antedistant to that of Adam.

For example, the skeleton of an Indian was exhumed some years ago, while digging for the foundation of the gas-works in the City of New Orleans, and it was alleged by one geologist of that day that it could not have been

less than fifty thousand years ago that that man lived. It has been flaunted in our faces that science and religion are opposed to each other; that the Bible is against progress, and that we all must concede that the Pentateuch is but a tissue of falsehood.

MUD CALENDARS VS. FACTS—SOME SAD AND SORROWFUL SCIENTIFIC FIGURING IN THE SAND.

Now the first answer I have to give is, that there is not one syllable in the Bible that fixes the length of time of existence upon this earth. Not one syllable. Moses does not tell us anything about the date that God created Adam and put him in the garden of Eden. True, we have in the New Testament, in the genealogy of Christ, a statement of the number of generations from Abraham down to the Saviour; but who knows precisely what is the meaning of the term "generations?" The word is used in a variety of senses in the Bible, and it baffles all calculation to determine how many ages intervened between Adam and Abraham. The wisest scholars have been perplexed to fix the number of centuries that rolled over the world in that period of time. To say that God placed man upon this earth six thousand years ago, is not quoting the Bible. I want you to remember that. I want you to tell it to the skeptic that picks out genealogical difficulties in the Scripture. It is only repeating the result of calculations in chronology of certain fallible men who, as fallible, were liable to be mistaken. All infidels do it in trying to fasten upon the Scripture the blunders of mistaken men. But, as is well known, the tendency of the best geologists in our day is rapidly going away from the old ideas of the vast periods of time in the construction of this earth.

It was not very long ago that Sir Charles Lyell, the distinguished English geologist, calculated from his own standpoint the rate at which the mud is deposited in the great delta of the Mississippi. By actual figures he reached the astounding calculation that the formation of the delta of the Mississippi must have occupied not less than one hundred thousand years. And, when down underneath that deposit a skeleton was exhumed, it proved beyond all question that not less than fifty thousand years ago human feet had trod the soft soil of the delta of the Mississippi. But unfortunately for Sir Charles Lyell, American geologists were on his track, and the United States coast survey followed in the pathway where he had been investigating. Gen. Humphrey, of the American army, measured accurately the amount of the deposit. He reviewed the figures of the English geologist, and he showed unanswerably that the whole delta of the Mississippi could not have been in process of formation longer than four thousand four hundred years. For many years geologists held that a quantity of pottery that was found some sixty feet below the surface of the soil, in the delta of the Nile, was at least twelve thousand years old. But later investigations deeper down in the same soil came upon some more patterns, which were undoubtedly of Roman origin, and ander these. a brick that bore ineffaceably the stamp of Mehemet Ali, a modern pasha.

If you have visited Minneapolis, you certainly must have been struck by the formation of the banks where the Mississippi has cut its way to the rocks. Above there is layer upon layer, stratum upon stratum of limestone, and beneath them the saccharoid sandstone, white as the

sugar from which it derives its name, and soft enough to be cut with a knife, lies in huge masses. On the bluff overlooking the river, there lives, in an immense house, which many years ago was a popular hotel of the ancient city of St. Anthony's Falls, a friend of mine. One day there came to him startling news. Just outside of his premises, in excavating for the foundation of a new building, the workmen had struck upon a wooden coffin, and in it they found what was recognized to be, beyond all doubt, human bones. A local geologist, a physician of the state, with some skeptical tendencies, seized upon this new foundation of the antiquity of man, and the next day the columns of an evening paper of St. Paul contained an article from this gentleman's pen about what countless ages must have elapsed to perfect that saccharoid sandstone over the coffin, and over that to have put these layers upon layers of rock.

The conclusion was, that the chronology of the Bible was utterly a mistake, and that we had, before the days of Mr. Ingersoll, one of the mistakes of Moses. On reading the article my friend felt at once it was his duty to investigate the event. He found the coffin still unremoved, for it was solidly wedged into the saccharoid sandstone, and small pieces of the bones were carelessly scattered about. My friend, whose Christian feeling is only equaled by his profound ability and scholarship, began carefully to examine these relics of pre-Adamite man. Imagine his surprise to find that the coffin which had been made so many ages before Adam was placed upon this earth, was the plank sewer of the old hotel in which he lived, and the bones were those of some innocent lamb, that a careless cook had some time ago

flung into that receptacle. I honor geology, but I claim it is yet a very imperfect science, and even with all its imperfections I have yet to find a solitary principle or fact that geology has laid down that contradicts one word of the five books of Moses.

A MISTAKE OF INGERSOLL, TOM PAINE & CO. CORRECTED—CONCLUSION.

I allude to one more of the Mosaic facts that is assailed by the opponents of the Gospel. It is a difficulty which Mr. Ingersoll recently brought forward in that remarkable production of his, as something which he had discovered; but Bishop Colenso, whom the Church of England some thirty years ago sent out among the Zulus, dwelt upon it long ago, and even before his time, Tom Paine had made it his weapon against the truthfulness of the Pentateuch. It is simply this: We are told that the children of Israel, according to the Bible, were in the land of Egypt, in captivity, two hundred and fifteen years. There went down with Jacob and his sons, their wives and children, seventy souls in all. But the Exodus finds in the army of Israel six hundred thousand fighting men, involving a total of men, women and children which could not have been less than two or three millions, and it is declared that such an increase is utterly unparalleled in the annals of history. Our mathematicians have figured it all out to their satisfaction. Now, I want you to observe what a tissue of blunders make up this opposition to this Great Book. First of all turn back to the life of Abraham, the ancestor of Jacob, and you there discover that a Hebrew family did not consist merely of the parents and children. The servants were a part of the Hebrew

household, and God distinctly made His commands imperative and unavoidable upon Abraham, that every male youth born in his house should receive the seal of circumcision. He therefore became a participator in the Abrahamic covenant. Nay, more, if he bought a servant he had to be brought into the covenant of circumcision. God insists upon this, and thus every servant of every Hebrew household became a Hebrew, and was reckoned in the family into which he was adopted. Away back in the time of Abraham, if you take up the Book of Genesis you will find he had so many of these servants born in his own household, that three hundred and eighteen of them, able-bodied men, soldiers, followed him to battle, and when Jacob, in the hundred and thirtieth year of his age, went down into the land of Egypt the three hundred and eighteen of Abraham's day surely must have multiplied into thousands.

The Pentateuch, it is true, gives only the formal list of Jacob's sons, their wives and their children. There is no mention of this vast crowd of attendants, who, notwithstanding as part of the family, must have entered into the land of Egypt with them. Thus, at the very rate of increase that the tables of the census of the United States to-day display, these thousands might have easily amounted to three millions in two hundred and fifteen years.

I am not through with this stronghold of the enemies of the Pentateuch. As I study it seems to me that I never knew a ghost to vanish into thinner air. I would like to know where or how the critics learned that Israel was in bondage in the land of Egypt two hundred and fifteen years. Why, they learned in precisely the way

that they learned that Moses said this earth was made just six thousand years ago. They have taken up certain genealogies and speculations of commentators. They have taken up the calculations of Hales and others, and they have regarded them as infallible. They have never turned to the twelfth chapter of Exodus, and I find there the statement given with precision that admits of no question that the sojourn of the children of Israel in Egypt was four hundred and thirty years: "And it came to pass, at the end of four hundred and thirty years, within the self-same day, it came to pass that all the hosts of the Lord came out of the land of Egypt." Long before that, God had told Abraham that his seed should be strangers in a land that was not theirs, and that they should afflict them four hundred years. And the Jews so understood it, as shown by the fact that in the New Testament Stephen declares that God told the father of the faithful that his seed should sojourn in a strange land, and they should bring them into bondage and evil entreat them four hundred years. Now, if but seventy had gone down with Jacob into Egypt, an increase to two or three or even four millions in four and a half centuries would have been no more than what is paralleled by the history of every race on the surface of the globe.

In Italy, three hundred years ago, when men were wild over the discovery of Galileo's telescope, there was one philosopher who refused to look through the tube that pierced the veil of the starry worlds, and when he was asked the reason, "I am afraid," he said, "that I should believe Galileo's theory of the planetary motion." My brethren, look into the telescope of revelation. To know it, to study it, is to find the very truth of God.

REV. H. W. THOMAS, D. D.

PART III.
MISTAKES OF INGERSOLL.

Replies to Ingersoll's Lecture

— ON —

"WHAT SHALL WE DO TO BE SAVED?"

REPLY OF DR. H. W. THOMAS.

POINTS WHEREIN THE DOCTOR AND COLONEL AGREE AND DIFFER—A FAIR AND CANDID REJOINDER.

(As the Pulpit of the Centennary Church was supplied by a visiting candidate, the Rev. Dr. Thomas contributed the following letter :)

I have no desire to differ from Col. Ingersoll where it is possible for us to agree. The disposition to antagonize—to seek to find points of difference, rather than points of agreement, has, perhaps, often led both parties in religous debates to magnify each others real or supposed errors. We should rather seek to know as far as we may the exact truth, and give it full credit wherever found. This seems to be the spirit in which the lecturer sought to stand before his great congregation. I would reciprocate this as fully as I can, and say, "Let us see wherein we can agree?" Let us see that the time for meditation has arrived in the profound questions of thought; not of compromise of principle or fact, but of

harmony where harmony is possible. Such a spirit will do much to soften the severity of discussions, and it will be a mental and moral help to all parties.

And first, in reference to Col. Ingersoll's plea for the right and duty of all to think and to reason. He says: "I belong to the republic of intellectual liberty, and only those are good citizens of that republic who depend upon reason and upon persuasion, and only those are traitors who resort to brute force." In this we can agree. I belong to the same, and I indorse that statement. I agree with him also in not thinking that "people who disagree with me are bad people," and that mankind are generally "reasonably honest;" and that most "ministers are endeavoring to make this world better." I agree with him when he claims the right to think, and for the two reasons that "I like, too, and I can't help it." I like to think, and I can't help it; and I will add, that I would not "help it" if I could." But here we should distinguish between proper freedom to think, and what is loosely called "free thought." Freedom to think should be the right of all; but there is not, and there cannot be, any such thing as "free thought," unless it is in a bad sense. And for this reason, that all thought is conditioned, first, by the laws of thought; and secondly, by the facts, and the things about which we think. All normal mental freedom must submit to these natural limitations. And in this I think Mr. Ingersoll will fully agree with me.

In the second place, I agree with much that the Colonel has to say about the good that is in the Christian religion. He says: "There are many good things about it." I believe that. He says: "I will never attack anything

that I believe to be good, and will never fail to attack anything that I believe to be wrong." In this we can agree also. I will join hands with the Colonel in defending what I believe to be right, and in opposing what I believe to be wrong. But I cannot agree with him when, in the next sentence, he says :

"We have, I say, what they call the Christian religion, and, I find just in proportion that nations have been religious, just in the proportion they have gone back to barbarism. I find that Spain, Portugal, Italy are the three worst nations in Europe. I find that the nation nearest infidel is the most prosperous—France."

I think the fairness in debate for which the Colonel claims to stand, should have led him to discriminate between religion and superstition, or the abuse of religion. He is a friend of liberty, but he would not think it fair to charge liberty with all the abuses and the wrongs wrought in the name of liberty. The Colonel indorses the teachings of Jesus as to purity of heart, and mercy, and justice, and forgiveness. We certainly gather from his lecture that he believes these to be the essence, the very spirit of religion, and he certainly would not claim that the more a nation had of these, the worse it would be ; and, if not, it is hardly fair to charge the bad state of Spain, Portugal, and Italy to religion. Why not say that in those countries the spirit of the teachings of true religion has been corrupted and turned to base purposes.

In the third place, I can agree with much that the lecturer says about Christ. I was glad to read his clear, manly words, when he said :

"And let me say here, once for all, that for the man Christ I have infinite respect. Let me say, once for

all, that the place where man has died for man is holy ground; and let me say, once for all, to that great and serene man I gladly pay the homage of my admiration and my tears. He was a reformer in His day. He was an infidel in His time. He was regarded as a blasphemer, and His life was destroyed by hypocrites, who have, in all ages, done what they could to trample freedom out of the human mind. Had I lived at that time I would have been His friend, and should He come again, He would not find a better friend than I will be.

INGERSOLL'S NEW DEPARTURE—WHAT THE DOCTOR SAYS ABOUT IT.

This seems to be a new departure, or at least a step beyond where the Colonel has taken his stand in previous lectures; though I do not recall a single instance where he has said anything against the life of Christ—that is, His life as a man. My heart is with him in those noble sentiments. I am glad he spoke so freely and so sincerely. With him I feel that the "place where man dies for man is holy ground;" and with him I pay to that "serene man the homage of my admiration and my tears." I think with the Colonel, also, that Jesus was regarded by the Church of that day as an "infidel" and a "blasphemer," and that He was put to death by those who claimed to be the only religious people of the time, and who looked upon everybody who did not accept their teachings and mode of life as sinners. But then I have to get the facts of that great and good life from the very books of the New Testament that the Colonel labored so hard to cast suspicion upon as being unreliable, and not written till "hundreds of years after," and as coming from confused and conflicting manuscripts.

Speaking further of Christ, the lecturer says:

"For the theological creation I have a different feeling. If He was, in fact, God, He knew there was no such thing as death. He knew that what we call death was but the eternal opening of the golden gates of everlasting joy; and that it took no heroism to face a death that was simply eternal life."

I will admit that some of the "theological" conceptions of Christ may have served to confuse the mind; but then, in the calmest exercise of that very reason for which my excellent friend makes so strong a plea, I am compelled to think that there was in that life something more than human. Approach it where you will; touch it at any point from the "conception" to the last scenes of the cross, and the resurrection, and the ascension, and it all seems to be of a piece; it is consistent with itself throughout; it moves along on its own unique and majestic plane. We have the picture before us; we have the marvelous facts; and for me it is easier—a less strain upon the reason—to accept the account as given; to accept the, to us, supernatural in that life, than to account for it in any other way. How could the unlettered disciples—plain, common men—have created such a character? How could such marvelous results have flown from the life of one who was only a man? Wiser and better than other men, but yet only a man. I am in worse mental trouble when I attempt to put away the divine, the supernatural in Christ, and the scriptures and religion, than when I accept it. With me it is a way out of difficulty, rather than a way into difficulty; and "I gladly pay the homage of my admiration and tears" to Him not only as a

"serene man," but to that higher being who is the Son of God, as well as the Son of Man. To me He is that being brought into existence by a special, or an exceptional, creation, and in whom God is revealed to the world. And this makes it all the more easy for me to understand His deep and tender sympathy—His tears, His prayers, His agony in the garden and on the cross. As a man, Jesus had the susceptibilities to pain, and in a measure, to fear, common to men. As "Immanuel," God with us, there was an upper and higher sweep to His whole life; and it was the dwelling of this divine nature within Him that so quickened and exalted all His sensibilities and made possible a degree of suffering to us perhaps unknown.

I think that when we enter in the real life of Christ, His outward sufferings were but the smallest part; the mere symbol; the "flag of distress" thrown out to arrest our coarse sense. The real agony was within. It was the suffering of love—love slighted and rejected; love scorned and crucified by those He came to save. It was the burden of the cold, cruel world upon Him in the last hours of a life that had been only tender and merciful to all. He feared not "the change we call death." To Him there was no "death;" and yet a horror worse than any mere death gathered about that awful hour.

THE TEACHINGS OF CHRIST EMPHASIZED—CHARACTER RATHER THAN DOGMA.

A word in the fourth place, about Christ's teachings, as to what man must do to be saved. I can agree with Col. Ingersoll that these are reliable—whenever or by whoever written. And I believe with him that Christ put emphasis upon character rather than upon dogma;

upon what we are rather than what we profess or what, in a technical sense, we believe. Of course, great beliefs must underlie the very principles of purity and mercy and justice that He taught. I must believe that the pure and merciful and just will be saved. They are saved already; for to have such qualities is to have salvation. It may not, indeed, be a "theological" or a "regulation" salvation—that is a salvation to a "creed;" but it is far better; it is salvation, in fact. And I agree with the Colonel in the absurdity of the old Athanasian creed, over which he had so much fun, when it says that whosoever will be saved that "first of all it is necessary to hold the Catholic faith," and then goes on to define that faith in terms, the meaning of which only those who have made of theology a profound study can have the most distant conception; and then closes up by saying that "except one do thus believe he shall perish everlastingly." That was an error of the creed-making age. The Protestant Episcopal Church does not retain that creed, and the Church of England holds it only because it does not know how to get rid of it. An effort was made some years ago in England to lighten the formal terms of subscription, but it failed.

But I should think the Colonel did not get all the teachings of Christ in reference to salvation; not all of Matthew, even. Jesus taught not only the inner principles of salvation as it is found in character, but He taught that men should pray; that they should deny themselves and take up the cross and follow Him. He taught that men should repent and be converted. But still, I agree with the lecturer that we should put more stress upon principles and conduct, and less upon creeds,

and I will join in pressing things upon the Church and upon the world.

It was not the purpose of this paper (begun at 9 o'clock on Saturday evening, and now about finished before 11) to review in any full sense this long lecture, but rather to look at some things in which we can agree; and to suggest some points on which my own faith goes beyond. There are some very palpable, even remarkable errors, or mistakes, in statement that I have no doubt some of our clergy will find pleasure in exposing. And yet there are many things in it that cannot fail to make an impression upon many who have heretofore regarded the Colonel's lectures as only blasphemous. And I want to say to my friend that I think there is one point in which he should be more careful. I like all he says about liberty, and not causing pain to others. But when I read his lectures—and I have read them all—I am compelled to feel that he is not sufficiently mindful of the feelings of many good people who differ from him on matters of belief. He ought to practice in this respect what he preaches.

And he will not blame me for another word, and that is, with so many manly utterances for honesty and fairness, he should be careful not to permit his love of fun, and the laughter and the applause of people who hear, to lead him to indulge in unjust caricatures of things sacred or to make unfair statements for the sake of gaining a point. I think his denunciation of the old and terrible ideas of endless punishment, and the gross and shocking views that have been sometimes held concerning a penal atonement, are not wholly uncalled for. I fear the teachers of religion have in some things made

an occasion for some of his lectures ; but even admitting all this, there is still a law of the congruous, a sense of the fitting, or of what is proper in the discussion of themes that have been in all ages of literature accounted sacred. Less extravagance, more care in statement, and fairness in reason, and with all more reverence, is what our lecturer needs to cultivate.

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Sam'l Fallows,

BISHOP SAMUEL FALLOWS.

REPLY OF BISHOP FALLOWS.

THE BISHOP BELIEVES THE COLONEL IS MAKING "TRUE PROGRESS."

We have been treated quite recently to an exegesis of the New Testament by the well-known author of the lecture on "The Gods."

This congregation will acknowledge with me that there is almost an infinity of distance between that atheistic production and the last lecture of Col. Ingersoll. He is certainly moving forward with gigantic strides, and although the last lecture was full of the most objectionable sentences it was such an improvement over all his previous efforts in the recognition of certain Christian truths, and in his efforts to draw a distinction between Christian truths, and in his efforts to draw a distinction between Christ and His professed followers, that he ought to be taken by the hand and encouraged to go still further in the way of light and true progress.

I am glad Mr. Ingersoll is not lost in the treacherous quicksands of Straussian unbelief. He evidently does not believe that the Church created Christ. He does homage in his way to this central character of all history. He has too much common sense to believe that such men as the Apostles, or any other men, could invent this glorious personage. He knows that such a miracle would infinitely transcend all other miracles put together. I should greatly enjoy hearing him turn his

brilliant powers of banter and sarcasm upon Strauss and all his school, who endeavored to evolve all the stupendous facts of Christianity out of the subjective consciousness of Christians in succeeding centuries. I hope to have that pleasure yet.

Mr. Ingersoll is in error when he says: "This Testament was not written for hundreds of years after the Apostles were dust. * * * They depended upon the inaccuracy of legend, and for centuries these doctrines were blown about by the inconstant winds."

THE FACTS IN THE CASE.

Now what are the facts in the case? When the Church entered the second century, the year 101, or very near that period, she had the New Testament in her hands.

A friend has called my attention to a communication from an agnostic champion of Col. Ingersoll in the *Chicago Tribune*, which was intended to forestall any answer the Chicago clergymen might make. He says: "The orthodox ministers will say, no doubt, that there is an unbroken line of evidence running back to the Apostolic age as to the authenticity of the Gospels. This is not true." He then states that the Rev. Brooke Foss Wescott, D. D., in his "History of the Canon of the New Testament," page 11, says, "that it is an error to suppose that there is such an unbroken chain of evidence; that a few letters of consolation and warning, two or three apologies addressed to heathen, a controversy with a Jew, a vision, and a scanty gleaning of fragments of lost works, comprise all Christian literature to the middle of the second century" (that is, to 150 A. D.).

This is simply another specimen of the special pleading so marked in the treatment of these important questions.

Dr. Wescott in this quotation refers to the whole canon of the New Testament, and not to the four gospels. "The evidence of the earliest Christian writers is not only uncritical and casual, but also fragmentary," he says, in relation to the entire canon. The point he makes is, that it needed a more critical and literary period to gather together the records which had been made in the earliest times—the Apostolical times—and determine their canonicity. The whole aim of his book is to show just the opposite of what this agnostic defamer by a garbled extract makes him assert—viz.: that there is an unbroken line of evidence from the present time to the Apostolic age as to the authencity of the gospels, and also of the other canonically received portions of the New Testament.

This uncritical, casual, and fragmentary evidence of these early writers, along with the critical, close, and full treatment of the subject in succeeding years, form a historic highway on which we may triumphantly march over all the centuries, first to the upper chamber where the Pentecostal spirit inaugrated the visible Church for the nations, to the Cross of Calvary, and to the Mount of Beatitudes. Our Divine Lord wrote no recorded word, but He wrote Himself upon the imperishable tablets of His disciples' hearts. They were His loving epistles. It was their sole supreme business to make known to the world what He had said, done, and suffered. Eye-witnesses and heart-witnesses, they went about preaching the facts and teaching the truths of

Christianity. Their mode of communication was at first, perhaps, purely oral. Undoubtedly their words in some instances were taken down in writing by the hearers, as well as treasured up in their remembrance. These records, brief and fragmentary, multiplied. Churches began to multiply. In the year 64 A. D., Tacitus says the Christians at Rome were a vast multitude. Pliny, in 112 A. D., in a letter to Trajan, refers to their great number in the remote province of Bithynia. Irenæus and Tertullian, 150—180 A. D., state that the Christian brethren were thickly scattered over the known world. Out of this original oral Gospel, and these written records of the Apostles' teaching, the first three Gospels were constructed. The unbroken tradition of the Church is that they were written by the persons whose names they bear.

There is not the slightest ground for the presumption of doubt in the case of Matthew. The uniform testimony is that he wrote his gospel in the Hebrew or the Syrio-Chaldaic language. No testimony could be more complete. The gospel we have is in Greek. We do not know who translated it; whether it was Matthew himself or some other person. There was an urgent need of such translation, for Greek was the language of the world's literature and the medium of communication between different nations. (Mr. Ingersoll made a woful lapse when he attempted a witticism upon the alleged ignorance of Greek by the Evangelists.) The unbroken line of evidence is that the gospel of Matthew that we have is either the gospel written in Greek by that Evangelist or a translation by some other person made while the Evangelist was living.

Not the slightest shade of suspicon, so far as we know, was thrown upon the genuineness of the gospel as we have it.

So far as known, there are not fifteen manuscripts of Plato extant. There are not as many of Herodotus. Not one of them is older than the ninth century.

Nearly a thousand manuscripts of the New Testament have been consulted by critics, and at least fifty of them are more than a thousand years old, and some are over 1,500 years old.

The most competent scholars fix the date of the Syriac version within the first half of the second century, that is within 150 A. D.

The Codex Vaticanus was written about the year 300 A. D., and the Codex Alexandrinus about 325 A. D. The Codex Sinaiticus about 300 A. D., or a little earlier.

Of a portion of the three last manuscripts I give as near as possible, in the illustrations before you, a facsimile on an enlarged scale.

Irenæus in his youth had been a companion of Polycarp, a disciple of St. John. He makes 400 quotations from the Four Gospels.

Tertullian (A. D. 160) gives about 200 quotations.

Fabian (A. D. 190) gives a "Harmony of the Four Gospels."

HOW CELSUS, THE INGERSOLL OF THE SECOND CENTURY, DID A GREAT WORK FOR THE CHURCH.

Celsus was the Robert Ingersoll of the second century. He was an acute man, a witty and eloquent conversationalist, rather fond of stretching facts and principles when it served his purpose, and not caring always

to know the facts. He lived a little more than 130 years after the ascension of the Divine Founder of Christianity. He attacked the Christians of his age with banter, ridicule and sophisms. He hunted up every difficulty in the Christians' pathway, and magnified all seeming discrepancies into irreconcilable contradictions. His attacks upon the Christian system live only in the famous reply to them made by Origen. This unbeliever, although he caused great annoyance to the believers in Christ living in his day, and seemed to many to be disturbing the foundations of the Christian faith, rendered more real service to Christianity than any father of undisputed orthodoxy in the Church. He admits all the grand facts and doctrines of the gospel, as they were preached by the Apostles, and contained in their acknowledged writing, for the sake of opposing them. He makes in his attacks eighty quotations from the New Testament, and appeals to it as containing the sacred writing of Christians; universally received by them as credible and Divine.

He is, therefore, the very best witness we can summon to prove that the New Testament "was not written hundreds of years after the Apostles were dust"; but in less then a century and a half had been received by the Christian Church all over the world. He expressly quotes both the synoptical gospels, as they are termed (the first three gospels), and the Gospel of St. John.

It was stated in the Pan-Presbyterian Council at Philadelphia, last Friday, by the Rev. Dr. Humphrey, a gentleman whom I know to be profound and scholarly, "that while the Bible contains the names of about four thousand persons and places, in not a single instance had

modern discovery, through explorations in ancient places, shown one of the four thousand names to have been a myth or one of the ruins to have been misplaced." I can imagine I hear Mr. Ingersoll, in his emphatic way, saying, "I like that ; good. A Bible that is so true to historic fact demands my attention. It is a proof presumptive that the gospel records are true."

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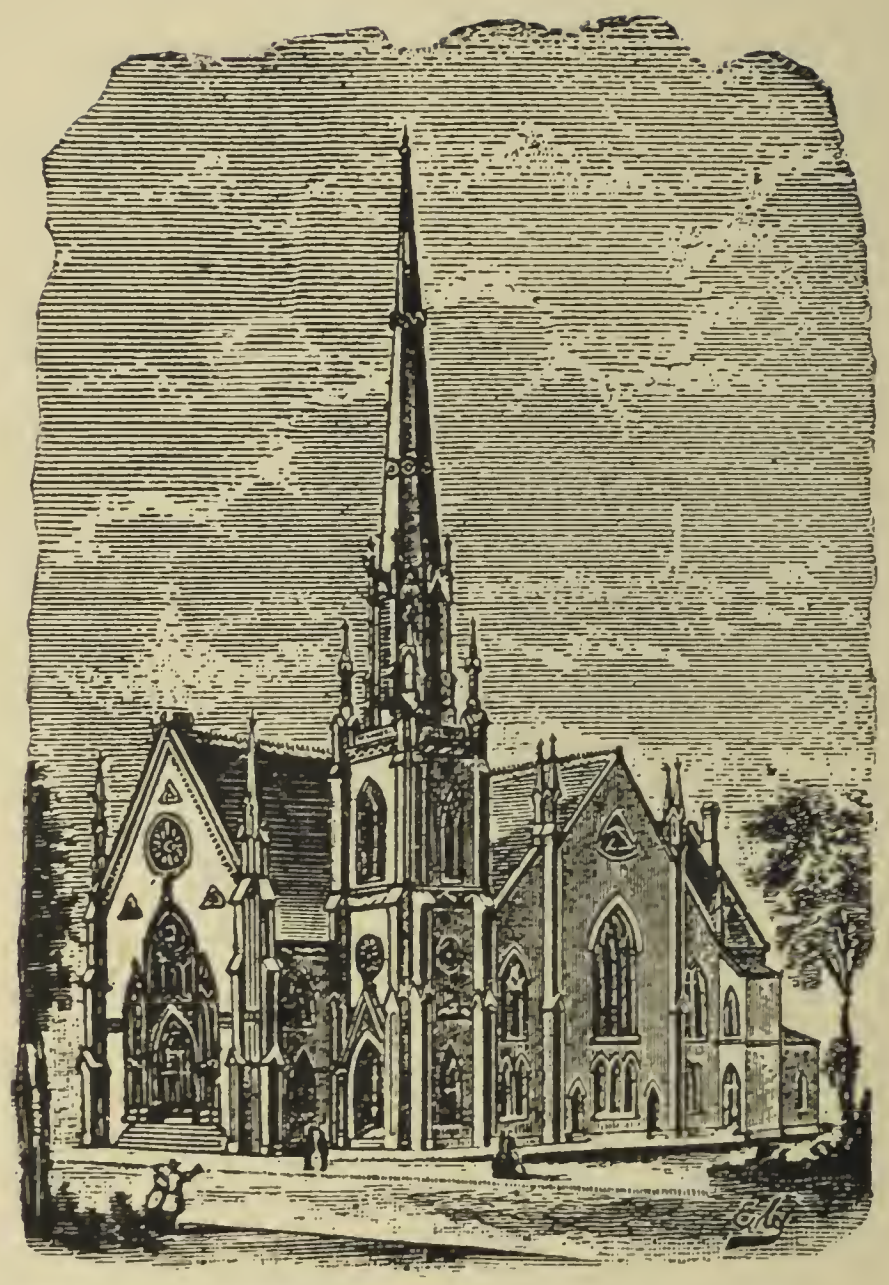


IMMANNUEL BAPTIST CHURCH, CHICAGO

REPLY OF DR. LORIMER.

THE SCOPE OF THE LECTURE, AND NOT THE LECTURER, UNDER CONSIDERATION—THE ISSUE—FAITH AND WORKS.

It has, I believe, been intimated by Col. Robert G. Ingersoll that his clerical critics are usually more inclined to consider him personally than the merits of his ideas, and he justly resents so grave a departure from the amenities of debate. The fault complained of cannot be too severely condemned, for it is certain when controversies degenerate into attacks on individuals who advocate objectionable views, and are not directed against the views themselves, an amount of prejudice is engendered fatal to the discovery or defense of truth. Into so serious an error I shall take care not to fall.

Being a member of that unfortunate body, of whom Jeremy Taylor, so approvingly quoted by Col. Ingersoll wrote "were as much to be rooted out as anything that was the greatest pest and nuisance on earth," but who, if Bancroft and Lecky are to be credited, have been from the beginning the steadfast friends of unlimited freedom of thought and speech, I have it not in my nature to call in question the honesty of any man's opinions, or to deny his right to disseminate them as widely as he can. Indeed, I am related to a people who have for so long a time been in minority, and who were compelled to suffer so much for their antagonism to the tyranny of

both church and state, that I can hardly refrain from a kind of admiring sympathy with iconoclasts, even when their sturdy blows are directed against my own most cherished convictions. Influenced by such feelings, you will not be surprised if, in reviewing some portions of Col. Ingersoll's lecture, I confine myself strictly to their representations, and avoid unnecessary reference to the lecturer himself.

The avowed design of the lecture alluded to was to answer the all-important question: "What must I do to be saved?" a question that has engaged the thought of many burdened generations, and which only irreverent shallowness would treat with laughter and derision; and in furnishing a reply, it was claimed that orthodox Christians teach "the justification of the sinner by faith alone; not any words, just faith—believing something you do not understand." This statement is in various ways repeated in the published reports of the discussion. For instance, when the passage is quoted in which the Lord is represented as judging, the following comment appears as a fair account of what is currently taught: "'He shall reward every man'—to the church he belongs to? No. To the manner in which he was baptized? No. According to his creed? No. 'He shall reward every man according to his works,'" the impression conveyed being that we advocate what is here so emphatically negatived.

Similar queries are propounded in connection with our Savior's interview with Zaccheus, and with the same end in view; and after a dissertation on the Romish creed, it is asserted, "In order to be saved it is necessary to believe this. What a mercy it is that man can

get to heaven without understanding it." All denominations are classed together as conditioning salvation on the reception of some such doctrinal formula, and on this assumption are made the subjects of infinite merriment. Unquestionably the Tridentine Decrees are fairly open to criticism, and undoubtedly some old Protestant confessions are not clear of the error charged against them ; but though this must be conceded, it does not follow that the pulpit of the present makes the eternal welfare of the soul depend on intellectual belief. If it ever did so, it has long since found out its mistake.

THEOLOGY PROGRESSIVE—CREEDS, FAITH, ETC.

Theology, like any other science, is far from being perfect ; progress has distinguished it, and it must continue to do so. In the course of its advancement it has come to be more fully recognized that whatever saving faith may mean, it does not involve subscription to a creed, however orthodox. A man may hold to the "five points" and to even as many more "points" as he pleases, and yet be a stranger to God's grace. He may even contend sincerely for the verbal inspiration of scripture, and still have no assurance of Divine acceptance. "Devils believe and tremble;" and the same is true of men. Creeds have their place. They summarize what is held by a particular body of disciples ; they form convenient compendiums for reference, and they impart definiteness to an organization, but they have no more efficiency in the salvation of a soul than a prescription has in the healing of a body, A prescription may guide an invalid to the means of health, and a confession of faith may accurately point out the way of everlasting life ; but if the prescription is swallowed instead of the

remedy, or the confession is relied on instead of the Saviour, the result in the one case will be about as vain as the other. Consequently it is mere waste of time and energy to labor to disprove, what is far from being generally held, if held at all in Protestant circles, that intellectual belief is indispensable to the eternal well-being of the soul.

In rejecting this answer to the great inquiry, one of two others is suggested: the first as embodying the alleged opinions of Matthew, Mark, and Luke; the second as expressing the conviction of the lecturer himself. Several texts are collated from the whole writings of these three Evangelists to sustain the view that they predicated salvation exclusively of works, and every utterance of theirs that seems to point to anything else is repudiated as an interpolation. Of the warrant for discriminating in this manner between the words of the same testimony I shall speak by and by; at present I am only concerned to remind you of the unmeasured approval which the lecture under consideratlon lavishes on this interpretation.

We have, for instance, this commendation of the Sermon on the Mount: "If you will forgive men that trespass against you, God will forgive your trespasses against Him. I accept, and I will never ask any God to treat me better than I treat my fellow-men. There's a square promise. There's a contract—and it must of necessity be true. No God could afford to damn a forgiving man." Then, after the text: "He shall reward every man according to his works," the exclamation follows: "Good! I subscribe to that doctrine." Subsequently the rule of judgment, that is mentioned in the twenty-fifth chapter

of Matthew, elicits this fervent eulogy: "I tell you to-night that God will not punish with eternal thirst the man who has put a cup of cold water to the lips of his neighbor; God will not allow to live in the eternal nakedness of pain the man who has clothed others. For instance: Here is a shipwreck, and here is a brave sailor, who stands aside to let a woman that he never saw before take his place in a boat. He stands there great and serene as the wide sea, and he goes down. Do you tell me there is any God who will push the boat from the shore of eternal life when that man wishes to step in? Do you tell me that God can be unpitying to the pitiful? That he can be unforgiving to the forgiving? I deny it. And from the aspersions of the pulpit I seek to rescue the reputation of the Deity.

INGERSOLL'S GOSPEL UNDER THE DOCTOR'S MICROSCOPE SHOWS A FATAL CONTRADICTION—GOD FORGIVES, BUT "BOB" IS FOR "INEXORABLE JUSTICE"—THE COLONEL IN FACT AN EXTREME CALVINIST.

It is my turn to say, "Good!" but how does this firm approval of what is claimed to be the apostolic scheme of salvation comport with the lecturer's personal convictions on the same subject? His own position is diametrically opposed to what he has so elegantly extolled. Here it is in his own words: "I believe in the gospel of justice,—that we must reap what we sow. I do not believe in forgiveness. If I rob Mr. Smith, and God forgives me, how does that help Smith? If I by slander cover some poor girl with the leprosy of some imputed crime, and she withers away like a blighted flower, and afterward I get forgiveness, how does that help her? If there is another world, we have got to settle. * * * For every crime you commit you must

answer for yourself and to the one you injure. And if you have ever clothed another with unhappiness as with a garment of pain, you will never be quite as happy as though you hadn't done that thing. No forgiveness, eternal, inexorable, everlasting justice—that is what I believe in." Here is a Draconian evangel with a vengeance!

In what essential respect does this differ from the most extreme and rigid Calvinism. If one is an upper millstone, the other is the nether; if one is a landslide, the other is an earthquake; if the one is hopelessness, the other is despair; if the one is blackness, the other is starless night; if the one is a shroud, the other is a coffin, and if the one is a grave, the other is a charnel-house. I had thought from what had so earnestly been commended by the lecture, that there must be some healing balm in charity, some purifying efflorescence in pity, some sweetening aroma in patient gentleness, and some heavenly grace and beauty in the spirit of forgiveness; but no; if the only real and divine thing in the universe is "eternal, inexorable, everlasting justice," these qualities are emptied of their significance and worth; yea, they must be regarded as positive evils, running counter as they do to the absolute sovereignty of merciless retribution, and society should convert itself into an organized feud, and its people into ravening wolves. If this latest gospel is true, then the sailor would not be saved on account of the heroism so beautifully described unless throughout his life he had been perfectly blameless in the dealings with others; nor could the dying thief have been saved "because he pitied innocence suffering on the cross," though we are

assured that he was by the lecturer, as he certainly had committed wrong against his fellow-beings. And if it is true that there is nothing to be looked for in the future "but inexorable, everlasting justice," then it is not true "that God cannot afford to damn any man capable of pitying anyone."

INGERSOLL DOES NOT ANSWER THE QUESTION, "WHAT MUST WE DO TO BE SAVED?"

Which of these two solutions of the momentous problem are we to regard as entitled to credence? Which shall we adopt? They cannot both be reasonable and worthy of all acceptation, for they are destructive of each other. If the first be true, the second is not; and if the second is, then there is no place for the first. The encampment of forgiveness cannot withstand the stern fortress of unfaltering justice; and the breath of all-loving mercy is fatal to the sign of unapproachable Nemesis. Again, I ask, which theory shall we believe? One or the other, or neither? Obviously the lecture does not help us to a decision; for its glaring contradictions only make certain that its clever author is not clear in his own mind as to what humanity must do to be saved, and that we must look elsewhere for a satisfactory answer. And to whom shall we look for the much needed light if not to Christ? If not to that Being for whom the lecturer expresses such high regard that he is ready to pay Him the tribute of his "admiration and his tears." As it is conceded that He should inspire us with "infinite respect," and admitted that He in some sense "died for man," we cannot surely do better than to lay to heart, and receive as final His doctrine regarding the salvation of the soul.

But how shall we ascertain what He taught? Permit me to reply, by asking another question, how does Col. Ingersoll know that Jesus was a "great and serene man," one deserving the confidence of his friendship, and his "admiration and his tears?" We are reminded that He never directed anything to be written, and never wrote anything Himself, except some words in the sand. From whence then comes the information which enables the lecturer to form so high an estimate of His character? Evidently it is derived from the New Testament, for there are no other documents to which an appeal can be carried. If then it is sufficiently reliable to warrant us in accepting its portraiture of Christ, it may certainly be trusted when it undertakes to set before us the doctrine that He preached.

AUTHENTICITY OF THE NEW TESTAMENT.

It may not be amiss at this point to suggest a few additional thoughts bearing upon the authenticity of this book. The statement that "it was not written for hundreds of years after the Apostles were dust" is utterly devoid of proof. That the gospels were in circulation by the close of the first century is the belief of the world's most eminent scholars, a belief abundantly confirmed by Irenæus, Tertullian, and Origen. The assertion that they were originally written in Hebrew, and that, as the copies are all in Greek, a language which it is assumed the disciples did not understand, no confidence can be placed in their reported authorship, is gratuitous and untrustworthy. Thoughtful rationalists, who have studied this subject carefully, hesitate to venture on such untenable ground. According to the best authorities, in our Lord's day the Greek language was current in

Palestine; and it is needless to say that such writers as Lightfoot, Alford, De Wette, and Lueke have assigned good and sufficient reasons for believing that the gospels were the work of the men to whom they are commonly ascribed. But even were there serious doubts upon this point, it should not be overlooked that it is simply incredible that centuries after Christ a company of unknown men should have been able to impose on the churches as apostolic, writings that radically differed from the doctrine fixed and accepted among them; and if they are in substantial agreement, as undoubtedly they are, then, for the purposes of this discussion, we may accept with confidence their report of what Christ taught concerning the salvation of the soul. And if we attach to them enough importance to call them to the witness-stand at all, we are bound to receive their whole testimony, and not to garble it to suit our own views.

To reject every statement that mitigates against our opinions as interpolations, or to discriminate between witnesses whose claims on our attention are equally valid, simply because one seems to be more pronounced against us than the others, only betrays a determination to make good a position at any hazard. Such a course is illogical and unjustifiable. For it to be pursued in any other investigation than that of religion, would expose its author to censure and condemnation. If the Evangelists are entirely untrustworthy, do not appeal to them at all; but if you are going to admit their testimony, admit the whole of it; any other course is not only inconsistent, it will prove inconclusive as well.

Believing, then, that we have in this volume a faithful transcript of the Savior's teachings, let us draw near to

it, earnestly inquiring, "What must we do to be saved?"

The text, which I have chosen on which to rest my argument, teaches that salvation is the end or the result of faith. What, it will be asked, is it possible that good works have nothing to do with eternal life? I say not that; I would not seem even to imply that. Throughout the New Testament the strongest emphasis is laid on the indispensableness of virtue, both in its root and flavor. It is expressly declared that evil-doing bars the gates of the kingdom—"they which do such things shall not inherit the kingdom of God," and it is written: "Blessed are they that do His commandments, that they may have right to the tree of life, and may enter in through the gates into the city." We do not teach, nor are others authorized to teach, that the beatitudes pronounced by Jesus in the Sermon on the Mount are available to any who fail to comply with the conditions. They who receive the benediction must breathe the spirit on which it depends, and they who are looking for forgiveness must not fail to forgive in their turn. I know of no salvation that regards these moral and spiritual excellencies as superfluous. At this point we have no serious controversy with the statements made in the lecture before us, however one may object to the manner in which they are put. We all hold to the great truth that, "without holiness, no man shall see the Lord," and that "the grace of God that bringeth salvation" teaches us "to deny ungodliness and wordly lusts, and to live soberly, righteously, and godly in this present world." And, whosoever represents us to the contrary, gives currency to a slander as foul as it is false.

But, while this position is to be maintained most

earnestly, it is impossible to read the New Testament without arriving at the conclusion that, in some very real sense, faith is interwoven with the soul's salvation. To escape from this fact, Col. Ingersoll has been obliged to manipulate his witnesses, and to reject, altogether, the testimony of one who has as good a right to be heard as the others. Certainly, John teaches "He that believeth on the Son hath everlasting life," and shows how dependent we all are upon Christ for salvation. This is not called in question, and we need not therefore multiply texts in its defense. That the same doctrine runs through the epistles will hardly be seriously denied. "Therefore, being justified by faith, we have peace with God through our Lord Jesus Christ," "in whom ye also trusted, after that ye heard the word of truth, the gospel of your salvation," are texts which indicate the direction of apostolic thought upon this subject. When we turn back to three Evangelists we find the same doctrine, not only implied, but expressed. In the account given by Mark of our Lord's first preaching we find him saying, "The time is fulfilled, and the Kingdom of God is at hand; repent ye and believe the gospel." And the great commission under which the Apostles were to act, and which last Sunday came in for no small amount of vituperative eloquence, is but an echo of this original proclamation. The same writer represents Christ as saying to Peter, "Have faith in God;" and on another occasion he records the fact that "seeing their faith," He said, "Be of good cheer, thy sins be forgiven thee." Indeed, all the benefits conferred by Christ's ministry presuppose the existence of faith in Him as the Messiah. He not only directly asks the people whether they possess it, but

speaks of His gracious purposes as being hindered by their unbelief. When He says to them, "Come to me, all ye that labor and are heavy laden, and I will give you rest; take my yoke upon you and learn of me; for I am meek and lowly in heart, and ye shall find rest unto your souls," confidence in Himself is necessarily implied. How could they take Him at His word unless they were moved to do so by their faith?

I admit that there is growth and development in the New Testament teachings on this subject, as on every other with which it is concerned. There were reasons why the people should be gradually led up step by step to the apprehension of the doctrine of grace, and he must be blind who fails to discern this advancement in the writings of the Apostles. But notwithstanding this admission, the germs of all that was afterward more fully elaborated appears in the utterance of the Saviour. Do the Apostles dwell on the necessity of our becoming "new creatures?" Not only does John represent Jesus as saying: "Ye must be born again, but Matthew, Mark, and Luke describe Him as preaching "repentance," which is one aspect of the same thing, and as insisting on the tree being made good if we would have the fruit good as well. Do they magnify His gracious dying for the world? They were anticipated by Him of whom they wrote, for during His ministry, as reported by Matthew, He claimed "to give His life a ransom for many,' and in the institution of the last supper He said: "This is my blood of the new covenant. which is shed for many for the remission of sins." And thus faith, too, proceeded from the earliest intimations of its importance to grow in clearness, until in the epistles it appears distinctly

defined as to its nature and value, and we might just as well deny to the full head of wheat the existence of the germ from whence it sprang, as to deny to the completed conception of this grace in the apostolic writings its rootage in the earliest works of our Lord Himself.

THE VITAL RELATION OF FAITH TO THE SOUL—ITS ELEVATING AND SAVING POWER WHEN FIXED ON JESUS CHRIST.

We are now prepared to advance another step in this investigation. How comes it that faith is made to sustain so vital a relation to the eternal welfare of the soul? My first answer is, because it is the source of godliness in heart and life. Paul when writing to the Thessalonians associates them together; and Peter, alluding to the conversion of the Gentiles, declares that God purified their hearts by faith. In the epistles to the Ephesians, Galatians, Colossians, and Hebrews, stress is laid on the thought that our union with Christ which is effected by faith, should be and must be productive of good works. They flow from it necessarily, as wreathed forms of beauty rise from the sea, as broad gleams of light stream down from the sun, and as flowers and harvests spring from the fertile earth. To understand the matter more fully we must remember that the Bible assumes the need in humanity of a new principle of moral life. Christ says that He came to seek and save the lost. That we are in some sense lost has been more than suspected, even by those who have sought guidance from the light of nature only; for they have been sadly conscious of imperfection in their lives. Were we to succeed in destroying the Bible, we would still fail to erase from

human consciousness the conviction that sin reigns unto death.

Sin is here, not because the Bible teaches it, but because we transgress the divine law. But how shall we be delivered from this thralldom? How shall we so influence our heart that henceforward our bent, drift, and tendency shall be toward righteousness? To this no answer is given by last Sabbath's lecture. That has no redemption to preach from a dreary past, no encouragement to extend of a nobler future. That simply assures us that if we are in the wrong we must continue in it, and sink in it deeper and deeper. But this is not the message of the gospel. That teaches the possibility of implanting in the heart a new principle, which will regenerate both character and life. The principle which it thus highly exalts is faith—not faith in a creed, in a form of words, but in a person, and that person Christ. Have you never observed the elevating and purifying power of this grace in other relations? When a young man who has been reckless unites himself with a pure, devoted woman in marriage, if he has confidence in her, how decisively her character will act on his. His affiance with her creates a purer air around him, and imprints upon his heart both the reality and loveliness of a virtuous life. Or to change the illustration, let it be the confiding love of a child in a mother, or of a son in a father, or of one friend in another, and in proportion as the object of trust is morally exalted will it have power to transform into its own likeness. Pre-eminently must this be true of Christ. Consider His greatness, His moral splendor and spiritual magnificence. He represents Himself not only as the teacher of the world,

but as its sacrifice for sin. As such He magnifies in our eyes the dignity of the moral law and of personal purity. He does not leave the impression that if we wrong any one it can be passed unnoticed by the Supreme Ruler. The wrong must not only be atoned for by his priestly offering, but we must right it ourselves as far as possible and whatever remains of compensation God will not withold from the sufferer.

It is a misrepresentation to imply that if we injure a fellow being, we can obtain forgiveness without being deeply sensible of our guilt, and without sincere efforts to counteract the evils we have wrought. Christ taught no such doctrine, neither do we. Christ taught the abominableness of iniquity, the blasphemy of wrong doing; and on the other side, the essential and eternal beauty of righteousness. And if we trust Him, that is, if we receive Him as our prophet, priest, and king, we say amen, to all that He is and to all that He proclaims; we accept Him as the pattern of our life and as its inspiration. How can there be such trust without morality? and how can there be morality springing from such a source without peace of mind, and hope of everlasting salvation? Faith saves, not because there is in it intrinsic worth greater than resides in righteousness, but because it is itself the source of righteousness, bringing us into fellowship with One whose presence must ever tend to chase away the shadow of sin. We are saved, not for faith's sake, nor for our work's sake, but for Christ's sake; by whom we are influenced, through the instrumentality of faith, to preserve ourselves blameless in thought and deed unto the end.

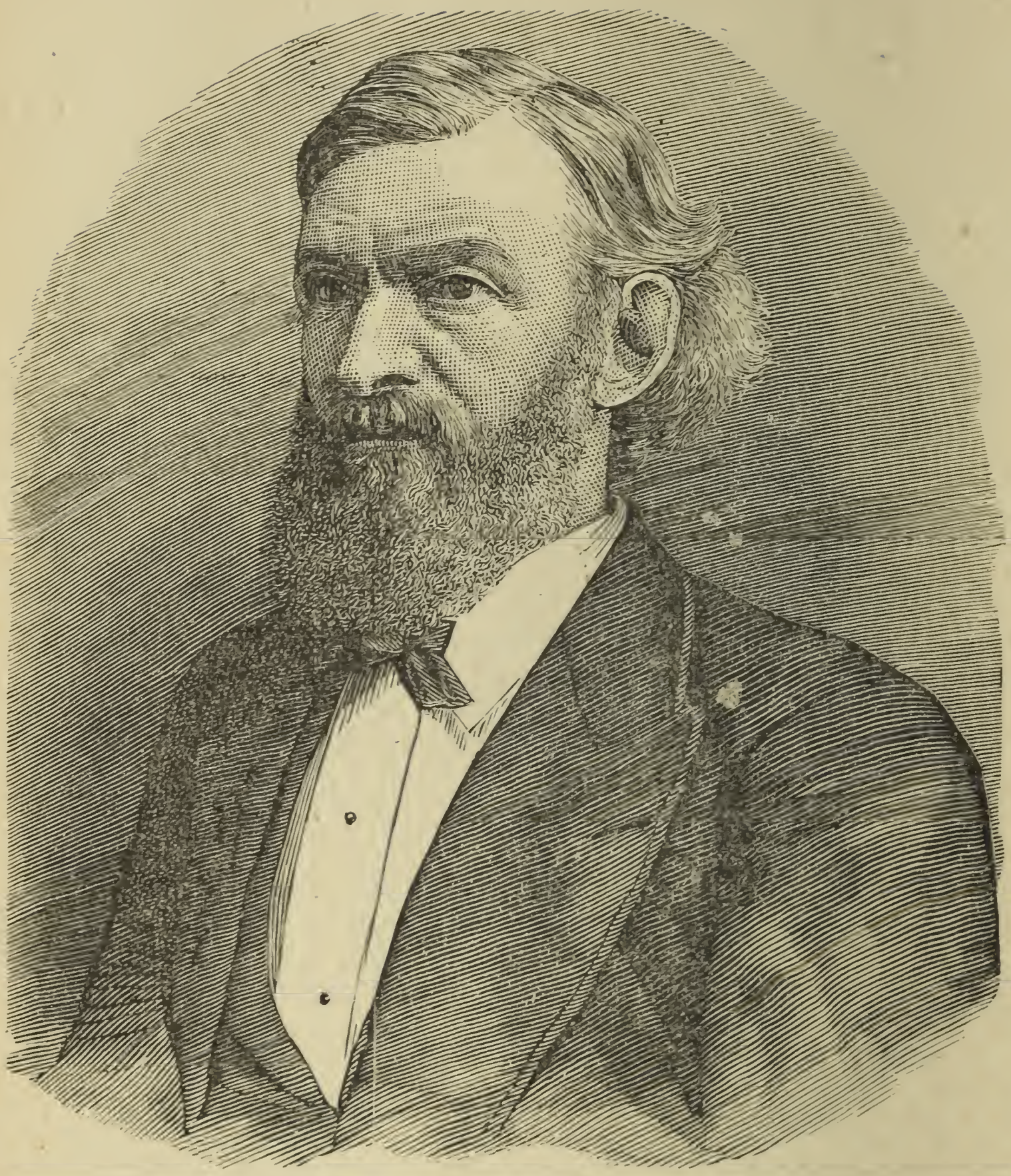
This is the gospel that I preach to you. That its

truth has been confirmed by its influence on society, such impartial writers as Lecky, who, as you know, is not favorably disposed to Christianity, concedes; and there are few who would venture the assertion made last Sabbath, "that nations in proportion as they have been religious, have gone back to barbarism." The examples adduced to maintain this allegation, Spain, Portugal, and Italy, have been afflicted with a system that can hardly claim very close affinity with primitive Christianity. But nothing was said of England, Germany, and America, and all the philanthropic triumphs of Christianity in these countries were conveniently passed unnoticed. The selection of France to prove the beneficial influence of infidelity was far from fortunate; for to-day, with all its material prosperity there is more of unrest, and, perhaps, more of unhappiness than elsewhere. The republic is, at best, a tyranny, and its moral corruption threatens to engulf it. Others have read history as well as Col. Ingersoll, and others see, what he can not, that wherever the gospel has been preached, and preached most freely, the intellectual and moral life of the people have advanced. There true freedom has taken root, there education has flourished, and there the home has developed in sanctity and beauty. France has no home life; France has but a dim apprehension of any other evangel than violence; and if France is ever rescued from the power of her bloody traditions, it will only be through that gospel which is again being proclaimed in her white fields.

But, however we may read the past, one thing is clear from the lecture whose leading thoughts we have considered, humanity is left hopeless and helpless by infidel-

ity. If we are in sorrow it has no comfort, if we are in sin it has no deliverance, if we are in perplexity it has no message, if we are in darkness it has no light. The virtue it preaches is without foundation, the heroism it inculcates is without inducement, and the immortality it whispers is without evidence. Its loftiest sentiments are borrowed from the religion it affects to despise; the liberty which it claims to champion, it has sacrificed but little to secure, and the sweet charities it commends, it has done nothing to establish. The garland of eloquence wherewith it clothes itself, is the adornment of a corpse, every flower sheaths a worm in its bosom, and every breath of fragrance is mingled with death. Its oratory smells of the tomb, and the symbol of its hope is an eyeless, tongueless skull, grinning in mocking insolence at everything that dignifies and ennobles life. It brings no benefaction, it pronounces no benediction, but casts its baneful shadow on all that is fair and sacred. From its cold lips there comes no grand and rounded full "Yea" to match its piercing, blighting and destroying "Nay." It is simply a huge negation, seeking with one hand to stop the mouth of religion, and with the other to write on human aspirations and beliefs a bitter and derisive "No." It has no gospel of salvation even for this world, but only an evangel of destruction.

Let us then turn from it, and proclaim Him in whom is life, and who came "that we might have life, and have it more abundantly. Let us, in realizing the insufficiency of all other answers, repeat to those who ask, "What must we do to be saved?" "Believe on the Lord Jesus Christ, and thou shalt be saved," saved from sin, saved from despair, saved from uselessness and misery, and saved forever more in the kingdom of His glory.



Edward P. Goodwin

REV. E. P. GOODWIN, D. D.

PART IV.

MISTAKES OF INGERSOLL.

Replies to Ingersoll's Lecture

— ON —

"THOMAS PAYNE."

DR. GOODWIN'S REPLY.

THE RENOWNED PASTOR OF OVER A THOUSAND CHURCH MEMBERS RISES IN DEFENSE OF THE TRUTH—THE AX LAID AT THE ROOT OF THE INGERSOLL TREE—THE SOLEMN ISSUE.

Teachers of men are like trees. We can no more trust the words and the terrorizing of the one than the leaves and blossoms of the other. But when fruiting time has come we shall have tests that never fail. Grapes do not come of thorns, nor figs of thistles. Every good tree will have infallible witness in good fruit, and every evil tree in evil fruit. Just so of men who set up for prophets. When their doctrines have come to fruitage, there will be in the quality of that fruit, according as it is good or evil, the infallible test of the quality of what has been taught.

This is our Lord's canon of proving things. And He

bids us stand in the ways and challenge whatever claims authority over our hearts and lives. We are not to accept a teacher, because he has the look of an apostle. We are not to accept his doctrine, because it charms the ear and gives great promise of blessing, We are to demand as prime conditions of our acceptance a showing of fruits; results wrought, whereby the doctrine which appeals to us is unequivocally demonstrated to be that which exalts God and blesses men.

Of course Christ and His teachings must take the same test which is applied to other teachers and other doctrines. No question is a fairer one with which to meet the claims of Christianity than, What fruits has it to show? Have its teachings made men better or worse? Have they tended to emphasize and exalt truth, purity, justice, benevolence; to secure the well-being of individuals, communities, nations; or have they tended to beget untruth, impurity, injustice, selfishness, cruelty, tyranny, and thus heap upon men increasing mischiefs and woes? And this is the question between Mr. Ingersoll and the Ministers and Churches he assails so bitterly in his glorification of Thomas Paine. We, of the Ministry and the Churches, stand upon the Bible as the divinely-inspired and hence divinely-authoritative Word of God. We affirm that this book sets forth the true character of God, the aims and methods of His moral government, the scheme of His devising, whereby shall be secured His own highest honor and the highest well-being of His creatures. We affirm that upon men's believing upon the crucified Son of God therein set forth as the Saviour of men depends their salvation. We affirm that only as men accept the doctrines of this book,

and order their lives thereby, can they attain individually to the largest measures of intellectual and moral development; or, as associated together, enjoy the highest social security, prosperity, and happiness; or as a nation make sure of real greatness and lasting glory.

INGERSOLL'S SAD NEED OF SPECTACLES AT A MUCH EARLIER PERIOD IN LIFE—WHAT HE SEES IN THE HISTORIC SPECTRUM—A REMARKABLE PHENOMENON.

Mr. Ingersoll denies all this. He declares that Christianity is a "superstition," a bundle of "ancient lies;" that the doctrine of Salvation by Faith is "infamous;" that the church is "ignorant, bloody, relentless;" that it "confiscates property," "tortures, burns, dooms to perdition," all who are outside of its pale, and does it with supreme delight; that religion "puts fetters" on man's intellect; that it is "destructive of happiness;" a "hydra-headed monster, thrusting its thousand fangs into the bleeding, quivering hearts of men," that it "fills the earth with mourning, heaven with hatred, the present with fear, the future with fire and despair." And over against this, Mr. Ingersoll sets, as the true religion, the grand panacea of all human ills, the scheme of infidelity. "Infidelity," he says, "is liberty." It is this which "frees men from prison: this which civilizes; this that lights the fires on the altars of reason; that fills the world with light; this that opens dull eyes; brings music into the soul; wipes tears from furrowed cheeks; puts out the fires of civil war; destroys from the earth the dogmas of ignorance, prejudice, power, and drives from this beautiful face of the earth the fiend of fear."

This is a clear, sharp issue. Mr. Ingersoll stands before our text and says, "Christianity can not take its own test. It claims to yield grapes, but when the truth is told, it has only tearing, torturing thorns to show. It claims to be a gentle, innocent sheep, but it is nothing other than a ravénous, blood-thirsty wolf in disguise. The only genuine grape-vine, the only true sheep, is the doctrine which I teach, which I learned of my master, the one great, unequaled teacher of the ages, the apostle of liberty, the light and hope of the world—Thomas Paine."

What I propose is to apply this test of the text to both these schemes; to set Christianity and its fruits side by side with infidelity and its fruits, and see whether Mr. Ingersoll has told us the truth. It does not concern my purpose to speak particularly of Thomas Paine, and I shall not stop, therefore, to consider at length Mr. Ingersoll's apotheosis of him. He is entitled to his opinion, and so are we to ours. But I must confess to have read his oration with amazement. I always supposed hitherto that there were some other unselfish, pure-minded, liberty-loving men in those old times who had something to do with originating and carrying to success the scheme of American independence. But it seems we have all been mistaken, and history has been mistaken, and so for a hundred years the country has gone on heaping eulogies upon men that never deserved them. Somehow, this terrible despot and fiend of Christianity has contrived to falsify the records, blind the people, and keep hid away in its awful dungeons of disgrace and infamy the one purest hero, the one pre-eminent magnate of that glorious epoch. It does not exactly appear

how this was done. It does not appear that any other patriot-infidel was doomed to like dishonor. Nevertheless, it has come to pass, that as to this man, the "first to perceive the destiny of the new world," the man that "did more than any other to cause the declaration of Independence," the very Achilles of the revolution, without whose word and sword, apparently everything would have come to naught—the whole nation has for a century been reading and re-reading its history, and hardly made mention of his name! What strange, what base ingratitude is this! For statesmen, historians, orators, poets, to keep sounding for decade after decade the praises of Washington, and Jefferson, and Franklin, and the Adamses, and ever so many more, and yet never to have lifted one acclaim for the hero that overtopped them all! Evidently, Mr. Ingersoll's spectacles should have come into use long years ago.

Listening to this arraignment of history, one can not feel sure that any of its so-called verdicts are to be trusted. How do we know that, as a nation, we have not been guilty of like injustice and tyranny in the judgments that have been passed on Jefferson Davis and Benedict Arnold? And who shall be quite sure that not only they may yet be rescued from the infamy that now envelops them, but even Judas Iscariot may not prove to have been caluminiated by this relentless tyranny of a misnamed gospel, and take his place alongside of Arnold and Paine among the stars. Here, at least, is a new field to which Mr. Ingersoll may acquire laurels.

As to the claims put forward in behalf of Mr. Paine's leadership in securing our national independence, I can not refrain from a passing word. There is no proof

whatever that any injustice has ever been done Mr. Paine in the estimate of his services by our historians.

FURTHRR OPTICAL DELUSIONS OF THE ELOQUENT COLONEL —WHY PAINE CAME TO AMERICA.

Mr. Ingersoll has not added a single fact to those well known before. No doubt Mr. Paine rendered valuable service, especially with his pen, in the interests of freedom; no doubt he deserved all the encomiums and substantial records he received at the hands of State Legislatures and of Congress. So far as I know, no one has ever disputed this. But when Mr. Ingersoll attempts to go beyond this, and hold up Mr. Paine as the "great apostle of liberty," the "first to perceive the destiny of the new world," as "doing more to cause the declaration of Independence than any other man," and declares his pamphlet, entitled "Common Sense," the "first argument for separation of the colonies from the Mother country—he goes vastly beyond the facts. He may believe Mr. Paine entitled to all the credit he claims, but he certainly can not prove it. The truth of history is not to be overborne by a lawyer's specious plea, nor is its voice to be drowned beyond the passing moment, by the applause evoked by the wit and eloquence of a gifted orator.

The first significant fact is, that there is no proof whatever that Paine came to this country with any political purpose. He lost his place as exciseman, obtained an introduction to Benjamin Franklin, then U. S. Minister in England, who had received so many applications, that he had written a tract giving information about America—and from him secured a note of introduction to Franklin's son-in-law, Bache, commend-

ing him as needing employment, and so far as he could judge, worthy of confidence. He reached this country in December, 1774, and through Mr. Bache's influence, obtained employment as the editor of a magazine. And this is all there is of his coming. So far as appears, it was purely a matter of getting daily bread.

PAINE AND AMERICAN INDEPENDENCE—THE CAUSE OF LIBERTY AT WHITE HEAT BEFORE MR. PAINE GETS AROUND—INTERESTING FACTS.

In January, 1776, when he had been in the country barely a year, he published his pamphlet. Mr. Bancroft says he did it at the suggestion of Mr. Franklin, who had then returned from England, hopeless of securing any possible adjustment of the difficulties between the colonies and the home government. The pamphlet was timely. It was written in a clear, vigorous, and telling style; took ground boldly in favor of independence, and was, without doubt, greatly effective in urging forward the cause which it championed. But this is all that can be claimed for it.

Franklin had cherished and uttered the same views for years, and so had Patrick Henry, James Otis, both the Adamses, and many others. Indeed, ever since the passage of the Stamp Act there had been a growing conviction among nearly all the patriotic men of that day, that the separation of the colonies and the establishment of an independent government was inevitable—a mere question of time. And at the date when this pamphlet appeared, this conviction was the dominant one among a vast majority of the people, and with reason. Boston port-bill was a fact, and had stirred the blood of all the colonists. Franklin had been insulted

before the king's privy council, and that made the red heat white. More than all, Lexington, and Concord, and Bunker-Hill had been fought, and the smell of powder was everywhere in the air. The king had refused to listen to the second remonstrance of the colonies against taxation without representation, had issued his proclamation for the suppression of rebellion. John Adams' wife, Abigail, hearing that proclamation, stopped her spinning wheel, and wrote to her husband :

"This intelligence will make a plain path for you, though a dangerous one. I could not join to-day in the petitions of our worthy pastor for a reconciliation between our no longer parent but tyrant state, and these colonies. Let us separate ! let us renounce them ! and let us beseech the Almighty to blast their counsels, and bring to naught all their devices."

This was in August, 1774, six months before Paine's pamphlet saw the light ! ! !

And Mr. Bancroft says of Mrs. Adams' appeal, "Her voice was the voice of New England."

Samuel Adams had said, also, in the Massachusetts Assembly: "The declaration of independence and treaties with foreign powers are to be expected."

Jefferson had said—speaking of the Stamp Act and kindred legislation—"I will cease to exist before I will submit to a connection with England on such terms as the British Parliament propose ; and in this I speak the sentiment of America."

And still beyond this, Franklin had introduced into the assembly of Pennsylvania his plan for a confederation of the colonies.

This was the state of things when Mr. Paine's utter-

ances were put forth. They were opportune and helpful. But chiefly as inciting to an earlier inauguration of the conflict that was sure to come.

Washington was at the head of the army—Boston invested with 20,000 men—Norfolk had been burned—the whole country was ready to burst into a flame.

Doubtless to Mr. Paine belongs in part the honor shared by many of helping to strike the match which kindled the fires of the Revolution. But he no more merits all that honor than James Warren or Orispus Attucks. The Continent was heaving and the eruption was sure to come. Mr. Paine simply helped to break the thin crust, and precipitate the outbreak of the long-pent fires of the volcano.

PAINE'S FRACTIONAL GLORY IN THE FRENCH REPUBLIC.

Mr. Ingersoll's statement respecting Mr. Paine's part in the assembly of the French Republic deserves a passing word. His statement is that "Thomas Paine had the courage, the goodness, the justice, to vote against the death of Louis XVI.," when "all were demanding the death of the king," and hence when "so to vote was to vote against your own life." This would make it appear that Mr. Paine stood almost, if not quite, alone in that assembly; took upon himself the peril of martyrdom for his clemency. But read Lamartine's history of the Girondists, and see how differently a Frenchman loving democracy, and hating kingship as ardently as Thomas Paine, puts the matter. Mr. Lamartine says, Mr. Paine having received from the king 6,000,000 francs for his country, had "neither the memory nor the dignity befitting his station," but by his paper, read before the convention, "heaped a

long series of insults upon a man whose generous assistance he had formerly solicited, and to whom he owed the preservation of his own country." And when the question of the death of the king was at last, after a full month of debate, brought to a vote—there were 721 voices uttered from the tribune. Of these 387 were for death and 334 for exile. So that, whatever the "courage, the goodness, the justice, the sublimity of devotion to principle, the peril of life," involved in Mr. Paine's vote, he had 333 sharers of his heroism and his glory.

A FAIR TEST, WITH SOME PLAIN PHILOSOPHY.

But to come now to the purpose in hand and consider his arraignment of Christianity. Is it possible to apply this test-principle of the text, so that we may know to a certainty what the relative claims of the two systems asking our acceptance are? For they have both been long enough before the world to produce ample results, and results whose quality is ascertainable beyond doubt.

Let us take first, then, the character of the founder of Christianity, and test that, and then the character of the teachers of infidelity, and test them. We shall be sure to be on the right track in such inquiry. For while it does not greatly matter what the character of a man may be who gives us a new theory of electricity, or light, or anything—his discovery being of equal value whether he be honest or dishonest, temperate or intemperate, moral or immoral—it does matter what the personal character of a teacher of a new scheme of morals is. He comes claiming our acceptance of certain doctrines which, He says, are vital to our welfare. He declares that only as we accept His dogmas can we lead lives of highest happiness and usefulness. That everything, in

short, that can be called good, is bound up in His teachings. Naturally, therefore, and of right, we look to Him for an illustration of what He teaches. If He wants us to be truthful, honest, moral, He must be. The moment we fail to find in the teacher the exemplification of the thing taught, that moment the power of his teaching is broken. I am speaking of course, of one who has a system which he claims to be superior to others, and which he insists that men must receive or suffer great loss. It is only folly for a known deceiver to try and enforce truthfulness, for a known thief to teach honesty, or a libertine virtue. We say, instinctively and scornfully to such—"Physician, heal thyself."

We have hence the best of rights to test this great teacher of Christianity, and to test Him rigidly. We have the right to put His life to proof everywhere, and see whether it shows a quality accordant with His speech. For He claims for His teaching not only supreme authority, but the authority of truth that does not rest content till it has taken possession of a man in the very roots of his being, penetrated him through and through, and made him so entirely a lover of truth that he will tolerate no fellowship with anything else. More than this, His standards of morals deal not so much with words and deeds, as with their underlying motives. With Him, covetousness is not so much looking upon the things of others with the eyes of the body as with the eyes of the soul. To lust after a woman is as truly adultery, as the open violation of the seventh commandment. It is murder as truly to have the thought daubed in blood as the hands.

Furthermore, they who accept this teacher's doctrine must stand ready to surrender everything on the call of their master ; to leave home and its treasures ; to take oppositions, persecutions, sufferings, death even, and to do this without murmuring. And only they who stand ready to do this, who covet to have their wills merged in their teacher's, who carry in their souls the ideal of a perfection as high as God, and who consciously and absorbingly desire and speak the good of men · only these can be counted true disciples.

JESUS CHRIST AND THE TESTIMONY—PAINE'S CONFESSION.

Here now is opportunity indeed for tests. And this founder of the new scheme, which He insists on having men receive, must demonstrate in Himself the spirit of His own doctrines, must illustrate unequivocally their fruits, or be rejected. What now are the facts ? Why, clearly this, that He stands there on the track of history *the exact embodiment of every truth that He uttered.* The keenest and most relentless criticism has had His life as in the focus of its blazing examination for centuries, has searched that life back and forth through every phase of it, from His childhood to the last agony on the cross, and yet is compelled to confess that nowhere is there a day or an hour, a deed or a word, or a thought, that does not exactly mirror the teachings of His lips.

More than that, He stands there the only character of all the ages *absolutely without a spot or blemish*, and this, as I have said, not as the verdict of partial admirers, but of of those who would, many of them, be only too glad to prove Him a hypocrite or a cheat.

Theodore Parker, and he is no enthusiastic devotee of Christianity, is compelled to say of Him that "He unites in Himself the sublimest precepts and divinest practices ; that He rises free from all the prejudices of His age, nation or sect, pours out a doctrine beautiful as the light, sublime as heaven, true as God.

Mr. Chubb, a noted English infidel, admits in his "True Gospel," "that we have in Christ an example of one who was just, honest, upright, sincere, who did no wrong, no injury to any man, and in whose mouth was no guile."

Rousseau says : "What sweetness, what purity in His manner ! what sublimity in His maxims ! what profoundness in His discourses ! Where is the man, where the philosopher, who could so live and so die without weakness and without ostentation ! If the life and death of Socrates were those of a Sage, the life and death of Jesus Christ were those of a God."

And Thomas Paine himself is at pains to testify in his "Age of Reason," that "nothing that is here said"—in his holding up of Christianity to ridicule, "can apply, even with the most distant disrespect, to the real character of Jesus Christ. He was a virtuous and an amiable man. The morality that He preached and practiced was of the most benevolent kind."

WHAT THE TESTIMONY DEMONSTRATES AND ITS SIGNIFICANCE.

Such confessions as these from the lips of infidels are most amazing. They demonstrate that Jesus Christ made good His astounding pretensions, that He was literally without sin, and had the best of rights to call Himself the light of the world. But the significance of

these confessions goes further than this. For this stainless, perfect character is an absolute impossibility, if the claims of infidelity are true. Where shall we look for the exemplification of a system of morals but to its founder?

We look to Brigham Young as the prophet and head of Mormonism, and we find exactly what we should expect from the teachings of that faith; a polygamist and a despiser of all doctrines outside of the book of Mormon.

We look to Mohammed, and find him exactly what we should expect from the Koran, a man who believes in sensuality and bloodshed to secure his ends.

So in the gods of the Romans and Greeks, and Hindoos and Egyptians, we find exactly such gods as we should look for from the religions to which they belong —gods stamped with deceit, cruelty, blood-thirstiness, lust.

So it should be here, if Christianity is what Mr. Ingersoll declares it to be, unloving, tyrannous, bloody, delighting in nothing so much as deceits and woes, then Jesus Christ should be of a piece with it. Nay, in Him all these foul things should be headed up. The stream can not rise higher nor be purer than its source. If lying, and rapine, and lust, and violence are the law or the practice, then infallibly sure are we that some Henry VIII., or Philip II., or Cæsar, or Borgia, or Nero, either makes the laws or wields the scepter. If Christianity is a bundle of lies, a code of cruelty, then He that originated it stands proved either the prince of impostors or the worst of fiends. Whereas, upon the testimony of infidels themselves, He is the one in whose speech and life there is more of purity, goodnes, heaven,

than in any other character the world has ever seen. He is, in short, the one combined God-man of all history.

Mr. John Stuart Mill, who is an avowed atheist, and of course denies the divine character and authority of Christianity, declares that it is of no use to say that Christ as exhibited in the Gospels, is "not historical." And he asks, "Who among His disciples, or among their proselytes, was capable of inventing the sayings ascribed to Jesus, or of imagining the life and character revealed in the Gospels? Certainly not the fishermen of Galilee; still less the early Christian writers. And Mr. Lecky, who agrees with Mr. Mill in rejecting the divineness of Christianity, agrees also with him in conceding the historical claims of both Christ and His reputed doctrines. His language is, "It was reserved for Christianity to present to the world an ideal character, which through all the changes of eighteen centuries has filled the hearts of men with an impassioned love, and has shown itself capable of acting on all ages, nations, temperaments, and conditions; has not only been the highest pattern of virtue, but the highest incentive to practice. * * * * Amid all the sins and failings, amid all the priestcraft, the persecution and fanaticism which have defaced the church, it has preserved in the character and example of its founder an enduring principle of regeneration." Such language from such men is decisive. It demonstrates that Christ and Christianity stand or fall together. That they are as inseparable as a stream and its fountain, as essentially one in character as the light and the sun.

But what now has infidelity to set forth over against all

this ? If it is, as is claimed by Mr. Ingersoll, the sublime and blessed truth which is to banish all evil and fill the world with purity and heaven, it will have, of course, some grand examples of its superiority to show. There must needs be some among the apostles of this highest and divinest form of truth before whom the founder of this Christian scheme of lies, cruelty, and blood, will pale, as the stars before the sun. Who, then, are these grand luminaries who are to light our way to this millennium of freedom, purity and peace? There is no lack of apostles; Voltaire, Rousseau, Diderot, Hume, Hobbes, Lord Herbert, Bolingbroke, Gibbon, Paine—these are representative names, the highest and best that infidelity has to offer.

THE OTHER SIDE—GIBBON, HUME, VOLTAIRE & CO.—HOW THE APOSTLES OF INFIDELITY LOOK, UNDER THE DOCTOR'S ELECTRIC LIGHT.

Gibbon is one of the fairest, as he is one of the ablest of them all; and he has given us a biographical account of himself, and therein, amid all the polish and splendor of the rhetoric of which he is such a master, "there is not a line or a word that suggests reverence for God; not a word of regard for the welfare of the human race; nothing but the most heartless and sordid selfishness, vain glory, and desire for admiration, adulation of the great and wealthy, contempt for the poor, and supreme devotedness to his own gratification."

Adam Smith calls Hume a "model man," a man "as nearly perfect as the nature of human frailty will permit." But David Hume maintained that our own pleasure or advantage is the test of what is moral; that "the lack of honesty is of a piece with the lack of strength of

body," that "suicide is lawful and commendable," that "female infidelity when known is a small thing, when unknown, nothing," that adultery must be practiced, if men would obtain all the privileges of this life, and that if generally practiced it would, in time, cease to be scandalous, and if practiced frequently and secretly would come to be thought no crime at all."

Lord Herbert taught that the "indulgence of lust and anger is no more to be blamed than thirst or drowsiness."

Mr. Hobbes declared, that "civil law is the only foundation of right and wrong; that where there is no law, every man's judgment is the only standard of morals; that every man has a right to all things, and may lawfully get them, if he can."

Lord Bolingbroke held that self-love is the only standard of morality, that "the lust of power, avarice, sensuality, may be lawfully gratified, if they can be safely gratified; that modesty is inspired by mere prejudice, polygamy a law of nature, adultery no violation of morals, and the chief end of man is to gratify the appetite of the flesh." And he kept faith with his teachings, and led the life of a shameless libertine.

Voltaire advocated the unlimited gratification of the sensual appetites, and was a sensualist of the lowest type. He was likewise a blasphemer, a caluminator, a liar, and a hypocrite; a man who all his life taught and wrought "all uncleanness with greediness," and nevertheless had the amazing good sense to wish that he had never been born.

Rousseau was, by his own confessions, a habitual liar, and thief, and debauchee, a man so utterly vile that he took advantage of the hospitality of friends to plot

their domestic ruin, a man so destitute of natural affection that he committed his base-born children to the charity of the public that he might be spared the trouble and cost of caring for them. To use his own language, "guilty without remorse, he soon became so without measure."

As to Thomas Paine, the verdict of history is too well settled to be reversed by Mr. Ingersoll's wit, or ridicule, or denials. After all allowance that can be made for misrepresentation, this remains unquestionably true, on the authority of those who claimed to be his friends and knew him best, that in his last years he was addicted to intemperance, given to violence and abusiveness, had disreputable associates, lived with a woman who was not his wife and left to her whatever remnant of fortune he had.

THE DIFFERENCE IS AS NIGHT AND DAY.

These now are the representative names of infidelity, the most saintly apostles it has to offer: Men, the very best of whom are characterized either by vanity or selfishness, or pride or envy, while some are given to deceit, blasphemy, drunkeness, sensuality. Yet these are held up as the examples and illustrators of this new and better gospel, that is to banish from the world the "dogmas of ignorance, prejudice and power," "the poisoned fables of superstition," and in their stead guarantee to us "freedom, truth, goodness, heaven." What say you, friends? Here they are—the representatives of Christianity, the advocates of the ignorance, bigotry, despotism, which is declared to so blight this world—Wesley, Whitefield, Luther, Calvin, Anselm, Augustine, John, Paul, Jesus Christ. And here, over against them, are

the representatives of infidelity, the advocates of the doctrines that are to bring back to the world its lost paradise—Bolingbroke, Hobbes, Hume, Voltaire, Rousseau, Thomas Paine. With which class shall we make surest of truth, virtue, happiness? With which will our wives and little ones be in the safest keeping? With which the purety of the community, the security of the state, the glory of the nation, be most securely guaranteed? Such questions answer themselves. No amount of sophistry, with even Mr. Ingersoll's brilliant rhetoric to help it, could make us mistake the night for the day. But as well attempt that, as try to make us put infidelity in the place of Christianity as the light and hope of the world.

THE DIVINE PHILOSOPHY—THE WAY.

But let us advance the thought, and ask what are the fruits of the teachings of Christ as contrasted with those of the apostles of infidelity. In looking for these fruits, this remarkable fact appears, that Christ stands everywhere as the ideal character which those who accept His doctrine are pledged to realize so far as lies within their power. This is a peculiarity of Christianity. To study Aristotle, or Plato, or Bacon, and accept what they teach, implies nothing of this. I may receive all they have to offer, an yet come into no sort of personal relations to either of these. I may even accept such teachings as truth, and yet know nothing about their personal character. But not so as to Christ. I can not take up what He says about God, or sin, or obedience, or prayer, and set about carrying out such truths, realizing the ends for which they were set forth, and yet sustain no personal relations to Him, have no desire to

become like Him. That is an impossibility. He and His word are indissolubly wedded, are inseparably one. To hear that word, from whosesoever lips, is the same as hearing Him; to receive it, is to receive Him, and to reject it, is to reject Him. The only possible way of accepting His truth, fully and truly believing it, is to accept Him, fully believe on and trust in Him. And the whole object in His teachings may be summed up in the simple idea of bringing men to be like Him. Not to have the spirit of Christ, is to be none of His. Not to covet to be conformed to His image, not to set that clearly before the mind as a constant aim of life, is to be proved not a true disciple. This is a fundamental principle, a law of Christiany.

THE TRUTH.

Hence, the power of Christianity as it relates to men's lives. In the nature of the case, in just so far as it gets control of men's hearts, it must produce disciples stamped by the spirit of its founder. They who receive the truth of Christ, will inevitably reveal the character of Christ. Paul's eager counting, whereby he "counted all things but loss, that he might win Christ and be found in Him," and his constant exhortations to believers to "put on Christ," to be "conformed to Him," are the spirit which all true believers feel. In other words, Jesus Christ is the one, universal model held steadily before the hearts of all who receive His truth. And there results just what we should expect—a spiritual tranformation is wrought in every heart, whereby it takes on more and more of the likeness of Christ. Take Peter, for example, a rough, hard, very likely profane, fisherman, vehement and impetuous to the point of

rashness, and yet cowardly even to falsehood and blasphemy, to escape being reckoned a friend of his manacled Master.

But when this gospel of Christ has taken thorough possession of him, and the power of it comes to be felt, this same man is all inflamed with zeal, reveals a courage that does not flinch before thousands of this spiteful countrymen, and takes up a life full of ridicule, insults, scourges, prisons, and goes steadily on to the sure death that waits, only eager to be more and more like Him, the unseen, yet inspiring Lord, in whom his faith is anchored. So Paul, a scholar, but full of the scholar's scorn of the friend of publicans; a Pharisee of the straitest sect, and hence stirred with intensest hate toward all who forsook the faith of their fathers; so aflame with wrath that he stooped to fill the place of an executioner, and breathing forth threatings and slaughter went out, even as some fierce inquisitor of Torquemada, glad to redden his hands in the blood of men, women, children, holding the despised gospel.

AND THE LIFE.

But this gospel by and by gets hold of him, and what a change! The lion becomes the lamb. The hate, the ferocity, the blood-thirstiness is not only all gone, but a baptism of heavenly gentleness and love has come instead. He casts aside all his high opportunities, turns back on the sure prospect of affluence and renown, and taking to his heart the very doctrines he despised, puts himself on the level of the publicans and harlots who have received the new truth, and goes forth to face an experience that for thirty-five years was one perpetual succession of indignities and suffering which it

is next to impossible to conceive. And does it with a sublime patience, nay, rejoices in his tribulations, and glories in his infirmities, because he thereby realizes more fellowship with the Christ of his hope, more power to commend Him unto men.

So always, this spirit which animated Peter and Paul animates all His discipels. It is the Spirit of Christ, His pity for men, His love, His desire to do men good, His longing to clear their hearts and lives of everything false, corrupt, mischievous, and thus ennoble and bless them—reproducing itself in all who receive His truth. Augustine, John Newton, John Bunyan, thousands of others, rise up all through the centuries to witness what fruits of character transformation this Gospel everywhere ensures. No matter of what race, or clime, of what condition in life, or what temperament, or indiosyncrasies, or habits, the one fact that inevitably marks the reception of this scheme of Christianity, is, that its disciples take on the visage of their Lord and Master. And if it could only have its way, and men would ever receive into good and honest hearts, making it the law of their choosing, loving, doing, it would fill the world with the likeness of Jesus the Christ. And that, I take it, would end all the debate.

For our city, filled with men, women, children, all bearing His visage, all filled and led of His spirit, all using His speach, repeating His life, would be what a city of love, and purity. and heavenliness! And the world so filled would be, how plainly, that old prophetic world come true—the wolf dwelling with the lamb, the leopard with the kid, the swords beaten into plowshares, the spears into pruning hooks, the tears wiped from off

all faces, sorrow and sighing forever fled away, the light of everlasting peace on all the faces, joy of everlasting blessednes in all hearts.

And when to this there is added all the mighty influence over men that comes from the conceptions of God as Christianity unfold and requires men to accept; conceptions of God as infinitely good, and holy, and just, and suffering men to set up and live by no standard but His own; conceptions hence which send men out to daily duty as under the conscious flash of omniscience, and in the conscious fellowship of perfect purity, unselfishness and tone; conception further of God as administer of a moral government pledged, with omnipotence behind it, to secure the trumph of holiness, and the retribution of sin, sin of act, speech or thought; when, I repeat, all these considerations are brought to bear upon men's hearts and lives as constant forces, as by the scheme of Christianity they are, who can doubt what the quality of their fruitage in human conduct will be? As well might we doubt whether the sun will scatter darkness where he shines, or evoke life and beauty from the seeds embosomed by his warmth.

THE POTENCY OF INFIDELITY.

But what has infidelity to set over against these forces? What are the potent influences by which it is to surpass in efficiency for good, the example and teachings of Christ and His apostles, the law of God and its standard, and thus renovate society and clear the earth of evil and fill it with blessings? Why, that there is no absolute standard of morals, and that every man is to be his own judge of what is right, and seek what will minister to his happiness or profit. That we may

gratify our appetites at pleasure. That modesty is a mere prejudice. That to secure the highest good, we must lie, and steal and practice adultery. That there is, probably, no God, and if there be, He is above taking cognizance of the petty matters of this life; that there is no hereafter, or, if there be, there is no punishment for sin; that God, if there be a God, wants men to despise all creeds, all reputations, all authorities that cross their preferences, give themselves to seeking happiness with utter contempt of rules, and preachers, and hell-fire; live while they live, and let the future take care of itself.

TWO PICTURES.

These are the two systems which are the claimants for our acceptance. Which shall we take for vine, and which the thornbush? Which is the sheep, and which the wolf? Looking at the two classes of teachers as now put in contrast, and the spirit and tedency of their teachings, can there be any difficulty in making answer? As little as between a royal palm, on the one hand, its branches filled with singing birds, groups of parents and their children gathered underneath rejoicing in the grateful shade, the bubbling fountains, the fragrant flowers, and the luscious fruit; and on the other, a baleful upas tree, not a bird in its branches, nor a gushing spring, nor a flower, nor a living thing beneath, but far and near the bones of its victims thickly strewn and the poison of death tainting all the air. And just as little doubt can there be, when we apply this same test of the text to the ages and ask for the fruits of these respective systems of belief. I commend the inquiry to you. I can only at the testimony of history and leave you to

examine it at your leisure. Mr. Ingersoll prefers fearful charges against Christianity. Wherever he finds a witch hung, a philosopher put into prison, or an unbeliever put to death by those who wear the Christian name, there he raises the cry of tyranny, and blood-thirstiness. and accuses Christianity of pulling the rope, turning the key, kindling the fire. I have no defence to make for such things. They are sad facts in church history, and I condemn them as earnestly as does Mr. Ingersoll.

But admitting all such facts that can be hunted out in the sweep of eighteen centuries, the genius of the Gospel, the spirit of Christianity is in no respect moved to be cruel and tyrannous thereby. As well say that Peter's lifting his sword and smiting off the ear of the high priest's servant, or the desire of James and John to call down fire from heaven on the unfriendly Samaritans, was the spirit of Christ and His Gospel.

CHRISTIANITY NOT RESPONSIBLE FOR THE WICKEDNESS OF CHRISTIANS—LAWLESSNESS IS NOT THE LAW.

These things are not the product of Christianity. They are in no sense the legitimate fruit of its teachings, and in no sense do they truly represent its spirit. They are the product of human nature sometimes falsely interpreting, sometimes boldly over-riding the word of God.

Good men may be led astray, may be blinded, hurried on by passion, and do things which in cooler blood and under better light they would be the first to condemn. Christianity has never taught, has never approved such things. The Roman Catholic Church may have done so, and John Calvin, and Cotton Mather, but the Bible never. And while we condemn the misdirected zeal of

these good men, we ought not to forget, as Mr. Ingersoll is at pains to, the extenuations to which they are justly entitled; the fact, for example, that the highest authority in English law, Sir Matthew Hale, held Cotton Mather's view about witches and sentenced them to death. And the fact, also, that the sentence of Servetus was not the act of John Calvin, but of the Swiss magistrate, and their decision to burn him adhered to in spite of Calvin's earnest appeal that he should be otherwise executed. Nor making the most and worst of such a mistake, or crime, if any choose to term it so, ought we to be blinded thereby to the splendid services in behalf of these very men. There are spots even on the sun, but we forget about them in the wealth and blessings of his effulgence.

But whatever may be true of the conduct of particular disciples of Christianity, they never constitute the standards by which its teachings are to be tested. Such conduct throws us back upon the question, Is this what the Bible teaches? That is our statute book, and its express doctrines, not men's application of them, are what settle its spirit. If good men anywhere in our State, angered by the depredation of a gang of horse thieves or burglars, organize into a vigilance committee, lay hands upon a suspected person, take him from bed or from prison and hang him to a limb of the nearest tree, we do not arraign the laws of Illinois, nor the people of Illinois for the act. We charge the violence, the lawlessness, upon the particular wrong-doers engaged.

So, here, the Bible nowhere teaches cruelty, tyranny; nowhere encourages putting men to death because of their beliefs, or even their shamelessness in sin. God

did, indeed, in given instances, take the administration of human government into His own hands, and sweep the face of the earth clean of its vile inhabitants by the deluge ; and blot out Sodom and Gomorrah—the cities of the plain, with a fiery storm of retributive wrath. So He likewise gave order for the purging of the land of promise of the hordes of Canaanitish idolaters whose cup of abominations was overfull. And for these things God stands ready to make answer to all who arraign Him.

THE GREAT CLOUD OF WITNESSES.

But He has laid on men no injunctions requiring them to take His place and pass upon their fellows in judgment. Throughout His Book one spirit runs. On the authority of the one great expounder of it—the sum of all its commands is—supreme love for God, unselfish love for man. And this is the spirit which Christianity always taught and always exemplified in its true disciples. Look at the proof before us to-day. Consider these thousands of Churches, their pulpits all aiming to exalt this Bible with its law of love, to magnify this Christ with His life of devotion to the welfare of men. Consider the millions of worshipers, all seeking to know God, all accepting His standards of character, all seeking to possess the spirit and wear the likeness of His son. Consider the countless multitudes of children in Sunday Schools, all filling the air with the praises of Jesus Christ, and all taught, if nothing else, that He is the one model they are to imitate and His teachings to be the law of their deeds, their words, their thoughts. Consider these innumerable Christian newspapers, filling the land with the same doctrines, and

using their prodigious influence to make them the supreme faith of the nations. Consider the hundreds of Christian Colleges and Seminaries, training young men and young women for lives of beneficence and usefulness. Consider the scores and hundreds of publishing societies, all animated with one purpose, and sending forth their mighty streams of tracts, books, Bibles, to fill the earth with the story of Christ and with the spirit of His life. Consider the countless institutions established by Christianity, to relieve distress, to provide for the unfortunate, to administer the gospel of practical beneficence. Consider the manifold organizations aimed at spreading the gospel among all the debased races of the earth and making the victims of superstition with its nameless terrors know the glad tidings of a salvation that puts an end to bloodshed, and cruelties, and woes, fills all hearts with love, all homes with peace, all lives with blessing. Consider how this spirit of Christianity illustrated in all these diverse lines of effort, everywhere carries on its banner the doctrine of the universal brotherhood of man, recognizes no distinction between the Negro, the Indian, the Chinaman, the Hottentot, the Cannibal, but seeks to make them all one in the fellowship and liberty of Jesus Christ. And consider yet again, that it reqnires, as one of its fundamental principles, a condition in fact of all true dicipleship, all who receive its truths, shall pledge themselves to give, and pray, and toil without ceasing, till this gospel has penetrated every jungle, climbed every mountain fortress, hunted out every cavern, every kraal, every wigwam, every snow-hut, and sounded its invitations and promises in the ears of all mankind.

Whether all this signifies anything as a power for good in the world, judge ye. Mr. Ingersoll seems to think it goes for nothing. But against this opinion I put that of Mr. Lecky, who in his history of European morals, says this—he is speaking of the contrast between the influence of Christianity and paganism—"It was reserved for Christianity to present to the world an ideal character which through all the changes of eighteen centuries has been not only the highest pattern of virtue, bnt the strongest incentive to its practice, and has exercised so deep an influence that it may be truly said to have done more to regenerate and to soften mankind than all the disquisitions of philosophers and all the exhortations of mortals."

THE FRUITS OF INFIDELITY—THE BLACKEST PAGE IN HUMAN HISTORY—THE FRENCH REVOLUTION.

But when was ever infidelity so engaged? Where are the organizations it has instituted, the missionaries it has sent forth, to fill the world with blessings of faith, freedom, virtue? But I forget. Infidelity has such a record of organized endeavor to regenerate mankind. Turn to the history of the French Revolution and read it there. The leaders of that revolution, as you know, were the very class whom Mr. Ingersoll glorifies: the disciples of Diderot, Voltaire, Rousseau. They were avowed atheists or infidels, and Tomas Paine was one of the number, sat in their midst, participated in their discussions, aided in drawing up the consitution they enacted. What that convention said and did the world knows and will never forget.

They did what Mr. Ingersoll would be glad to have the Congress of United States do. They abolished

Christianity by vote. They declared there was no God, forbade the public instructors to utter His name to their children. They struck the Sabbath out of the calendar and made the week consist of ten days instead of seven. They wrote over the gates of the cemeteeies, "Death is an eternal sleep." They tore down the bells from the church spires and cast them into cannons. They stripped the churches of everything used in worship, and made bonfires in the streets. and then instituted the rights of the old pagan religions, where the altars had stood.

INGERSOLLISM UNVEILED.

Not content with this, Chaumette, one of the leaders of the convention, appeared one day before that body, leading a noted courtesan with a troop of her associates. Advancing to the president, he raised her veil, and exclaimed:

"Mortals! recognize no other divinity than Reason, of which I present to you the loveliest and purest Personification."

Whereupon the president of the convention bowed and professed to render devout adorotion. And a few days later the same scene was re-enacted in the cathedral of Notre Dame, with increased profanations and more outrageous orgies, and was declared the public inauguration of the new religion of the commune. And like desecrations and blasphemies througout all France took the place of the old worship.

Worse than this, all distinctions of right and wrong were confounded. The grossest debauchery was inaugurated, the wildest excesses prevailed and were gloried in. Contempt for religion and for decency became the

test of attachment to the government. The grosser the infractions of morals, the greater the so-called victory over prejudice, the higher the proof of loyalty to the state. To accuse one's father was the best proof of citizenship ; to neglect it was denounced as a crime, and was punishable with death. Wives were bayoneted for the faith of their husbands, and husbands for that of their wives.

One of the chief tools of the commune, Carrier, ruling at Nantes, declared that the "intention of the convention was to depopulate and burn the country," and he was as good as his word.

He gathered those suspected of disloyality in flocks. He shut up 1,500 women and children in one prison without beds, without straw, without fire or covering, and kept them for two days without food. The only escape was for men to surrender their fortunes and women their virtue.

THE PENUMBRA OF HELL.

He contrived ships with slides in their hulls below the water line, loaded these with his prisoners under pretext of transporting them elsewhere, and when the vessels were in the middle of the Loire, ordered the valves opened and the victims plunged into the water, while he, surrounded by a troop of prostitutes, looked on and gloated over the scene.

And this is only a type of what occurred elsewhere. Proscription followed proscription, tragedy followed tragedy, till the whole country was one huge field of rapine and of blood.

Mr. Ingersoll admits that 17,000 perished in the City of Paris during this combined reign of infidelity and ter-

ror; but he forgets to add that throughout France not less than 3,000,000 lives were the costly price of establishing the new religion.

There is no disputing these facts, nor the reasons that underlay them. This whole terrific record—and history knows none that is darker or more damning—was the direct and legitimate fruit of the doctrines which Mr. Ingersoll lauds as the sublime truth "that is to fill the world with peace!"

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The men who originated and carried out this combined scheme of government and religion, were the men with whom Thomas Paine sat, and voted, and was in every way identified. His faith was their faith. And at his door equally with theirs does this series of the most fiendish outrages that ever disgraced a people pretending to be civilized cry for vengeance.

THE FINAL PICTURE—INGERSOLLISM AN ENDLESS NIGHT OF TEARS.

And what infidelity was then, it is now. And what it did then, so far as its assaults upon religion were concerned, and its overturning of civil order, it would do to-day, if it had the power.

If Mr. Ingersoll could have his way, he would abolish God, and the church, and the Christian Sabbath, and the Bible, and everything pertaining thereto. He would banish Christian newspapers and the colleges, and ben-

evolent societies; proscribe all oaths in courts of justice; expunge the name of God from all statute books, the name of Christ from all calendars and text-books; annihilate all moral standards; would, in a word, not only quench all prayer and praise and honoring of God, but sweep the world clear of everything that bears the name or shows the spirit of Christianity.

And what would he give us for all this? For our Bible, the Age of Reason. For the Sabbath, the beer-garden and the theatre. For worship, the rites of paganism or the adoration of an apotheosized courtesan. For the standards of God's law, that which should seem right in every man's eyes. For the law-making power, the blasphemous horde of the French commune. For security, the guillotine dripping with blood at every street-corner. For truth, candor, love, temperance, purity—deceit, treachery, hate, drunkenness, sensuality, with all their crimes and shames. In a word, for this is the outcome of all such purpose, if the infidelity that Mr. Ingersoll glorifies could have its way, it would strike the sun from the sky of our Christian civilization, and give us instead the lurid light of the reign of terror, only it would make it a night with no Napoleon or Chateaubriand to break the gloom—a night of tears, and blood and woe without an end! Shall we open our arms to welcome this new gospel?

TALLYRAND'S ADVICE TO INGERSOLL AND HIS FRIENDS.

During this period of the history of France, one of the five Directors in whose hands the government was lodged, asked Tallyrand what he thought of Theophilanthropism, the name given the new religion. "I have but a single observation to make," was his reply. "Jesus

Christ, to found His religion, suffered Himself to be crucified, and He rose again. You should try and do as much."

Friends, when this new gospel of infidelity shall furnish us such proofs of its right to claim our acceptance, it will be entitled to a hearing. Until then let us cling to the teaching of Him whose works and deeds alike attest Him the light and life of the world.

———:o:———

DYING WORDS.

"Bless you, there is no river here."—Bishop Haven.

"The best of all is, God is with us. Farewell."—John Wesley.

"O, why not now? But Thy will be done; come, Lord Jesus."—St. Augustine.

"Now I go into Paradise."—Jacob Boehmer.

"Welcome joy."—John Elliot.

"What shall I say? Christ is altogether lovely; His glorious angels are come for me."—John Bailey.

"See in what peace a Christian can die."—Joseph Addison.

"Glory! glory! glory! Hallelujah, Jesus reigns!"—Jesse Lee.

"I am not disappointed."—Bishop Janes.

"Talk to me of Jesus."—Adam Nightingale.

"Such singing! Do you not hear it?"—John Carey.

"Rest, perfect rest."—Thomas Burrows.

"All is light."—Theophilus Pugh.

"Tell my brethren I am on the rock. There is no other foundation."—Joseph Hollis.

"O God of angels and powers, and of all creatures, and of all the just that live in Thy sight; blessed be Thou who hast made me worthy to see this day and hour; Thou hast made me a partaker among the holy martyrs. O Lord, I adore Thee for all Thy mercies. I bless Thee that I glorify Thee through Thy only-begotten Son, the eternal High Priest, Jesus Christ."—Polycarp, at the Stake.

"I am not afraid to look death in the face. I can say, 'Death, where is thy sting?'"—John Dodd.

"If I had strength to hold a pen, I would write how easy and delightful it is to die."—Wm. Hunter.

"If this be dying, it is the easiest thing imaginable."—Lady Glenorchy.

"I welcome death, and calmly pass away."—Arthur Murphy.

"I am now in a state in which nothing in this world can disturb more. I am comfortably coming to my end."—Collingwood.

"I did not suppose it was so sweet to die."—Saurez, the Spanish theologian.

"Let me die in the sounds of delicate music."—Mirabeau.

"Kiss me, Hardy. I thank God I have done my duty."—Lord Nelson.

James Maclaughlan

REV. JAMES MACLAUGHLAN, PH. D.

REPLY OF REV. JAMES MACLAUGHLIN, PH. D.

THE SCOTCHMAN LOOKS THE LAWYER SQUARE IN THE FACE—HOW THEY MANAGE WITNESSES—INGERSOLL AND HIS LAST CLIENT, THOMAS PAINE.

The aim of a lawyer is to do the best he can for his client. Some lawyers are not very scrupulous as to the means and methods by which they can rescue a client from the due deserts of his crime. A dangerous witness they will put out of the way if they can. If they can't then they will blacken his character in order to impair his testimony. They will puzzle him with an array of questions to elicit discrepant statements and to break down his evidence. They will suborn liars to prove an alibi. They will use every device and trick and scheme which legal chicane can invent to invest their client, though the most guilty of the guilty, with a robe of innocence as unsullied as that of an angel. If guilt is too apparent to be denied, then emotional insanity is adroitly coined, or some uncontrollable mania is put in, as a plea, to either free the criminal from responsibility or to mitigate his crime. Their oblique contrivances to dishonor truth and defeat justice are not the inventions of to-day. They were current in the days of Robert Burns. The plowman poet, in his own satirical way, describes the lawyers in the other world as suffering in that little member, the tongue, by which they have sinned so much in this.

Colonel Bob Ingersoll is a *lawyer*. His last client is

Tom Paine, and, if we believe the advocate, his client deserves the glory of being the founder of this great republic, and the *alone apostle* of modern liberty!

The Colonel states at the outset as follows: "About this man, I intend to tell just as near the truth as I can." Now, when speaking about his client, how *near the truth a lawyer will go* is an intricate question. It would not be good policy for him to go too near the truth in every case; it might materially change the cause and character of the client.

GETTING AT THE FACTS—INTERESTING INCIDENTS IN PAINE'S LIFE.

That Paine was of humble parentage is true, but in this I can not see anything peculiarly meritorious. Many who were born in poverty and cradled in hardships became the benefactors of humanity, the patrons of industry, and the champions of liberty. That the young Quaker, Paine, had a keen, vigorous intellect, and that he received a good elementary education, is also true. That he was a staymaker with his father, then a grocer, and then an exciseman, is as near the truth as we can come. That he lost his place on the excise because he started in the tobacco business is about true. Being out of work, an acquaintance gave him a letter of introduction to Franklin, then in London, who advised him to emigrate to America. All this is as near the truth as we can get. Paine came to America, as many before him did, and many since have done, simply to find a wider field for his ambition. This was in 1774, when he was in his thirty-eighth year. Paine became editor of the *Pennsylvania Magazine*.

In January, 1776, at the suggestion of Franklin, Paine

wrote the pamphlet of "Common Sense." All true. And if his "Common Sense" was, as the Colonel says, "the first argument for separatoen, the first assault on the British form of government, the first blow for a republic, and aroused our fathers like a trumpet blast," then be it remembered that Paine drew his introductory arguments and illustrations, not from the arsenal of infidelity, but from the arsenal of this old book, the Bible, which Colonel Ingersoll vituperously slanders. Paine was not an avowed infidel at this time, but a Quaker.

It was the *Quaker Paine*, not the infidel Paine, that worked for American independence, and we challenge the Colonel to show us anything done by Paine in the interests of national liberty after he avowed his religious or irreligious views in his "Age of Reason."

BANCROFT VS. INGERSOLL—ADDITIONAL FACTS.

But was Paine's "Common Sense" the first peal of the tocsin of separation and independence? No. Ten years before this, when both Franklin and Paine were in England, and strangers to each other, and immediately after the news of the passage of the stamp act had reached America, a young man, by name, Patrick Henry, amid his assembled colonists in Virginia, arose and said: "Cæsar had his Brutus, Charles I. his Cromwell, and George III."—Here he was interrupted by the cry, "Treason." Pausing, he added—"may profit by their example." This was the key-note of resistance and independence. And in spite of the timid, who quaked at the utterance, the words of Patrick Henry flowed outward and onward, swelling many a brave heart with the dawning hope of liberty.

And there is another fact that sadly conflicts with the

Colonel's fulsome rhetoric. We give it from the page and in the words of Bancroft, where the illustrious historian describes the early settlers who formed the young American colonies, and mentions Presbyterians who had come from Ireland and planted themselves in the upland region of North Carolina. And in connection with this he adds: "We shall find that the first voice publicly raised in America to dissolve all connection with Great Britain came, not from the Puritans of New England, the Dutch of New York, or the planters of Virginia, but from *Scotch-Irish Presbyterians.*" Tell it not in Gath. The Colonel will call all history a lie and all men liars, rather than have his own pet client outstripped in the manly race by detestable Christians. He would gladly pay, I fancy, $10 more a volume for Bancroft if that passage had not been written.

Now, we have no wish to dwarf the services rendered by Paine to the cause of American independence. His "Common Sense" was a heavy gun in the field, and the writer was rewarded for it by a vote of £500 by the Legislature of Pennsylvania. I need not say that his patriotism was so intensely strong that he actually accepted the sum. Nor was this all his reward. He was appointed clerk to the Committee for Foreign Affairs, an office which he was afterward obliged to resign in 1779, on account of some breach of trust. It was while in this office that he wrote his stirring appeals entitled "The Crisis," from which we would not detract an iota.

In 1780 he obtained the office of Clerk to the Assembly of Pennsylvania. His friends moved to have him appointed historiographer to the United States, but they failed. Congress, in 1785, however, voted him $3,000,

which the distinguished patriot had the generosity to accept from the young republic just starting in business. The State of New York also gave him 500 acres of land. Tom Paine was well rewarded for all his valuable services in the cause of liberty; and none but a lawyer's eye can discover the sacrifices, the self-denials which made the poor Quaker emigrant rich at a time while thousands of Irish colonists had become poor by laying their possessions at the feet of independence.

If Paine's object was to benefit mankind, as his learned counsel says, then it would appear that, while engaged in this really patriotic career, he was benefiting himself.

After a thirteen years' residence in this country Paine sailed to France (1787). From France he crossed to England. "His rights of Man," in reply to Burke was written in England. It was pronounced seditious, and the author was threatened with prosecution. Paine's well-known republican sentiments had made him popular in France. He was elected to represent the Department of Calias in the National Convention, and, escaping from England, he took his seat in that radical assembly in 1792.

THE REIGN OF TERROR—THE GREAT INGERSOLL EPOCH—VOTING FOR THE KING'S EXECUTION.

France was now a political volcano. The church to which Colonel Ingersoll is proud to belong, and not the infamous Kirk of Scotland, was in the ascendency, and, oh, how humane and merciful the scepter! There was no John Adams to invoke the blessing of heaven on the Republic of France. Neither a God to love nor a devil to fear, was the prevailing creed. Reason ruled—a rod

of iron? Worse still. Reason's reign was a reign of terror. The soldiers of this sweet goddess of Colonel Ingersoll had the power. They were sovereigns, and their acts declared that their mistress was the "twin sister of the Spanish Inquisition." They became the regicide of a monarch more virtuous than his executioners, and like ferocious tigers, they struck their claws into thousands of victims and devoured them without mercy. It is but the trick of a lawyer to offset this butchery by a reference to the massacre of St. Bartholomew in 1572.

We want neither the terror of 1793 nor the massacre of 1572; and neither was inspired by the lessons of our Saviour. They were both monsters of the same family, each begotten by the enemy, not the friend of the Bible. We do not implicate Paine in these atrocities which made even stout hearts shudder in France. We give him credit for voting against the execution of Louis. But the learned counsel has made out that his client stood almost alone in his resistance to the king's death. History must be a lie, that Tom Paine may enjoy the solitary grandeur of the humane in the midst of the cruel in that conventfon. In that assembly there were 721 suffrages; of these, 366—only a bare majority—voted for the king's execution; so that Tom Paine was one of 355 to share in the courage or humanity of that occasion. It was not, after all, a work of devotion such as has no parallel in the life of any theologian. The Colonel's eloquence on this point reminds us of the old story of the mountain being in labor and bringing forth a mouse. And this is about the briefest and best critique on the entire lecture about Tom Paine.

That Tom Paine became unpopular with the leaders of

the French revolution because he was not wicked enough, is true, and he was thrown into prison ; but this happened not at once, but fully a year after the execution of the king. He remained in prison nearly two years. After his release he published the second part of his "Age of Reason." In 1802 he left France and reached Baltimore. We can not find any trace after this in his life of any public or political activities deserving commendation. His influence and reputation certainly declined after he avowed his religious sentiment in the "Age of Reason.

HOW INGERSOLL WASTES HIS POWDER—SOME OF HIS BLUNDERS—PAINE'S MORAL DECLINE.

The Colonel very adroitly tries to rebut the allegation that Paine was a drunkard. He refers to his services rendered to American independence, and the rewards he received, and asks could all this have happened had Paine been a drunkard. But the Colonel has only wasted powder. The allegation that Paine fell into habits of dissipation extends only to the last few years of his life, and the learned counsel's effort to disprove this is exceedingly lame. We are not disposed either to exaggerate Paine's faults or to detract from his merits, but, coming as near as we can, we must gently hint that his last years were not the most purely spent nor most happy of his life.

Paine was married twice. His first wife died about a year after their marriage. After living about three years and a half with his second wife they separated, not by divorce, but by mutual consent. He brought the wife of a French bookseller and her two sons to America and whatever were his relations to that woman, pure or im-

pure, deponent saith not, but she, her husband, and children, not the United States nor her war-worn veterans, became his chief legatees.

If Colonel Ingersoll fancies that the services of Tom Paine in the cause of human rights is the natural outflow of infidelity, he blunders egregiously.

In the first place Tom Paine's infidelity was of a milder type than that of his advocate. Tom Paine was a respectable deist, and he would have scorned to drop from his pen the ribald words which his admirers would have employed to caricature the amiable founder of our Christianity.

In the second place, Colonel Ingersoll can not deny that Tom Paine was not the avowed infidel, but the Quaker, when he championed the cause of American independence against tyranny and impression, and let some one show us what sacrifices Tom Paine laid upon the altar of humanity or liberty after he avowed his sentiments in the "Age of Reason." That infidels have rendered valuable services to their country and to the world may be true, but to conclude from this that Christianity is tyranny outstrips Aristotle.

CHARITY VS. SLANDER.

But our objection to the Colonel's lecture and logic arises not so much from what he has said about Paine as from what he has said about others.

The Colonel would have every American to cover all the faults of his client with "the divine mantle of charity," and not "breathe one word against his name." But, alas, his mantle of charity is so beautifully small that it can cover but the faults of his own client. The Colonel mentions slander as the last weapon left in the

arsenal of Jehovah. I am surprised that *he went to this arsenal* to borrow his weapon from Jehovah, as there seems to be no neighborly feeling between them. Perhaps he scorned to be under any compliment in that quarter, and may have found the weapon somewhere else. Having found it, ground it, and polished it with a keen Damascus edge, armed he comes to Chicago and slashes away like a valiant knight of ancient times. Slander! None so expert in the use of this weapon as the courageous Colonel. No quarter for the living or the dead, the innocent or the guilty. Like Herod's sword in Bethlehem, he cuts, carves, and spares none, but slays all that he may slay the child Jesus.

THE SCOTCHHAN DRAWS HIS BIBLE ON THE COLONEL — A HEAVY SHOT, WHICH HITS BETWEEN THE EYES.

The Scriptures, too, are assailed by the gallant Colonel in these words: "He (Paine) knew that every abuse had been embalmed in Scripture, that every outrage was in partnership with some holy text." The Scriptures, then, must be a wonderful license and guide to crime. Each criminal in the land should love the Bible and carry a copy of the old book under his arm. But do they? Let us see, Colonel Ingersoll has a church with a large membership. To what church, religion, or superstition do our notorious criminals belong? I am willing to visit, in company with him, the penitentiary, the jail. I shall take the Bible, he can take his lecture on Tom Paine; and at the iron door inside of which sit accused crime and guilt I shall present the Bible, and he can present his lecture. Which will be accepted and read with "infinite gusto"—my Bible, "which embalms every crime," "in which outrage finds partnership in

some holy text," or his lecture, in which God, Bible, and religion have no quarter?

A fellow feeling makes us wondrous kind. By their fruits ye shall know them. The Bible, this patron of crime, has found its way into the Sandwich Islands. The Colonel might visit that little dusky kingdom in safety to-day. Had he done so with Captain Cook, when there was no Bible there, the rotund and rosy champion of infidelity would have been a splendid banquet for the natives. What is Madagascar to-day under the influence of the Bible? Some years ago the Colonel might have made his last will and testament before he touched its shores; to-day he could find there a safe retreat in which to rest his travel-worn frame. In the far West, where Indians roam in freedom, I fancy that the advocate of Tom Paine would spend the night with less anxiety in the wigwam where the Bible was read and loved by the chief than in the tent of the brave who gloried in human scalps rather than in the cross of Christ.

We have no more respect for superstition than Colonel Ingersoll has; we condemn as much as he can all tyranny, civil and clerical. We confess that in the name of religion cruelties have been committed. Blood has been shed, which may well shock every chord of the human heart, and arouse a shuddering storm of indignation. But the counterfeit and the false implies the genuine and the true; and in destroying the one it would be only foolish and ruinous to destroy the other.

When Christianity started at first on her benevolent march, she was the kind, innocent maiden going from

house to house to dispense her boons with the hand of charity. Her enemies could prefer no charges against her but that she worshiped one God, loved Jesus Christ and lived a good, benevolent and praiseworthy life. So far as Christians have departed from this, they have departed from the lessons and examples of the primitive teachers of the Christian faith, and Christianity is no *more responsible* for the corruption and cruelties subsequently introduced and practiced under her name than the legislatures of the State of Illinois are for the *law breakers and crimes that disgrace her history.*

INGERSOLL'S SOPHISTRIES.

The Colonel has employed all the arts of sophistry, as well as slander, to undermine Christianity, and upon God and the Bible he has poured the fire of wit, sarcasm, ridicule, and everything of that kind; but let sober judgment sit down, examine, analyze, and weigh the production, and there is not there the earnestness and heart of a sincere reformer, but rather the *foolery and flings and fancies of the circus clown*, whose chief object is to start a laugh. The lecturer at times becomes a metaphysian, and perhaps his disciples, like those of Pythagoras of old, consider his ipse dixit a sufficient proof. But *assertion* is not enough now. He tells us that "intellectual liberty as a matter of necessity, forever destroys the idea that belief is either praise or blameworthy, and is wholly inconsistent with every creed in Christendom." Again. "No man can control his belief." So the Colonel teaches that all who hold a Christian creed are intellectual slaves. Now a creed is a belief, and if no man can control his belief, then no man is intellectually free, not even himself. If, in the

exercise of reason, I honestly come to the conclusion that the universe is the marvelous product of a master mind and an almighty arm, and if I write down my creed—I believe in one God, my Creator—am I the intellectual slave, and Colonel Ingersoll, who denies this, the intellectual freeman? So his logic leads.

How wonderfully liberal are our modern advocates of free thought. They cry *charity*, when they themselves are most *uncharitable*, and brand all outside their own circle as servile fools. We acknowledge, with modesty, the compliment. But, while Colonel Ingersoll may say that a man is not responsible for his belief, can he deny that error in belief may result in disaster and death? A boy, for instance, finds a pistol, and in playful sport points the weapon at his little sister. There is an explosion, and the red mark on the brow of the prostrate child shows that death's message has been delivered. Such a thing has happened. It was only an error in belief, The boy believed that the pistol was not loaded, but it was; the belief was wrong. Engineers believed the Tay bridge was all right. So did those in the train on that stormy Sunday night. But the sad disaster dissipated the belief, and ended in wreck. The belief was wrong. Pardon us, then, Colonel, for believing in God, the gospel, and a future state. If *we* are wrong, our belief and religion are no burden to us here, and can not hurt us hereafter. If *you* are wrong, your error will prove hereafter your greatest pain.

IS IT TRUE?—PAINE AS A PHILANTHROPIST.

The Colonel declares that his client was "the first to lift his voice against human slavery." He is admirable at assertion. In the very year that Tom Paine came to

America, October, 1774, the first American Congress passed this resolution :

"We will neither import, nor purchase any slaves imported, after the first day of December next ; after which time we will wholly discontinue the slave trade, and neither be concerned in it ourselves, nor will we hire our vessels nor sell our commodities or manufactures to those who are concerned in it."

Is it likely that the emigrant of a few months' resident in this land was the father of that resolution ? That slavery still remained as a stain on the escutcheon of this republic is true ; and that Christians were arrayed against Christians on this subject, is no less true. But, let Colonel Ingersoll drop that laugh of disdain. We will not only assert, but prove, that Christians were the first abolitionists.

When Christianity lifted her banner, one-half the population of the old Roman Empire were slaves. But as that banner advanced in age, respect, influence, and power, it dropped the blessing of manumission on the heart of the bondman.

Primitive Christianity, not Tom Paine, was the first great abolitionist. And is it true, or not true, that Great Britain, professedly Christian, abolished slavery in her West Indian Islands ? Is it true, or not true, that in doing this she laid on the altar of humanity an offering of £20,000,000 ? Is it true, or not true, that all this was the result, not of infidel, but of Christian voices, such as those of a Clarkson, a Thomson, a Wilberforce, a Cowper, whose pleadings secured this grandest act in the drama of modern events ? How many dollars did Tom Paine give or lend to the cause of manumission ? Surely, this philanthropist, before whose lov-

ing kindnesses those of a Howard must pale, devoted his fortune of $13,000, if he had it, to the good cause of oppressed humanity, especially as he had no heirs to inherit it. Alas, we find no such disposition of his property; *it falls into the lap of Mme. Bonneville!*

JOHN CALVIN.

The Colonel, in the course of his lecture, makes a fling at Calvin; but it was a happy hit in the Music Hall. We had thonght that the story of Calvin and Servetus had become too hackneyed to start an additional laugh. It is well that in Calvin's life his enemies find but this one string to play upon. Were it otherwise, the music would never cease. But let me tell Mr. Ingersoll that if he loves republicanism, he should love John Calvin more than he loves Tom Paine. John Calvin was the master spirit in a republic more than 200 years older than that of the United States—the first little republic of modern times. John Calvin might have arisen to the chair of the Roman Pontiff and sat in the highest seat in Christendom. But turning his back on honors, emoluments, place, and power, almost alone, he goes out to battle with the hosts of superstition and tyranny for mental emancipation and human rights.

His whole life was one great offering to human freedom. His self-denials, his hair-breadth escapes, proclaim him the honest hero, and. after spending a life of toil and danger in molding and guiding and strengthening the little Republic of Geneva, he dies, not even with $13,000 to leave to the children of another man's wife. And in the matter of Servetus, be it known that, while Calvin took part in the trial of Servetus for blasphemy, he was neither judge nor jury. It was the Senate or

Council of Geneva that condemned Servetus, and, although their sentence was universally approved in those days, and Servetus had been burned in effigy by the Roman Catholic Church after he made his escape from prison, still there was one voice in favor of mitigating his sentence, and that voice was the voice of John Calvin. But, as every one who has read the history of those times knows, Calvin had his opponents in Geneva. The reins of his moral discipline were too tight for some; they resisted, and formed the party of the libertines. This party, with which Colonel Ingersoll would have naturally stood, was in the ascendancy when Servetus was tried and condemned, and hence Calvin's efforts with the council to save Servetus from the flames were futile. But Calvin's admirers deplore that act, and pronounce it the relic of a dark, barbarous age. In the last century one of the Genevese said: "Would to God that we could extinguish this burning pile with our tears." That is the sentiment of the Calvinists now, and when an error is deprecated and deplored surely a common charity should allow its ashes to sleep.

Colonel Ingersoll's attack on the Kirk of Scotland is the most marvelous piece of his lecture. For vituperation, misrepresentation, and exaggeration it is unparalleled. He caricatures the Kirk as "the full sister of the Spanish Inquisition. It waged war upon human nature, it was the enemy of happiness, the hater of joy, and the despiser of religious liberty; it taught parents to murder their children rather than to allow them to propagate error; if the mother held opinions which the infamous Kirk disapproved, her children were taken from her arms, her babe from her very bo-

som, and she was not allowed to see them or write them one word." That is a sample of the valiant Colonel's onslaught on the Kirk. Poor Scotland! She must have suffered a reign of terror. Where were her Bruces and Wallaces? Was there not some stalwart Scot to seize the battle-ax and hew down, root and branch, this pestilential upas and free the land from a monster tyranny worse than an English Edward, or a George?

CENTRE SHOTS BY A SCOTCH RIFLEMAN.

But how comes it that the old Kirk became the patron of learning and established her parish schools? How comes it that Scotchmen, brought up under the shadow of this old Kirk, have become statesmen, soldiers, scholars, scientists, authors, inventors, manufacturers, merchants, and even lawyers, of whom any nation might be proud? How is it that. brought up under the shadow of that infamous Kirk, there is no man loves his native hearth or has more patriotic pride than a Scotchman? How is it that on the calendar of crime in Great Britain and Ireland the names of Scotchmen are fewest in number? And in the United States let us visit penitentiaries and jails. If you find a Scotchman behind the bars at all he is one who has turned away from the old infamous Kirk to enter the communion of Colonel Ingersoll. I can prove this in Chicago to-day. How is it that for independence of mind and manly self-reliance and business talent and principle and push, there is no nation who can furnish the world with better men than Auld Scotia, with its infamous Kirk? If the Kirk is the twin sister of the Spanish Inquisition, how is it that she can defy a pang of torture or a drop of blood

to lift against her the accusing voice of persecution?

That a boy named Thomas Arkenhead was hanged in Edinburgh about the beginning of the nineteenth century for doubting the inspiration of the Bible, if not invented for the occasion by the lecturer, is but a pious fraud, fabricated in some jesuitical factory. If the Kirk had been given to such cruelty she would have had a more worthy victim in Hume, the historian. If the Kirk was so intolerant, why did she allow secession from her ranks and other religious bodies to be formed and exist in peace at her side? That her manner was somewhat stern, her discipline rigid at times, we honestly admit, but we tell Col. Ingersoll that the old Kirk has helped to make Scotchman a name of respect the world over, and some of Tom Paine's admirers would not suffer in character by a rigid conformity to her lessons.

IMPOTENCE OF INFIDELITY.

But I must come to a close. I do so by saying that neither the tirades of Colonel Ingersoll against Christianity nor the discoveries of science can overthrow our religion. The fool may say in his heart there is no God, but it is only in the fool's heart that that sentiment is written. The geologist may bore to the centre of the earth; he can't find it written on the rocks of by-gone generations; the astronomer may sweep the spacious firmament with his telescope, and, after he has examined all from the morning star to the most distant sentinel of the sky, on the vast star-spangled banner of night, he can't find it written there. The chemist may analyze matter and reduce it to its primal elements, but on any of its atoms he can't find it written there.

To science, in her numerous walks and works in the

field of nature, mind, and morals, we say Godspeed. Every achievement she performs, every discovery she makes, and all the results of her explorations can not overthrow the Bible, but only serve to fill in that wide outline which meets the eye on the first page. "In the beginning God created the heavens and the earth." Science can never wipe out that grand piece of information, but science can show us how many, great, and marvelous are the works of Him who created the heavens and the earth and all things therein.

"The whole hope of human progress is suspended on the ever-growing influence of the Bible."—*Wm. H. Seward.*

"The Bible is the only cement of nations, and the only cement that can bind religious hearts together."—*Chevalier Bunsen.*

"Bible Christianity is the companion of liberty in all its conflicts, the cradle of its infancy, and the divine source of its claims."—*De Tocqueville.*

"We are persuaded that there is no book by the perusal of which the mind is so much strengthened and so much enlarged as it is by the perusal of the Bible."—*Dr. Melville.*

"If we abide by the principles taught in the Bible, our country will go on prospering and to prosper; but if we and our posterity neglect its instructions and authority, no man can tell how sudden a catastrophe may overwhelm us, and bury all our glory in profound obscurity.—*Daniel Webster.*

"We account the Scriptures of God to be the most sublime philosophy. I find more sure marks of authen-

ticity in the Bible than in any profane history whatever."—*Sir Isaac Newton.*

"There never was found in any age of the world either religion or law that did so highly exalt the public good as the Bible."—*Lord Bacon.*

"I believe in God and adore Him. I have a firm belief in the history contained in the Old and New Testaments and in the regeneration of the human race by the sacrifice of Jesus Christ."—*Guizot.*

"The Bible gives strength in conscious weakness, joy in the hour of deepest sorrow, and hope triumphant when the earth and all it contains is slipping from beneath, and eternity waits for our coming.—*President Fisher.*

"By the study of what other book could children be so much humanized? If Bible reading is not accompanied by constraint and solemnity, I do not believe there is any thing in which children take more pleasure." —*Professor Huxley.*

"Let us cling with a holy zeal to the Bible, and the Bible only, as the religion of Protestants. Let us proclaim, with Milton, that neither traditions, nor councils, nor canons of visible Church, much less edicts of any civil magistrate or civil session, but the Scriptures only, can be the final judge or rule."—*Judge Joseph Story.*

"In a word, destroy this volume, and you take from us at once everything which prevents existence becoming of all curses the greatest; you blot out the sun, dry up the ocean, and take away the atmosphere of the moral world, and degrade man to a situation from which he may look up with envy to that of the brutes that perish." *Dr, Payson.*

INGERSOLL AT HIS BROTHER'S GRAVE.

A MOST EXQUISITE, YET ONE OF THE MOST SAD AND MOURNFUL SERMONS.

The funeral of Hon. Ebon C. Ingersoll, brother of Col. Robert G. Ingersoll, of Illinois, took place at his residence in Washington, D. C., June 2, 1879. The ceremonies were extremely simple, consisting merely of viewing the remains by relatives and friends, and a funeral oration by Col. Robert G. Ingersoll, brother of the deceased. A large number of distinguished gentlemen were present, including Secretary Sherman, Assistant Secretary Hawley, Senators Blaine, Vorhees, Paddock, Allison, Logan, Hon. Thomas Henderson, Gov. Pound, Hon. Wm. M. Morrison, Gen. Jeffreys, Gen. Williams, Col. James Fishback, and others. The pall-bearers were Senators Blaine, Vorhees, David Davis, Paddock and Allison, Col. Ward, H. Lamon, Hon. Jeremiah Wilson of Indiana, and Hon. Thomas A. Boyd of Illinois..

Soon after Mr. Ingersoll began to read his eloquent characterization of the dead, his eyes filled with tears. He tried to hide them behind his eye-glasses, but he could not do it, and finally he bowed his head upon the dead man's coffin in uncontrollable grief. It was after some delay and the greatest efforts of self-mastery, that Col. Ingersoll was able to finish reading his address, which was as follows:

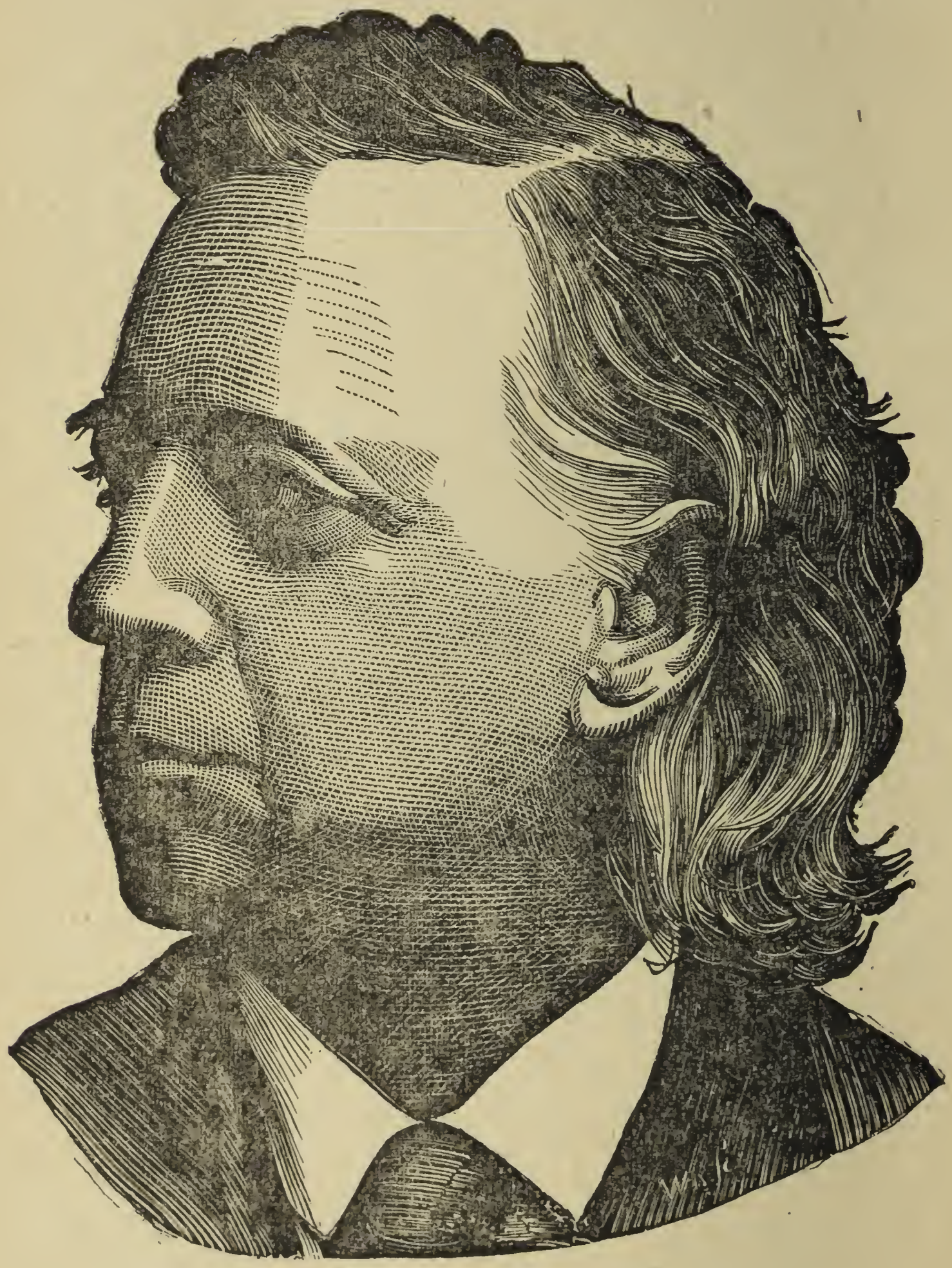
UNFORGOTTEN.

MY FRIENDS :—I am going to do that which the dead often promised he would do for me. The loved and loving brother, husband, father, friend, died where manhood's morning almost touches noon, and while the shadows still were falling toward the West. He had not passed on life's highway the stone that marks the highest point, but being weary for a moment he laid down by the wayside, and, using his burden for a pillow, fell into that dreamless sleep that kisses down his eyelids still. While yet in love with life and raptured with the world, he passed to silence and pathetic dust. Yet, after all, it may be best, just in the happiest, sunniest hour of all the voyage, while eager winds are kissing every sail, to dash against the unseen rock, and in an instant hear the billows roar a sunken ship. For, whether in mid-sea or among the breakers of the farther shore, a wreck must mark at last the end of each and all. And every life, no matter if its every hour is rich with love and every moment jeweled with a joy, will, at its close, become a tragedy, as sad, and deep, and dark as can be woven of the warp and woof of mystery and death. This brave and tender man in every storm of life was oak and rock, but in the sunshine he was vine and flower. He was the friend of all heroic souls. He climbed the heights and left all superstitions far below, while on his forhead fell the golden dawning of a grander day. He loved the beautiful and was with color, form and music touched to tears. He sided with the weak, and with a willing hand gave alms ; with loyal heart and with the purest hand he faithfully discharged all public trusts. He was a worshipper of liberty and a friend of the oppressed. A thousand times I have heard him quote the words :

"For justice all place a temple and all season summer." He believed that happiness was the only good, reason the only torch, justice the only worshipper, humanity the only religion, and love the priest.

He added to the sum of human joy, and were every one for whom he did some loving service to bring a blossom to his grave he would sleep to-night beneath a wilderness of flowers. Life is a narrow vale between the cold and barren peaks of two eternities. We strive in vain to look beyond the hights. We cry aloud, and the only answer is the echo of our wailing cry. From the voiceless lips of the unreplying dead there comes no word; but in the night of death hope sees a star and listening love can hear the rustle of a wing. He who sleeps here, when dying, mistaking the aproach of death for the return of health, whispered with his latest breath, "I am better now." Let us believe, in spite of doubts and dogmas and tears and fears that these dear words are true of all the countless dead. And now, to you who have been chosen from among the many men he loved to do the last sad office for the dead, we give his sacred dust. Speech can not contain our love. There was—there is—no gentler, stronger, manlier man.

———:o:———



HENRY WARD BEECHER.

BEECHER'S COMMENTS.

HENRY WARD BEECHER'S COMMENTS ON MR. INGERSOLL'S FAITH, AND FUNERAL DISCOURSE.

"The root element of faith is in the imagination. The tendency of our age, or in certain lines of it, is a rising tendency among the educated to give to the evidence of the physical senses not only greater weight than comes with the imagination, but to deny to the imagination all use except that of producing pleasure. To a certain extent we are indebted for this to the perversion of religious views. The ascetic school banished the imagination from religion and made it a mere minion of pleasure and turned the thoughts of men to what are called weightier things. We are told in the serious words of the ascetic teachers that life is too important to trifle away. They have stripped off the wings of the imagination to make quills to write their dull treatises withal. There is also danger from the scientific or the materialistic tendencies of the age, the votaries of which hold that all things must be proven by tangible evidence —that the soul is but matter. But taking the materialistic view that the soul is but matter, it is matter so different from ordinary matter that it is to be judged by entirely different laws. But without taking that ground and adhering as I do to the ground that it is a spiritual matter, the necessity is much stronger for applying the true principle in dealing with its consideration.

"There is a growing tendency towards materialism in the German mind, and this has long been the ten-

dency in the French mind. It has made inroads into the sturdy old English mind, and it has with ten thousand other immigrants that we could have spared come across the seas and gained a foothold here. But to apply to the imagination the same rules you apply to things that have no imagination is impolitic, unphilosophical and unwise. There are a great many men who say with Tyndall: "If you present God as a poem I can accept it, but if you present Him as a fact I resist it; I say there is no evidence; it is not proven.' There are realties which can not be proven. No formula can demonstrate the sentiment of honor; yet honor demonstrates itself, and the intellect discerns things by the aid of the imagination that it can not discern without it. Reasonings are no more than spider-webbing.

"That which comforts must be accepted as true, although it can not be proven by any direct line of evidence. Take, for instance, the pictures of the Virgin Mary which are the objects of such veneration to devout Roman Catholics. They are not really the Virgin Mary; they don't even look like her; but they are a representation of the tenderness of the mother towards the child, and that tenderness is a reality. I, too, hang the pictures in my parlor and in my bedroom, and I, too, am a worshipper of the Virgin. I worship the tender, loving spirit of God out of which theology has cheated us. Put that in theology and you would not want any pictorial illustration. So as to ministering angels; I never thought of an angel except with wings. I never saw an angel painted with wings that it did not look like an old hen to me. So with ministering angels.

The moment you apply to them all that belongs to them that moment you destroy them.

"A French philosopher once said very truly: 'Everybody believes in God until you attempt to prove his existence.' Take the existence of the soul in heaven—that is a mere question of reason without evidence such as belongs to regulated forms of matter—and it is full of obscurities. But let it hang in the realm of imagination and it is not only the product of the imagination of one man, but of all the nations through the growth of time. It is the imagination that has been reaped and threshed and winnowed and grown into the very bread of life. It is not any poem or notion; it is the work, the final work of the imagination of the human race, speaking all languages, under all governments; it is the result to which men come—that death doesn't stop human life; it goes on unending.

"Mr. Ingersoll is a man of great merit and power and he has made himself perhaps as widely known as almost any other man in this generation by his contemning of, I will not say religion, but of those views of religion handed down to us by the teachers of Christianity. He has great power of the imagination—a flaming wit—and has said a great many things, not wise, but by which wise men may profit. He has uttered a great many criticisms on the subject of Christianity which are just criticisms, yet taking his views of religion as a whole they lack completeness; it is a special plea, a fault-finding plea, which sees only one side. Now, while I accord to him the extremest liberty of discussion and disclaim any right to interfere with his liberty, we have a right to whatever of instruction there may be, and I

think he can instruct us by his latest utterance. He has lost a brother dearly beloved, a good man who lived happily with his family and was respected by the community, and at that brother's funeral, Mr. Ingersoll made one of the most exquisite, yet one of most sad and mournful sermons that I ever read.

"'Was ever anything uttered by the lips of man more pathetic? But we do not only hope, we have the certainty—we know that if our earthy tabernacle is lost we have a building not made with hands eternal in the heavens. To us the sweet voice comes under burdens, under sorrows, in pain, in persecution, in the prison dungeon—the voice of the spirit and the bride say come and the voice of the whole Church of God cries out to us 'it is real, it is real—come;' and when this noble brother of Mr. Ingersoll felt the touch of death, I don't doubt he felt the touch of God the second time, and saw in the eternal world things which he had counted but shadows here. Even skepticism and that which had been provocative of skepticism in others says, when it comes to the death of hope: 'In spite of doubts or dogmas, let us hope there is a better world."

"We think of the Bible as a structure solid and eternal."—Dr. Burtol.

"I know not how the printers have pointed this passage, for I keep no Bible."—Thomas Paine criticising the Scriptures.

"To see God's own law universally acknowledged as it stands in the holy written book; to see this—or the true unwearied aim and struggle toward this—is a thing worth living and dying for."—Thomas Carlyle.

ARNOLD'S COMMENTS.

HON. ISAAC N. ARNOLD'S COMMENTS ON INGERSOLL'S FUNERAL ORATION.

The sad, pathetic, and almost hopeless cry of Robert G. Ingersoll over the grave of his brother has been widely read. It is eloquent with feeling, and shows that his heart is tender and affectionate; and one can not but sympathize with a grief which is not soothed by any hope of a reunion hereafter. He says, speaking of death: "Whether in mid-sea or among the breakers of the farther shore, a wreck must mark at last the end of each and all; and every life . . will at its close become a tragedy as sad, and deep, and dark as can be woven of the warp and woof of mystery and death. And Life is a narrow vale between the cold and barren peaks of two eternities. We strive in vain to look beyond the hights. We cry aloud, and the only answer is the echo of our wailing cry."

This, then, is the despairing moan of one of the brightest infidels of our country—of one who is doing more to destroy faith in God and immortality than any other! How striking the contrast between such a "wreck," as Ingersoll calls it, and the joyous, hopeful death of a Christian.

I have lately been reading an account of the last hours of Sir Walter Scott. As death approached this great and healthy-minded Scotchman, he asked Lockhart to read to him.

"What shall I read?" said Lockhart.

"Need you ask?" said Sir Walter. "There is but *one* Book." And the words that have comforted the dying and soothed the living for eighteen hundred years fell gratefully upon his ear:

"Let not your heart be troubled. In my Father's house are many mansions. I go to prepare a place for you."

"Lockhart," were the last words of Scott, "Lock- I have but a moment to speak to you; my dear, be a good man; be virtuous, be religious! Nothing else wi!l give you any comfort when you come to lie here."

Ingersoll sadly says over the remains of his beloved brother, "We cry aloud, and the only answer is the echo of our wailing cry;" and, speaking of his dead brother, he says: "He climbed the heights, and left all superstitions far below."

If such are the results of "climbing the hights;" if to climb is only to look into the black gulf of despair, to hear over the grave only the "echoes of our wailing cry," who would not rather stay in the warm valley of faith and hope?

I would kindly ask Ingeroll, Are not faith and hope better than doubt and despair? And, if so, why make it your life's mission to ridicule, satirize, and detroy the faith and hope of the thousands who find in their religion the only refuge from the sufferings and sorrows of this life? Why labor to make your brother of humanity believe that he is but—

The pilgrim of a day?
Spouse of the worm and brother of the clay,
Frail as the leaf in Autumn's yellow bower,
Dust in the wind, or dew upon the flower?

A child without a sire,
Whose mortal life and transitory fire
Light to the grave his chance-created form,
As ocean wrecks illuminate the storm.

And then—

To-night and silence sink forevermore!

If these—

The pompous teachings ye proclaim,
Lights of the world and demi-gods of fame,
The laurel wreath the murderer rears,
Blood nursed and watered by the widow's tears,
Seems not so foul, so tainted, and so dread,
As the daily nightshade round the skeptics head.

Infidelity is indeed the "deadly nightshade," deadly alike to happiness and to virtue. There are exceptions like Ingersoll, who have inherited from their Christian ancestors natures so generous that their sturdy virtues have resisted the influence.

But every blow this modern apostle of infidelity strikes against Christianity is a blow in favor of vice and immorality. To the young man whose faith Ingersoll by his wit and eloquence has shaken, I would say, listen to his cry of despair over his dead brother, and compare it with the Christian's triumphant death and joyous hope, and choose the truth.

"There is but one book; bring me the Bible."—Sir Walter Scott.

"That book" (pointing to the Bible,) "is the rock upon which our republic rests."—Andrew Jackson.

"I have but one book (the Bible,) but that is the best."—Wm. Collin's Reply to Dr. Johnson.

WHAT DISTINGUISHED MEN SAY OF THE BIBLE.

SCIENTISTS.

The grand old book of God still stands, and this old earth. the more its leaves are turned over and pondered, the more it will sustain and illustrate the sacred word.—Professor Dana.

Infidelity has, from time. erected her imposing ramparts, and opened fire upon Christianity from a thousand batteries. But the moment the rays of truth were concentrated upon their ramparts they melted away. The last clouds of ignorance are passing, and the thunders of infidelity are dying upon the ear. The union and harmony of Christianity and science is a sure token that the flood of unbelief and ignorance shall never more go over the world.—Professor Hitchcock.

All human discoveries seem to be made only for the purpose of confirming, more and more strongly, the truths contained in the sacred Scriptures.—Sir John Herschel.

The Bible furnishes the the only fitting vehicle to express the thoughts that overwhelm us when contemplating the stellar universe.—O. M. Mitchell.

In my investigation of natural science, I have always found that whenever I can meet with anything in the Bible, on any subject, it always affords me a fine platform on which to stand.—Lieutenant Maury.

If the God of love is most appropriately worshiped in the Christian temple, the God of nature may be equally honored in the temple of science. Even from its lofty minarets, the philosopher may summon the faithful to prayer, and the priest and the sage exchange altars without the compromise of faith or knowledge.—Sir David Brewster.

A nation's intellectual progress has always followed—not preceded—some moral impulse. The history of the fine arts shows that some form of religion gave them their earliest impulse, There has never been a great genius but has been inspired in some sense by religion. The thoughts of the intellect are lofty in proportion as the sentiments of the heart are profound. If we begin the attempt to improve men with the intellect we end where we begun. Education will not remove corruption. It may guide vice as in ancient Rome and Athens, but will not uproot it. A godless education has no power to purify. Instruction in morality also has failed to regenerate. No man does his duty simply because he knows it unless he loves it ; nor are political and social changes effective. Social evil has its root in the individual heart, and cannot be removed except by influences operating within it. This fountain of man's corruption must be purified to correct social vice.—Prof. Seelye.

STATESMEN.

So great is my veneration for the Bible, that the earlier my children begin to read it, the more confident will be my hopes that they will prove useful citizens to their country, and respectable members of society.—John Quincy Adams.

There is a book worth all other books which were ever printed.—Patrick Henry.

The Bible is the best book in the world.—John Adams.

It is impossible to govern the world without God. He must be worse than an infidel that lacks faith, and more than wicked that has not gratitude enough to acknowledge his obligation.—General George Washington.

Pointing to the family Bible on the stand, during his last illness, Andrew Jackson said to his friend: "That book, sir, is the rock on which our republic rests."

I deem the present occasion sufficiently important and solemn to justify me in expressing to my fellow citizens a profound reverence for the Christian religion, and a thorough conviction that sound morals, religious liberty, and a just sense of religious responsibility, are essentially connected with all true and lasting happiness.—General Harrison's Inaugural Address.

As to Jesus of Nazareth, my opinion of whom you particularly desire, I think the system of morals, and His religion, as He left them to us, is the best the world ever saw, or is likely to see.—Benjamin Franklin.

Do you think that your pen, or the pen of any other man, can unchristianize the mass of our citizens? Or have you hopes of corrupting a few of them to assist you in so bad a cause?—Samuel Adams' Letter to Thomas Paine.

Christianity is the only true and perfect religion, and that in proportion as mankind adopt its principles and

obey its precepts, they will be wise and happy. And a better knowledge of this religion is to be acquired by reading the Bible than in any other way.—Benjamin Bush.

When that illustrious man, Chief Justice Joy, was dying, he was asked if he had any farewell address to leave his children; he replied, "They have the Bible."

I always have had, and always shall have, a profound regard for Christianity, the religion of my fathers, and for its rites, its usages, and observances.—Henry Clay.

A few days before his death, "the foremost man of all his times," drew up and signed this declaration of his religious faith: "Lord, I believe; help thou mine unbelief. Philosophical argument, especially that drawn from the vastness of the universe, in comparison with the insignificance of this globe, has sometimes shaken my reason for the faith that is in me, but my heart has always assured and reassured me that the gospel of Jesus Christ must be a divine reality. The Sermon on the Mount cannot be a merely human production. This belief enters into the very depth of my conscience."—Daniel Webster.

"Hold fast to the Bible as the sheet anchor of our liberties; write its precepts on your hearts, and practice them in your lives. To the influence of this book we are indebted for the progress made in true civilization, and to this we must look as our guide in the future."—U. S. Grant.

Philosophy has sometimes forgotten God; as great people never did. The skepticism of the last century could not uproot Christianity, because it lived in the

hearts of the millions. Do you think that infidelity is spreading? Christianity never lived in the hearts of so many millions as at this moment. The forms under which it is professed may decay, for they, like all that is the work of man's hands, are subject to the changes and chances of mortal being; but the spirit of truth is incorruptible; it may be developed, illustrated and applied; it can never die; it never can decline. No truth can perish. No truth can pass away. The flame is undying, though generations disappear. Wherever mortal truth has started into being humanity claims and guards the bequest. Each generation gathers together the imperishable children of the past, and increases them by the new sons of the light, alike radiant with immortality.—Bancroft.

GREAT THINKERS.

It is a belief in the Bible which has served me as the guide of my moral and literary life.—Goethe.

I account the Scriptures of God to be the most sublime philosophy.—Sir Isaac Newton.

To give a man a full knowledge of true morality, I should need to send him to no other book than the New Testament.—John Locke.

I know the Bible is inspired, because it finds me at greater depths of my being than any other book.—Coleridge.

A noble book! All men's book. It is our first statement of the never-ending problem of man's destiny and God's way with men on earth.—Carlyle.

I must confess the majesty of the Scriptures strikes me with astonishment.—Rousseau.

"There is not a boy nor a girl, all Christendom through, but their lot is made better by this great book. —Theodore Parker.

Take the gospel away, and what a mockery is human philosophy! I once met a thoughtful scholar who told me that for years he had read every book which assailed the religion of Jesus Christ. He said that he should have become an infidel if it had not been for three things:

"First, I am a man. I am going somewhere. I am to-night a day nearer the grave than last night. I have read all that they can tell me. There is not one solitary ray of light upon the darkness. They shall not take away the only guide and leave me stone blind.

"Secondly, I had a mother. I saw her go down into the dark valley where I am going, and she leaned upon an unseen arm as calmly as a child goes to sleep upon the breast of a mother, I know that was not a dream.

"Thirdly," he said with tears in his eyes, "I have three motherless daughters. They have no protector but myself. I would rather kill them than leave them in this sinful world if you could blot out from it all the the teachings of the Gospel."—Bishop Whipple.

When Daniel Webster was in his best moral state, and when he was in the prime of his manhood, he was one day dining with a company of literary gentlemen in the city of Boston. The company was composed of clergymen, lawyers, physicians, statesmen, merchants, and almost all classes of literary persons. During the

dinner conversation incidentally turned upon the subject of Christianity. Mr. Webster, as the occasion was in honor of him, was expected to take a leading part in the conversation, and he frankly stated as his religious sentiment his belief in the divinity of Christ, and his dependence upon the atonement of the Saviour. A minister of very considerable literary reputation sat almost opposite him at the table, and he looked at him and said: "Mr. Webster, can you comprehend how Jesus Christ could be both God and man?" Mr. Webster, with one of those looks which no man can imitate, fixed his eyes upon him, and promptly and emphatically said: "No, sir, I cannot comprehend it; and I would be ashamed to acknowledge Him as my Saviour if I could comprehend it. If I could comprehend Him, He could be no greater than myself, and such is my conviction of accountability to God, such is my sense of sinfulness before Him, and such is my knowledge of my incapacity to recover myself, that I feel I need a superhuman Saviour." —Bishop Janes.

What can be more foolish than to think that all this rare fabric of Heaven and earth could come by chance, when all the skill of art is not able to make an oyster? —Jeremy Taylor.

It would not be worth while to live if we were to die entirely. That which alleviates labor and sanctifies toil is to have before us the vision of a better world through the darkness of this life. That world is to me more real than the chimera which we devour, and which we call life. It is forever before my eyes. It is the supreme certainty of my reason, as it is the supreme consolation of my soul.—Victor Hugo.

Once, had I been called upon to create the earth, I should have done as the many would now. I should have laid it out in pleasure grounds, and given man Milton's occupation of tending flowers. But I am now satisfied with this wild earth, its awful mountains and depths, steeps and torrents. I am not sorry to learn that God's end is a virtue far higher than I should have prescribed. —Channing.

To do good to men is the great work of life ; to make them true Christians is the greatest good we can do them. Every investigation brings us round tothis point. Begin here and you are like one who strikes water from a rock on the summit of the mountains ; it flows down all the intervening tracts to the very base. If we could make each man love his neighbor, we should make a happy world. The true method is to begin with ourselves and to extend the circle around us. It should be perpetually in our minds.—J. W. Alexander.

From philosophy, from poetry and from art, is heard the acknowledgment that there is no repose for the rational spirit but in moral truth. The testimony that the whole creation groaneth and travaileth in pain, together, is as loud and convincing from the domain of letters, as it is from the cursed and thistle-bearing ground. From the immortal longing and dissatisfaction of Plato, down to the wild and passionate restlessness of Byron and Shelley, the evidence is decisive that a spiritual and religious element must enter into the education of man in order to inward harmony and rest.—Dr. Shedd.

"The mother of a family was married to an infidel, who made a jest of religion in the presence of his own

children ; yet she succeeded in bringing them all up in the fear of the Lord. I one day asked her how she preserved from the influence of a father whose sentiments were so openly opposed to her own. This was her answer, 'Because to the authority ot a father I did not oppose the authority of a mother, but that of God. From their earliest years my children have always seen the Bible on my table. This holy book has constituted the whole of their religious instruction. I was silent that I might allow it to speak. Did they propose a question, did they commit any fault, did they perform any good action, I opened the Bible, and constant reading of the Scriptures has alone wrought the prodigy which surprises you.'"—Adolphe Monod.

I preached on Sunday in the parlors at Long Branch. The war was over, and Admiral Farragut and his family were spending the summer at the Branch. Sitting on the portico of the hotel Monday morning, he said to me, "Would you like to know how I was enabled to serve my country? It was all owing to a resolution I formed when I was ten years of age. My father was sent down to New Orleans with the little navy we then had, to look after the treason of Burr. I accompanied him as cabin-boy. I had some qualities that I thought made a man of me. I could swear like an old salt; could drink a stiff glass of grog as if I had doubled Cape Horn, and could smoke like a locomotive. I was great at cards and fond of gaming in every shape. At the close of the dinner one day, my father turned everybody out of the cabin, locked the door, and said to me:

"'David, what do you mean be?'

"'I mean to follow the sea.'

"'Follow the sea! Yes, be a poor, miserable drunken sailor before the mast, kicked and cuffed abont the world, and die in some fever hospital, in a foreign clime.'

"'No, I said, 'I'll tread the quarter-deck and command as you do.'

"'No, David; no boy ever trod the quarter-deck with such principles as you have, and such habits as you exhibit. You'll have to change your whole course of life if you ever become a man.'

"My father left me and went on deck. I was stunned by the rebuke and overwhelmed with mortification 'A poor, miserable, drunken sailor before the mast, kicked and cuffed about the world, and to die in some fever hospital! That's my fate, is it? I'll change my life, and change it at once. I will never utter another oath, I will never drink another drop of intoxicating liquors, I will never gamble. And, as God is my witness, I have kept those three vows to this hour. Shortly after, I became a Christian. That act settled my temporal, as it settled my eternal destiny."—Anon.

Tell the Prince that this (a costly copy of the Bible) is the secret of England's greatness.—Queen Victoria.

I have always said and always will say, that the studious perusal of the Sacred Volume will make better citizens, better fathers and better husbands.—Thomas Jefferson.

The Bible is equally adapted to the wants and infirmities af every human being. No other book ever addressed itself so authoritatively and so pathetically to the judgment and moral sense of mankind.—Chancellor James Kent.

Christ proved that He was the Son of the Eternal by His disregard of time. All His doctrines signify only, and the same thing, eternity.—Napoleon Bonaparte.

I have read the Bible morning, noon and night, and have ever since been the happier and better man for such reading.—Edward Burke.

I do not believe human society, including not merely a few persons in any state, but whole masses of man, ever has attained, or ever can attain, a high state of intelligence, virtue, security, liberty, or happiness without the Holy Scriptures.—William H. Seward.

"Young man, attend to the voice of one who has possessed a certain degree of fame, and who will shortly appear before his maker. Read the Bible every day of your life."—Dr. Samuel Johnson.

"The Bible contains a complete series of facts, and of historical men to explain time and eternity, such as no other religion has to offer. Everything in it is grand and worthy of God. The Gospel is more than a book ; it is a living thing, active, powerful, overcoming every obstacle in its way."—Napoleon Bonaparte.

"But it is a much more serious ground of offense against Voltaire that he intermeddled in religion without being himself in any measure religious ; that, in a word, he ardently, and with long-continued effort, warred against Christianity, without understanding, beyond the mere superfices, what Christianity was."—Carlyle's Criticism of Voltaire.

"The Bible is a fountain whose waters feed intellect, heart, life, promoting the highest worship as well as the

largest humanity. * * * Kingdoms fall, institutions perish, civilizations change, human doctrines disappear ; but the imperishable truths which pervade and sanctify the Bible shall bear it up above the flood of change and the deluge of years. It will forever remain."—James Freeman Clarke.

"I have carefully and regularly perused the holy Scriptures, and am of the opinion that the volume, independently of its divine origin, contains more sublimity, purer morality, more important history, and finer strains, both of poetry and eloquence, than could be collected within the same compass from all other books, that were ever composed in any age or in any idiom." —Sir William Jones.

"For a wonder, gentlemen, for a wonder, I know nobody, either in France or anywhere else, who could write and speak with more art and talent. I defy you all—as many as are here—to prepare a tale so simple, and at the same time so sublime and so touching as the tale of the passion and death of Jesus Christ ; which produces the same effect, which makes a sensation so strong and as generally felt, and whose influence will be the same, after so many centuries."—Diderot.

"This book is the mirror of the Divinity, the rightful regent of the world. Other books, after shining their season, may perish in flames fiercer than those which consumed the Alexandrian library ; this, in essence, must remain pure as gold and unconsumable as asbestos, amid the flames of general conflagration. Other books may be forgotten in the universe where suns go down and disappear like bubbles in the stream ; this book,

transferred to a higher clime, shall shine as the brightness of that eternal firmament, and as those higher stars which are forever and forever."—George Gilfillan.

"To the Bible men will return because they can not do without it. Because happiness is our being's end and aim, and happiness belongs to righteousness, and righteousness is revealed in the Bible. For this simple reason men will return to the Bible, just as a man who tried to give up food, thinking that it was a vain thing and that he could do without it, would return to food, or a man who tried to give up sleep, thinking it was a vain thing and he could do without it, would return to sleep."—Matthew Arnold.

A Bible well worn in that part which contains the Sermon on the Mount is the book which our age most needs. There the Will of the Father, those laws which save souls or damn them lie in perfect plainness. No commentary can throw light upon them, no science or learning can take their light away. They are a part of the universe, only more imperishable than the stars. Christ died for man because man would not respect these laws of the kingdom. Having died for sinners, He now invites them to come into these laws of the Father. Do not mistake this invitation.—David Swing.

You never can get at the literal limitation of living facts. They disguise themselves by the very strength of their life; get told again and again in different ways by all manner of people; the literalness of them is turned topsy-turvy, inside out, over and over again;

then the fools come and read them wrong side upwards or else say there was no fact at all. Nothing delights a true blockhead so much as to prove a negative—to show that everybody has been wrong. Fancy the delicious sensation to an empty-headed creature of fancying for a moment that he has emptied everybody else's head as well as his own! nay, that for once, his own hollow bottle of a head has had the best of other bottles, and has been *first* empty,—first to know nothing.—Ruskin.

It is not so wretched to be blind as it is not to be capable of enduring blindness. Let me be the most feeble creature alive as long as that feebleness serves to invigorate the energies of my rational and immortal spirit; so long as in that obscurity in which I am enveloped the light of the divine presence more clearly shines; and indeed, in my blindness I enjoy in no inconsiderable degree the favor of the Deity, who regards me with more tenderness and compassion in proportion as I am able to behold nothing but Himself. For the divine law shields me not only from injury, but almost renders me too sacred to attack, as from the overshadowing of those heavenly wings which seem to have occasioned this obscurity.—Milton.

A prince said to Rabbi Gamaliel: "Your God is a thief; he surprised Adam in his sleep, and stole a rib from him." The Rabbi's daughter overheard this speech, and whispered a word or two in her father's ear, asking his permission to answer this siugular opinion herself. He gave his consent. The girl stepped forward, and feigning terror and dismay, threw her arms aloft in supplication, and cried out, "My liege, my liege, justice! re-

venge!" "What has happened?" asked the prince. "A wicked theft has taken place," she replied. "A robber has crept secretly into our house, carried away a silver goblet, and left a golden one in its stead." "What an upright thief!" exclaimed the prince. "Would that such robberies were of more frequent occurrence!" "Behold, then, sir, the kind of thief our Creator was; He stole a rib from Adam, and gave him a beautiful wife instead." "Well said!" avowed the prince.—Talmud Sanhedrim.

Once there was a Judge who had a colored man. The colored man was very godly, and the Judge used to have him to drive him around in his circuit. The Judge used often to talk with him, and the colored man would tell the Judge about his religious experience, and about his battles and conflicts. One day the Judge said to him: "Sambo, how is it that you Christians are always talking about the conflicts you have with Satan? I am better off than you are. I don't have any troubles or conflicts, and yet I am an infidel and you are a Christian—always in a muss;—how's that Sambo?" This floored the colored man for awhile. He didn't know how to meet the old infidel's argument. So he shook his head sorrowfully and said: "I dunno, Massa, I dunno." The Judge always carried a gun with him for hunting. Pretty soon they came to a lot of ducks. The Judge took his gun and blazed at them, and wounded one and killed another. The Judge said quickly: "You jump in, Sambo, and get that wounded duck before he gets off," and did not pay any attention to the dead one. In went Sambo for the wounded duck, and came out reflecting. The colored man then thought he had an illustration.

He said to the Judge: "I hab 'im now, Massa; I'se able to show you how de Christian hab greater conflict dan de infidel. Don't you know de moment you wounded dat ar duck, how anxious you was to get 'im out, and you didn't care for de dead, but jus' lef' him alone?" "Yes," said the Judge. "Well," said Sambo, "ye see as how dat are dead duck 's a sure thing. I'se wounded, and I tries to get away from de debbil. It takes trouble to cotch me. But, Massa, *you are a dead duck*—dar's no squabble for you; de debbil have you sure!" So the devil has no conflict with the infidel.—D. L. Moody.

"Talk about the questions of the day, there is but one question, and that is the Gospel. It can and will correct everything needing correction. All men at the head of great movements are Christian men. During the many years I was in the Cabinet I was brought into association with sixty master minds and all but five of them were Christians. My only hope for the world is in bringing the human mind into contact with Divine Revelation."—Gladstone's remark to Dr. Talmage at Hawarden.

There are over two hundred passages in the Old Testament which prophesied about Christ, and every one of them has come true.—D. L. Moody.

In regard to the Great Book, I have only to say it is the best gift which God has given to man. All the good from the Saviour of the World is communicated through this Book. But for this Book we could not know right from wrong. All those things desirable to man are contained in it. I return you my sincere thanks for this very elegant copy of the Great Book of God which you present.—Abraham Lincoln, on receiving a present of a Bible.

The Bible is the best book in the world. It contains more of my little philosophy than all the libraries I have seen.—John Adams. (Second President of the United States.)

The Bible is the only cement of nations, and the only cement that can bind religious hearts together.—Chevalier Bunsen.

The Bible is the Word of God—with all the peculiarities of man, and all the authority of God.—Prof. Murphy.

From the time, that, at my mother's feet, or on my father's knee, I first learned to lisp verses from the sacred writings, they have been my daily study and vigilant contemplation. If there be anything in my style or thoughts to be commended, the credit is due to my kind parents in instilling into my mind an early love of the Scriptures.—Daniel Webster.

The same divine hand which lifted up before the eyes of Daniel and Isaiah the veil which covered the tableau of the time to come, unveiled before the eyes of the author of Genesis the earliest ages of the creation. And Moses was the prophet of the past, as Daniel and Isaiah and many others were the prophets of the future.—Prof. Guyot.

We are persuaded that there is no book by the perusal of which the mind is so much strengthened and so much enlarged as it is by the perusal of the Bible.—Dr. Melville.

And, finally, I may state, as the conclusion of the whole matter, that the Bible contains within itself all

that, under God, is required to account for and dispose of all forms of infidelity, and to turn to the best and highest uses all that man can learn of nature.—Chancellor Dawson.

"The Lord, by His divine Spirit, has been pleased to give me an understanding of what I read therein."—Emperor Alexander I.

"We are astonished to find in a lyrical poem of such a limited compass the whole universe—the heavens and the earth—sketched with a few bold touches."—Baron Humboldt on 40th Psalm.

"For more than a thousand years the Bible, collectively taken, has gone hand in hand with civilization, science, law; in short, mith moral and intellectual cultivation; always supporting, and often leading, the way. Good and holy men, and the best and wisest of mankind, the kingly spirits of history, have borne witness to its influences and have declared it to be beyond compare the most perfect instrument of humanity."—Samuel Taylor Coleridge.

"The Bible of the Christian is, without exception, the most remarkable work now in existence. In the libraries of the learned are frequently seen books of an extraordinary antiqúity, and curious and interesting from the nature of their contents; but none approach the Bible, taken in its complete sense, in point of age, while certainly no production whatever has any pretensions to rival it in dignity of composition or the important nature of the subject treated of in its pages."—Kitto.

"The Bible is the book of life, written for the instruction and edification of all ages and nations. No man

who has felt its divine beauty and power would exchange this one volume for all the literature of the world."—Dr. Lange.

"I have now disposed of all my property to my family. There is one thing more I wish I could give them, and that is, the Christian religion. If they had that, and I had not given them one shilling, they would have been rich; and if they had not that, *and I had given them all the world, they would be poor.*"—Patrick Henry, in his last Will.

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DYING WORDS.

"I feel well; I never felt more so in my life; I am inexpressibly happy."—David Daily.

"Glory to God in the highest, the whole earth shall be filled with His glory."—Jesse Appleton.

"After glories that God has manifested to my soul, all is light, light, light—the brightness of His own glory. O come, Lord Jesus come; come quickly."—Toplady; Author of "Rock of Ages."

"See how calm a Christian can die!"—Addison.

"Blessed be God, all is well."—Darracott.

"Never better; soon home; only two steps more. and I shall reach my Father's home."—Dr. Rowland Taylor.

"Glory to God, I see heaven open before me."—Benjamin Abbott.

"I have done with darkness forever."—Thomas Scott.

"Children, as soon as I am released, sing a psalm of praise to God."—Mrs. Susanna Wesley.

"Brethren, sing and pray; eternity dawns."—Dr. Eddy.

"I am going up, up, up."—R. V. Lawrence.

"I have got the victory, and Christ is holding out both hands to embrace me."—Rutherford.

"Let him fear death who must pass from this death to the second death."—Cyprian.

"I believe, I believe. I am almost well. Lord teach us how to die."—Richard Baxter.

"We shall meet ere long to sing the new song, and remain happy forever in a world without end."—John Bunyan.

"Live in Christ, live in Christ, and the flesh need not fear death."—John Knox.

"Jesus, Jesus, I die, but Thou livest."—Otterbein.

"The greatest conflict is over; all is done. To live is Christ, but to die is gain."—J. Harvey.

"My son, you have taken away my religion; now tell me something to comfort me."—The Message of Hume's Mother, on her death-bed, to her son.

"Welcome this chain for Christ's sake."—John Huss, at the Stake.

"Glory be to the Father, and to the Son, and to the Holy Ghost."—Bede.

"Into Thy hands I commend my spirit. Thou hast redeemed me, O Lord God of truth."—Martin Luther.

"I want nothing; I am looking for nothing but heaven."—Melanchthon.

"Now let Thy servant depart in peace. Suffer me to come to Thee. Lord Jesus, receive my spirit."—Bishop Jewell.

"I am found in Him who loved me and gave Himself or me, I am swallowed up in God."—Dr. Goodwin, (Puritan Divine).

"Glory to Thee, O God."—Gordon Hall.

"The Celestial City is now full in my view."—Payson.

"I am taking a fearful leap in the dark."—Hobbs.

"I long to die, that I may be in the place of perdition, that I may know the worst of it. My damnation is sealed.—William Pope.

"Oh, the insufferable pangs of hell."—Sir Francis Newport.

"I must die—abandoned of God and of men."—Voltaire.

In a recent rehash of an old lecture on Thomas Paine we find the following paragraph: "You have burned us at the stake; roasted us upon slow fires; torn our flesh with iron; you have covered us with chains; treated us as outcasts; you have filled the world with fear; you

have taken our wives and our children from our arms, etc., etc.

We ask in the name of simplest truth and common justice who it is that have suffered these things? The answer comes from every page of history, that it is followers of Christ, who have clung to Him through the fires of persecution and the floods of misfortune.

They were believers in the Bible who went to the stake; else, why were Bibles burned with them in the flames? Men do not go to the rack, the stake, or the guillotine, rather than renounce their faith, when they have no faith to renounce.

Men and women do not choose to be placed in red-hot iron chairs rather than to deny a Lord on whom they have never believed.

Men do not submit to have their tongues cut out, to be thrown to wild beasts, or to perish in slow fires in preference to recanting from a position they have never assumed.

Cellsus was not crucified; Parphry was not banished; Julian did not suffer, save at the hands of his own conscience; Voltaire was not thrown into a caldron of boiling oil; Paine was not burned at the stake, and modern skeptics are not placed in the stocks or whipped in the streets.

It was men, women, yes, and children, who clung to the written word when fire and flame and irons and lash were the rewards ot their fidelity. They have been driven to mountains and caverns, to wander in sheepskins and goatskins—they of whom the world was not worthy.—Mrs. H. V. Reed.

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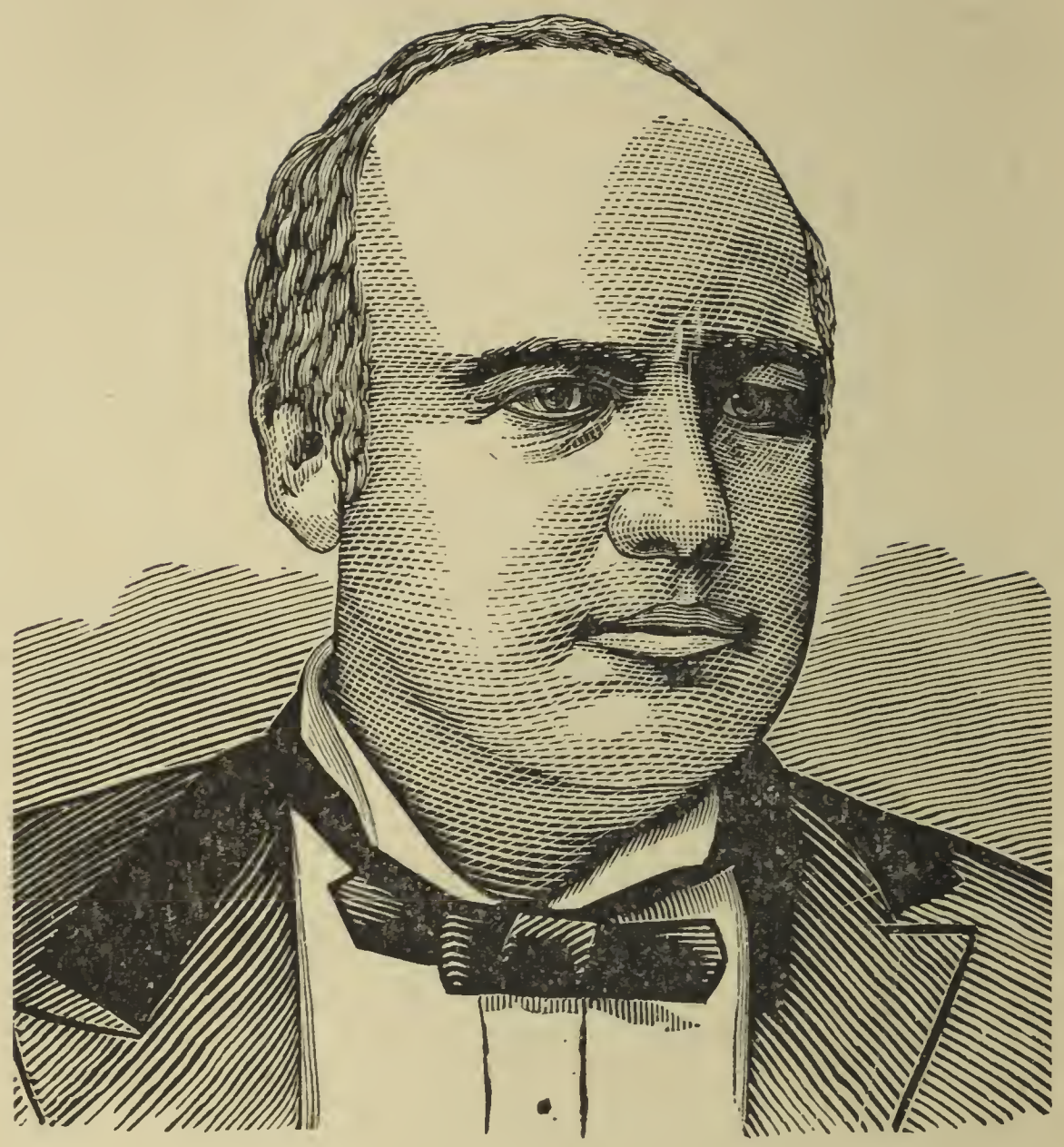

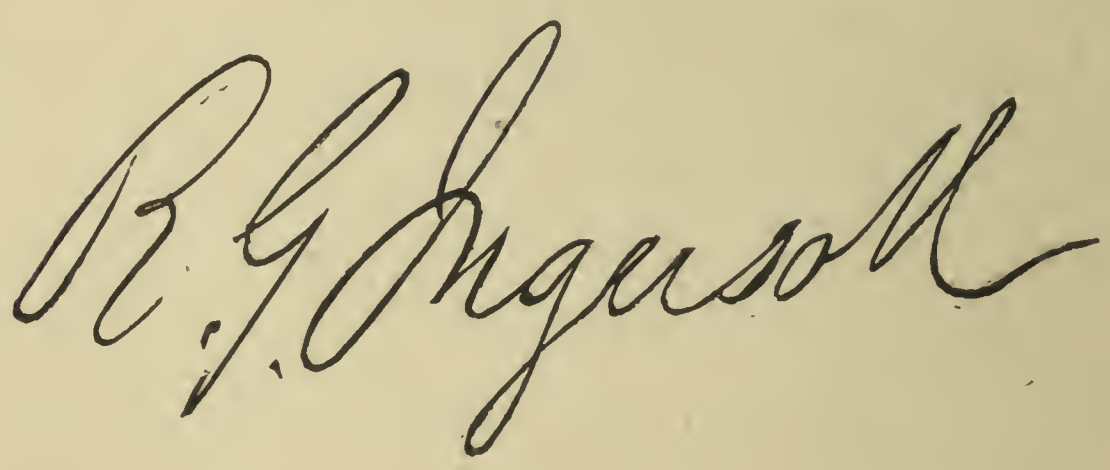

COL. ROBERT G. INGERSOLL.

INGERSOLL'S LECTURE

— ON —

"THE MISTAKES OF MOSES."

Now and then some one asks me why I am endeavoring to interfere with the religious faith of others, and why I try to take from the world the consolation naturally arising from a belief in eternal fire. And I answer, I want to do what little I can to make my country truly free. I want to broaden the intellectual horizon of our people. I want it so that we can differ upon all those questions, and yet grasp each other's hands in genuine friendship. I want in the first place to free the clergy. I am a great friend of theirs, but they don't seem to have found it out generally. I want it so that every minister will be not a parrot, not an owl sitting upon the limb of the tree of knowledge and hooting the hoots that have been hooted for eighteen hundred years. But I want it so that each one can be an investigator, a thinker; and I want to make his congregation grand enough so that they will not only allow him to think, but will demand that he shall think, and give to them the honest truth of his thought. As it is now, ministers are employed like attorneys—for the plaintiff or the defendant. If a few people know of a young man in the neighborhood maybe who has not a good constitution—he may not be healthy

enough to be wicked—a young man who has shown no decided talent—it occurs to them to make him a minister. They contribute and send him to some school. If it turns out that that young man has more of the man in him than they thought, and he changes his opinion, every one who contributed will feel himself individually swindled—and they will follow that young man to the grave with the poisoned shafts of malice and slander. I want it so that every one will be free—so that a pulpit will not be a pillory. They have in Massachusetts, at a place called Andover, a kind of minister-factory; and every professor in that factory takes an oath once in every five years—that is as long as an oath will last—that not only has he not during the last five years, but so help him God, he will not during the next five years intellectually advance; and probably there is no oath he could easier keep. Since the foundation of that institution there has not been one case of perjury. They believe the same creed they first taught when the foundation stone was laid, and now when they send out a minister they brand him as hardware from Sheffield and Birmingham. And every man who knows where he was educated knows his creed, knows every argument of his creed, every book that he reads, and just what he amounts to intellectually, and knows he will shrink and shrivel, and become solemnly stupid day after day until he meets with death. It is all wrong; it is cruel. Those men should be allowed to grow. They should have the air of liberty and the sunshine of thought.

I want to free the schools of our country. I want it so that when a professor in a college finds some fact inconsistent with Moses, he will not hide the fact. I wish

to see an eternal divorce and separation between church and schools. The common school is the bread of life; but there should be nothing taught except what somebody knows; and anything else should not be maintained by a system of general taxation. I want its professors so that they will tell everything they find; that they will be free to investigate in every direction, and will not be trammeled by the superstitions of our day. What has religion to do with facts? Nothing. Is there any such thing as Methodist mathematics, Presbyterian botany, Catholic astronomy or Baptist biology? What has any form of superstition or religion to do with a fact or with any science? Nothing but to hinder, delay or embarrass. I want, then, to free the schools; and I want to free the politicians, so that a man will not have to pretend he is a Methodist, or his wife a Baptist, or his grandmother a Catholic; so that he can go through a campaign, and when he gets through will find none of the dust of hypocrisy on his knees.

I want the people splendid enough that when they desire men to make laws for them, they will take one who knows something, who has brains enough to prophesy the destiny of the American Republic, no matter what his opinions may be upon any religious subject. Suppose we are in a storm out at sea, and the billows are washing over our ship, and it is necessary that some one should reef the topsail, and a man presents himself. Would you stop him at the foot of the mast to find out his opinion on the five points of Calvinism? What has that to do with it? Congress has nothing to do with baptism or any particular creed, and from what little experience I have had in Washington, very little to do with

any kind of religion whatever. Now I hope, this afternoon, this magnificent and splendid audience will forget that they are Baptists or Methodists, and remember that they are men and women. These are the highest titles humanity can bear—and every title you add, belittles them. Man is the highest; woman is the highest. Let us remember that our views depend largely upon the country in which we happen to live. Suppose we were born in Turkey most of us would have been Mohammedians; and when we read in the book that when Mohammed visited heaven he became acquainted with an angel named Gabriel, who was so broad between his eyes that it would take a smart camel three hundred days to make the journey, we probably would have believed it. If we did not, people would say: "That young man is dangerous; he is trying to tear down the fabric of our religion. What do you propose to give us instead of that angel? We cannot afford to trade off an angel of that size for nothing." Or if we had been born in India, we would have believed in a god with three heads. Now we believe in three gods with one head. And so we might make a tour of the world and see that every superstition that could be imagined by the brain of man has been in some place held to be sacred.

Now some one says, "The religion of my father and mother is good enough for me." Suppose we all said that, where would be the progress of the world? We would have the rudest and most barbaric religion—religion which no one could belleve. I do not believe that it is showing real respect to our parents to believe something simply because they did. Every good father and every good mother wish their children to find out more

than they knew; every good father wants his son to overcome some obstacle that he could not grapple with; and if you wish to reflect credit on your father and mother, do it by accomplishlng more than they did, because you live in a better time. Every nation has had what you call a sacred record, and the older the more sacred, the more contradictory and the more inspired is the record. We, of course, are not an exception, and I propose to talk a little about what is called the Pentateuch, a book, or a collection of books, said to have been written by Moses. And right here in the commencement let me say that Moses never wrote one word of the pentateuch—not one word was written until he had been dust and ashes for hundreds of years. But as the general opinion is that Moses wrote these books, I have entitled this lecture the "The Mistakes of Moses." For the sake of this lecture, we will admit that he wrote it. Nearly every maker of religion has commenced by making the world; and it is one of the safest things to do, because no one can contradict as having been present, and it gives free scope to the imagination. These books, in times when there was a vast difference between the educated and the ignorant, became inspired and people bowed down and worshipped them.

I saw a little while ago a Bible with immense oaken covers, with hasps and clasps large enough almost for a penitentiary, and I can imagine how that book would be regarded by barbarians in Europe when not more than one person in a dozen could read and write. In imagination I saw it carried into the cathedral, heard the chant of the priest, saw the swinging of the censer; and the smoke rising; and when that Bible was put on

the altar I can imagine the barbarians looking at it and wondering what influence that book could have on their lives and future. I do not wonder that they imagined it was inspired. None of them could write a book, and consequently when they saw it they adored it; they were stricken with awe; and rascals took advantage of that awe.

Now they say that the book is inspired. I do not care whether it is or not; the question is: Is it true? If it is true it don't need to be inspired. Nothing needs inspiration except a falsehood or a mistake. A fact never went into partnership with a miracle. Truth scorns the assistance of wonders. A fact will fit every other fact in the universe, and that is how you can tell whether it is or is not a fact. A lie will not fit anything except a lie made for the express purpose; and, finally, some one gets tired of lying, and the last lie will not fit the next fact, and then there is a chance for inspiration. Right then and there a miracle is needed. The real question is: In the light of science, in the light of the brain and heart of the nineteenth century, is this book true? The gentleman who wrote it begins by telling us that God made the universe out of nothing. That I cannot conceive; it may be so, but I cannot conceive it. Nothing in the light of raw material, is, to my mind, a decided and disastrous failure. I cannot imagine of nothing being made into something, any more than I can of something being changed back into nothing. I cannot conceive of force aside from matter, because force to be force must be active, and unless there is matter there is nothing for force to act upon, and consequently it cannot be active. So I simply say I cannot comprehend it. I

cannot believe it. I may roast for this, but it is my honest opinion. The next thing he proceeds to tell us is that God divided the darkness from the light; and right here let me say when I speak about God I simply mean the being described by the Jews. There may be in immensity a being beneath whose wing the universe exists, whose every thought is a glittering star, but I know nothing about Him,—not the slightest,—and this afternoon I am simply talking about the being described by the Jewish people. When I say God, I mean Him. Moses describes God dividing the light from the darkness. I suppose that at that time they must have been mixed. You can readily see how light and darkness can get mixed. They must have been entities. The reason I think so is because in that same book I find that darkness overspread Egypt so thick that it could be felt, and they used to have on exhibition in Rome a bottle of the darkness that once overspread Egypt. The gentleman who wrote this in imagination saw God dividing light from the darkness. I am sure the man who wrote it, believed darkness to be an entity, a something, a tangible thing that can be mixed with light.

The next thing that he informs us is that God divided the waters above the firmament from those below the firmament. The man who wrote that believed the firmament to be a solid affair. And that is what the gods did. You recollect the gods came down and made love to the daughters of men—and I never blamed them for it. I have never read a description of any heaven I would not leave on the same errand. That is where the gods lived. There is where they kept the water. It was solid. That is the reason the people prayed for

rain. They believed that an angel could take a lever, raise a window and let out the desired quantity. I find in the Psalms that "He bowed the heavens and came down;" and we read that the children of men built a tower to reach the heavens and climb into the abode of the gods. The man who wrote that believed the firmament to be solid. He knew nothing about the laws of evaporation. He did not know that the sun wooed with amorous kiss the waves of the sea, and that, disappointed, their vaporous sighs changed to tears and fell again as rain. The next thing he tells us is that the grass began to grow; and the branches of the trees laughed into blossom, and the grass ran up the shoulder of the hills, and yet not a solitary ray of light had left the eternal quiver of the sun. Not a blade of grass had ever been touched by a gleam of light. And I do not think that grass will grow to hurt without a gleam of sunshine. I think the man who wrote that simply made a mistake, and is excusable to a certain degree. The next day he made the sun and moon—the sun to rule the day and the moon to rule the night. Do you think the man who wrote that knew anything about the size of the sun? I think he thought it was about three feet in diameter, because I find in some book that the sun was stopped a whole day, to give a general named Joshua time to kill a few more Amalekites; and the moon was stopped also. Now it seems to me that the sun would give light enough without stopping the moon; but as they were in the stopping business they did it just for devilment. At another time, we read, tbe sun was turned ten degrees backward to convince Hezekiah that he was not going to die of a boil. How much easier it would have been to cure the

boil. The man who wrote that thought the sun was two or three feet in diameter, and could be stopped and pulled around like the sun and moon in a theatre. Do you know that the sun throws out every second of time as much heat as could be generated by burning eleven thousand millions tons of coal? I don't believe he knew that, or that he knew the motion of the earth. I don't believe he knew that it was turning on its axis at the rate of a thousand miles an hour, because if he did, he would have understood the immensity of heat that would have been generated by stopping the world. It has been calculated by one of the best mathematicians and astronomers that to stop the world would cause as much heat as it would take to burn a lump of solid coal three times as big as the globe. And yet we find in that book that the sun was not only stopped, but turned back ten degrees, simply to convince a gentleman that he was not going to die of a boil. They will say I will be damned if I do not believe that, and I tell them I will if I do.

Then he gives us the history of astronomy, and he gives it to us in five words: "He made the stars also." He came very near forgetting the stars. Do you believe that the man who wrote that knew that there are stars as much larger than this earth as this earth is larger than the apple which Adam and Eve are said to have eaten. Do you believe that he knew that this world is bnt a speck in the shining, glittering universe of existence? I would gather from that that he made the stars after he got the world done. The telescope, in reading the infinite leaves of the heavens, has ascertained that light travels at the rate of 192,000 miles per second, and it would require millions of years to come from some of

the stars to this earth. Yet the beams of those stars mingle in our atmosphere, so that if those distant orbs where fashioned when this world began, we must have been whirling in space not six thousand, but many millions of years. Do you believe the man who wrote that as a history of astronomy really knew that this world was but a speck compared with millions of sparkling orbs? I do not. He then proceeds to tell us that God made fish and cattle, and that man and woman were created male and female. The first account stops at the second verse of the second chapter. You see, the Bible originally was not divided into chapters; the first Bible that was ever divided into chapters in our language was made in the year of grace 1550. The Bible was originally written in the Hebrew language, and the Hebrew language at that time had no vowels in writing. It was written with consonants, and without being divided into chapters or into verses, and there was no system of punctuation whatever. After you go home to-night write an English sentence or two with only consonants close together, and you will find that it will take twice as much inspiration to read it as it did to write it. When the Bible was divided into verses and chapters, the divisions were not always correct, and so the division between the first and second chapter of Genesis is not in the right place. The second account of the creation commences at the third verse and it differs from the first in two essential points. In the first account man is the last made; in the second man is made before the beasts. In the first account, man is made male and female"; in the second only a male is made, and there is no intention of making a woman whatever.

You will find by reading that second chapter that God tried to palm off on Adam a beast as his helpmeet. Everybody talks about the Bible and nobody reads it; that is the reason it is so generally believed. I am probably the only man in the United States who has read the Bible through this year. I have wasted that time, but I had a purpose in view. Just read it, and you will find, about the twenty-third verse, that God caused all the animals to walk before Adam in order that he might name them. And the animals came like a menagerie into town, and as Adam looked at all the crawlers, jumpers and creepers, this God stood by to see what he would call them. After this procession passed, it was pathetically remarked, "Yet was there not found any helpmeet for Adam." Adam didn't see anything that he could fancy. And I am glad he didn't. If he had, there would not have been a free-thinker in this world; we should have all died orthodox. And finding Adam was so particular, God had to make him a helpmeet, and having used up the nothing, he was compelled to take part of the man to make the woman with, and he took from the man a rib. How did he get it? And then imagine a God with a bone in his hand, and about to start a woman, trying to make up his mind whether to make a blonde or a brunette.

Right here it is only proper that I should warn you of the consequences of laughing at any story in the Bible. When you come to die, your laughing at this story will be a thorn in your pillow. As you look back upon the record of your life, no matter how many men you have wrecked and ruined, and no matter how many women you have deceived and deserted—all that may be for-

given you; but if you recollect that you have laughed at God's book you will see through the shadows of death, the leering looks of fiends and the forked tongues of devils. Let me show you how it will be. For instance it is the day of judgment. When the man is called up by the recording secretary, or whoever does the cross-examining, he says to his soul: "Where are you from?" "I am from the world." "Yes sir. What kind of a man were you?" "Well, I don't like to talk about myself." "But you have to. What kind of a man were you?" Well, I was a good fellow; I loved my wife, I loved my children. My home was my heaven; my fireside was my paradise, and to sit there and see the lights and shadows falling on the faces of those I love, that to me was a perpetual joy. I never gave one of them a solitary moment of pain. I don't owe a dollar in the world and I left enough to pay my funeral expenses and keep the wolf of want from the door of the house I loved. That is the kind of a man I am." "Did you belong to any church?" I did not. They were too narrow for me. They were always expecting to be happy simply because somebody else was to be damned." "Well, did you believe that rib story?" "What rib story? Do you mean that Adam and Eve business? No, I did not. To tell you the God's truth, that was a little more than I could swallow." "To hell with him. Next. Where are you from?" "I'm from the world, too." "Do you belong to any church?" "Yes, sir, and to the Young Men's Christian Association." "What is your business?" "Cashier in a bank." "Did you ever run off with any money?" "I don't like to tell, sir." "Well, you have to." "Yes, sir; I did." "What

kind of a bank did you have?" "A savings bank." "How much did you run off with?" "One hundred thousand dollars." "Did you take anything else along with you?" "Yes sir." "What?" "I took my neighbor's wife." "Did you have a wife and children of your own?" "Yes, sir." "And you deserted them?" "Oh, yes; but such was my confidence in God that I believed he would take care of them." "Have you heard of them since?" "No, sir." "Did you believe that rib story?" "Ah, bless your soul, yes! I believe all of it, sir; I often used to be sorry that there were not harder stories yet in the Bible, so that I could show what my faith could do." "You believed it, did you?" "Yes, with all my heart." "Give him a harp."

I simply wanted to show you how important it is to believe these stories. Of all the authors in the world God hates a critic the worst. Having got this woman done he brought her to the man, and they started housekeeping, and a few minutes afterward a snake came through a crack in the fence and commenced to talk with her on the subject of fruit. She was not acquainted in the neighborhood, and she did not know whether snakes talked or not, or whether they knew anything about the apples or not. Well, she was misled, and the husband ate some of those apples and laid it all on his wife; and there is where the mistake was made. God ought to have rubbed him out at once. He might have known that no good could come of starting the world with a man like that. They were turned out. Then the trouble commenced, and people got worse and worse. God, you must recollect, was holding the reins of gov-

ernment, but He did nothing for them. He allowed them to live six hundred and sixty-nine years without knowing their A. B. C. He never started a school, not even a Sunday school. He didn't even keep His own boys at home. And the world got worse every day, and finally he concluded to drown them. Yet that same God has the impudence to tell me how to raise my own children. What would you think of a neighbor, who had just killed his babes giving you his views on domestic economy? God found that he could do nothing with them and He said: "I will drown them all except a few." And he picked out a fellow by the name of Noah, that had been a bachelor for five hundred years. If I had to drown anybody, I would have drowned him. I believe that Noah had then been married something like one hundred years. God told him to build a boat, and he built one five hundred feet long, eighty or ninety feet broad and fifty-five feet high, with one door shutting on the outside, and one window twenty-two inches square. If Noah had any hobby in the world it was ventilation. Then into this ark he put a certain number of all the animals in the world. Naturalists have ascertained that at that time there were at least eleven hundred thousand insects necessary to go into the ark, about forty thousand mammalia, sixteen hundred reptiles, to say nothing of the mastodon, the elephant and the animalculæ, of which thousands live upon a single leaf and which cannot be seen by the naked eye. Noah had no microscope, and yet he had to pick them out by pairs. You have no idea the trouble that man had. Some say that the flood was not universal, that it was partial. Why then did God say:

"I will destroy every living thing beneath the heavens." If it was partial why did Noah save the birds? An ordinary bird, tending strictly to business, can beat a partial flood. Why did he put the birds in there—the eagles, the vultures, the condors—if it was only a partial flood? And how did he get them in there? Were they inspired to go there, or did he drive them up? Did the polar bear leave his home of ice and start for the tropic inquiring for Noah; or could the kangaroo come from Australia unless he was inspired; or somebody was behind him? Then there are animals on this hemisphere not on that. How did he get them across? And there are some animals which would be very unpleasant in an ark unless the ventilation was very perfect.

When he got the animals in the ark, God shut the door and Noah pulled down the window. And then it began to rain, and it kept on raining until the water went twenty nine feet over the highest mountain. Chimborazo, then as now, lifted its head above the clouds, and then as now, there sat the condor. And yet the waters rose and rose over every mountain in the world —twenty-nine feet above the highest peaks, covered with snow and ice. How deep were these waters? About five and a half miles. How long did it rain? Forty days. How much did it have to rain a day? About eight hundred feet. How is that for dampness? No wonder they said the windows of the heavens were open. If I had been there I would have said the whole side of the house was out. How long were they in this ark? A year and ten days, floating around with no rudder, no sail, nobody on the outside at all. The window was shut, and there was no door, except the one that shut on the outside.

Who ran this ark—who took care of it? Finally it came down on Mount Ararat, a peak seventeen thousand feet above the level of the sea, with about three thousand feet of snow, and it stopped there simply to give the animals from the tropics a chance. Then Noah opened the window and got a breath of fresh air, and let out all the animals; and then Noah took a drink, and God made a bargain with him that He would not drown us any more, and He put a rainbow in the clouds and said: "When I see that I will recollect that I have promised not to drown you." Because if it was not for that He is apt to drown us at any moment. Now can anybody believe that that is the origin of the rainbow? Are you not all familiar with the natural causes which bring those beautiful arches before our eyes? Then the people started out again, and they were as bad as before. Here let me ask why God did not make Noah in the first place? He knew He would have to drown Adam and Eve and all his family. Then another thing, why did He want to drown the animals? What had they done? What crime had they committed? It is very hard to answer these questions—that is, for a man who has only been born once. After a while they tried to build a tower to get into heaven, and the gods heard about it and said: "Let's go down and see what man is up to." They came, and found things a great deal worse than they thought, and thereupon He confounded the language to prevent them succeeding, so that the fellow up above could not shout down "mortar" or "brick" to the one below, and they had to give it up. Is it possible that any one believes that that is the reason why we have the variety of languages in the world? Do you know that

language is born of human experience, and is a physical science? Do you know that every word has been suggested in some way by the feelings or observations of man—that there are words as tender as the dawn, as serene as the stars, and others as wild as the beasts? Do you know that language is dying and being born continually—that every language has its cemetery and its cradle, its bud and blossom, and withered leaf? Man has loved, enjoyed and suffered, and language is simply the expression he gives those experiences.

Then the world began to divide, and the Jewish nation was started. Now I want to say that at one time your ancestors, like mine, were barbarians. If the Jewish people had to write these books now they would be civilized books, and I do not hold them responsible for what their ancestors did. We find the Jewish people first in Canaan, and there were seventy of them, counting Joseph and his children already in Egypt. They lived two hundred and fifteen years, and they then went down into Egypt and stayed there two hundred and fifteen years; they were four hundred and thirty years in Canaan and Egypt. How many did they have when they went to Egypt? Seventy. How many were they at the end of two hundred and fifteen years? Three millions. That is a good many. We had at the time of the Revolution in this country three millions of people. Since that time there have been four doubles, until we have forty-eight millions to-day. How many would the Jews number at the same ratio in to hundred and fifteen years? Call it eight doubles and we have forty thousand. But instead of forty thousand they had three millions. How do I know they had three millions? Because they had six

hundred thousand men of war. For every honest voter in the State of Illinois there will be five other people, and there are always more voters than men of war. They must have had at the lowest possible estimate three millions of people. Is that true? Is there a minister in the city of Chicago that will testify to his own idiocy by claiming that they could have increased to three mlllions by that time? If there is, let Him say so. Do not let him talk about the civilizing influence of a lie.

When they got into the desert they took a census to see how many first-born children there were. They found they had twenty-thousand two hundred and seventy-three first-born males. It is reasonable to suppose there was about the same number of first-born girls, or forty-five thousand first-born children, There must have been about as many mothers as first-born children. Dividing three millions by fort-five thousand mothers, and you will find that the women in Israel had to have on the average sixty-eight children apiece. Some stories are too thin. This is too thick. Now, we know that among three million people there will be about three hundred births a day; and according to the Old Testament, whenever a child was born the mother had to make a sacrifice—a sin-offering for the crime of having been a mother. If there is in this universe anything that is infinitely pure, it is a mother with her child in her arms. Every woman had to have a sacrifice of a couple of pigeons, and the priests had to eat those pigeons in the most holy place. At that time there were at least three hundred births a day, and the priests had to cook and eat these pigeons in the most holy place; and at that time there were only three priests. Two hundred birds apiece

per day! I look upon them as the champion bird-eaters of the world.

Then where were these Jews? They were upon the desert of Sinai; and Sahara compared to that is a garden. Imagine an ocean of lava, torn by storm and vexed by tempest, suddenly gazed at by a Gorgon and changed to stone. Such was the desert of Sinai. The whole supplies of the world could not maintain three millions of people on the desert of Sinai for forty years. It would cost one hundred thousand millions of dollars, and would bankrupt Christendom. And yet there they were with flocks and herds—so many that they sacrificed over one hundred and fifty thousand first-born lambs at one time. It would require millions of acres to support these flocks, and yet there was no blade of grass, and there is no account of it raining baled hay. They sacrificed one hundred and fifty thousand lambs, and the blood had all to be sprinkled on the altar within two hours, and there were only three priests. They would have to sprinkle the blood of twelve hundred and fifty lambs per minute. Then all the people gathered in front of the tabernacle eighteen feet deep. Three millions of people would make a column six miles long. Some reverend gentlemen say they were ninety feet deep. Well, that would make a column of over a mile.

Where were these people going? They were going to the Holy Land. How large was it? Twelve thousand square miles—one-fifth the size of Illinois—a frightful country, covered with rocks and desolation. There never was a land agent in the city of Chicago that would not have blushed with shame to have described that land as flowing with milk and honey. Do you believe that God

Almighty ever went into partnership with hornets? Is it necessary unto salvation? God said to the Jews: "I will send hornets before you, to drive out the Canaanites." How would a hornet know a Canaanite? Is it possible that God inspired the hornets—that he granted letters of marque and reprisal to hornets? I am willing to admit that nothing in the world would be better calculated to make a man leave his native country than a few hornets attending striktly to business. God said "Kill the Canaanites slowly." Why? "Lest the beasts of the field increase upon you." How many Jews were there? Three millions. Going to a country, how large? Twelve thousand square miles. But were there nations already in this Holy Land? Yes, there were seven nations "mightier than the Jews." Say there would be twenty-one millions when they got there, or twenty-four millions with themselves. Yet they were told to kill them slowly, lest the beasts of the field increase upon them. Is there a man in Chicago that believes that! Then what does he teach it to little children for? Let him tell the truth.

So the same God went into partnership with snakes. The children of Israel lived on manna—one account says all the time, and another only a little while. That is the reason there is a chance for commentaries, and you can exercise faith. If the book was reasonable everybody could get to heaven in a moment. But whenever it looks as if it could not be that way and you believe, you are almost a saint, and when you know it is not that way and believe, you are a saint. He fed them on manna. Now manna is very peculiar stuff. It would melt in the sun, and yet they used to cook it by seeth-

ing and baking. I would as soon think of frying snow and boiling icicles. But this manna had other peculiar qualities. It shrank to an omer, no matter how much they gathered, and swelled up to an omer, no matter how little they gathered. What a magnificent thing manna would be for the currency, shrinking and swelling according to the volume of business! There was not a change in the bill of fare for forty years, and they knew that God could just as well give them three square meals a day. They remembered about the cucumbers, and the melons, and the leeks and the onions of Egypt, and they said: "Our souls abhoreth this light bread." Then this God got mad—you know cooks are always touchy—and thereupon He sent snakes to bite the men, women and children. He also sent them quails in wrath and anger, and while they had the flesh between their teeth, he struck thousands of them dead. He always acted in that way, all of a sudden. People had no chance to explain—no chance to move for a new trial—nothing. I want to know if it is reasonable He should kill people for asking for one change of diet in forty years. Suppose you had been boarding with an old lady for forty years, and she never had a solitary thing on her table but hash, and one morning you said: "My soul abhoreth hash." What would you say if she let a basketful of rattlesnakes upon you? Now is it possible for people to believe this? The Bible says their clothes did not wax old, they did not get shiny at the knees or elbows; and their shoes did not wear out. They grew right along with them. The little boy starting out with his first pants grew up and his pants grew with him. Some commentators have insisted that angels attended to their wardrobes. I never

could believe it. Just think of one angel hunting another and saying: "There goes another button." I cannot believe it.

There must be a mistake somewhere or somehow. Do you believe the real God—if there is one—ever killed a man for making hair-oil? And yet you find in the Pentateuch that God gave Moses a recipe for making hair-oil to grease Aaron's beard; and said if anybody made the same hair-oil he should be killed. And He gave him a formula for making ointment, and He said if anybody made ointment like that he should be killed. I think that is carrying patent-laws to excess. There must be some mistake about it. I cannot imagine the infinite Creator of all the shining worlds giving a recipe for hair-oil. Do you believe that the real God came down to Mount Sinai with a lot of patterns for making a tabernacle—patterns for tongs, for snuffers, and such things? Do you believe that God came down on that mountain and told Moses how to cut a coat, and how it should be trimmed? What would an infinite God care on which side he cut the breast, what color the fringe was, or how the buttons were placed? Do you believe God told Moses to make curtains of fine linen? Where did they get their flax in the desert? How did they weave it? Did He tell him to make things of gold, silver and precious stones, when they hadn't them? Is it possible that God told them not to eat any fruit until after the fourth year of planting the trees? You see all these things were written hundreds of years afterwards, and the priests, in order to collect the tithes, dated the laws back. They did not say, "This is our law," but "Thus said God to Moses in the wilderness." Now, can you

believe that? Imagine a scene: The eternal God tells Moses: "Here is the way I want you to consecrate my priests. Catch a sheep and cut his throat." I never could understand why God wanted a sheep killed just because a man had done a mean trick; perhaps it was because his priests were fond of mutton. He tells Moses further to take some of the blood and put it on his right thumb, a little on his right ear, and a little on his right big toe? Do you believe God ever gave such instructions for the consecration of His priests? If you should see the South Sea Islanders going through such a performance you could not keep your face straight. And will you tell me that it had to be done in order to consecrate a man to the service of the infinite God? Supposing the blood got on the left toe?

Then we find in this book how God went to work to make the Egyptians let the Israelites go. Suppose we wish to make a treaty with the mikado of Japan, and Mr. Hayes sent a commissioner there; and suppose he should employ Hermann, the wonderful German, to go along with him; and when they came in the presence of the mikado Herman threw down an umbrella, which changed into a turtle, and the commissioner said: "This is my certificate." You would say the country is disgraced. You would say the president of a republic like this disgraces himself with jugglery. Yet we are told God sent Moses and Aaron before Pharaoh, and when they got there Moses threw down a stick which turned into a snake. That God is a juggler—he is the infinite prestidigitator. Is that possible? Was that really a snake, or was it the appearance of a snake? If it was the appearance of a snake, it was a fraud. Then the

necromancers of Egypt were sent for, and they threw down sticks, which turned into snakes, but those were not so large as Moses' snakes, which swallowed them. I maintain that it is just as hard to make small snakes as it is to make large ones; the only difference is that to make large snakes either larger sticks or more practice is required.

Do you believe that God rained hail on innoceut cattle, killing them in the highways and in the field? Why should he inflict punishment on cattle for something their owners had done? I could never have any respect for a God that would so inflict pain upon a brute beast simply on account of the crime of its owner. Is it possible that God worked miracles to convince Pharaoh that slavery was wrong? Why did he not tell Pharaoh that any nation founded on slavery could not stand? Why did he not tell him, "Your government is founded on slavery, and it will go down, and the sands of the desert will hide from the view of man your temples, your altars, and your fanes?" Why did he not speak about the infamy of slavery? Because he believed in the infamy of slavery himself. Can we believe that God will allow a man to give his wife the right of divorcement and make the mother of his children a wanderer and a vagrant. There is not one word about woman in the Old Testament except the word of shame and humiliation. The God of the Bible does not think woman is as good as man. She never was worth mentioning. It did not take the pains to recount the death of the mother of us all. I have no respect for any book that does not treat woman as the equal of man. And if there is any God in this universe who thinks more of me than he

thinks of my wife, he is not well acquainted with both of us. And yet they say that that was done on account of the hardness of their hearts; and that was done in a community where the law was so fierce that it stoned a man to death for picking up sticks on Sunday. Would it not have been better to stone to death every man who abused his wife and allowed them to pick up sticks on account of the hardness of their hearts? If God wanted to take those Jews from Egypt to the land of Canaan, why didn't He do it instantly? If He was going to do a miracle why didn't He do one worth taking about?

After God had killed all the first-born in Egypt, after He had killed all the cattle, still Egypt could raise an army that could put to flight six hundred thousand men. And because this God overwhelmed the Egyptian army, he bragged about it for a thousand years, repeatedly calling the attention of the Jews to the fact that he overthrew Pharaoh and his hosts. Did he help much with their six hundred thousand men? We find by the records of the day that the Egyptian standing army at that time was never more than one hundred thousand men. Must we believe all these stories in order to get to Heaven when we die? Must we judge of a man's character by the number of stories he believes? Are we to get to Heaven by creed or by deed? That is the question. Shall we reason, or shall we simply believe? Ah, but they say the Bible is not inspired about those little things. The Bible says the rabbit and the hare chew the cud. But they do not. They have a tremulous motion of the lip. But the Being that made them says they chew the cud. The Bible, therefore, is not inspired in natural history. Is it inspired in its astrology? No.

Well, what is it inspired in? In its law? Thousands of people say that if it had not been for the ten commandments we would not have known any better than to rob and steal. Suppose a man planted an acre of potatoes, hoed them all summer, and dug them in the fall; and suppose a man had sat upon the fence all the time and watched him? do you believe it would be necessary for that man to read the ten commandments to find out who, in his judgment had a right to take those potatoes? All laws against larceny have been made by industry to protect the fruits of its labor. Why is there a law against murder? Simply because a large majority of people object to being murdered. That is all. And all these laws were in force thousands of years before that time.

One of the commandments said they should not make any graven images, and that was the death of art in Palestine. No sculptor has ever enriched stone with the divine forms of beauty in that country; and any commandment that is the death of art is not a good commandment. But they say the Bible is morally inspired; and they tell me there is no civilization without this Bible. Then God knows that just as well as you do. God always knew it, and if you can't civilize a nation without a Bible, why didn't God give every nation just one Bible to start with? Why did God allow hundreds of thousands and billions of billions to go down to hell just for the lack of a Bible? They say that it is morally inspired. Well, let us examine it. I want to be fair about this thing, because I am willing to stake my salvation or damnation upon this question—whether the Bible is true or not. I say it is not; and upon that I am wil-

ling to wager my soul. Is there a woman here who believes in the institution of polygamy? Is there a man here who believes in that infamy? You say: "No, we do not." Then you are better than your God was four thousand years ago. Four thousand years ago he believed in it, taught it and upheld it. I pronounce it and denounce it the infamy of infamies. It robs our language of every sweet and tender word in it. It takes the fireside away forever. It takes the meaning out of the words father, mother, sister, brother, and turns the temple of love into a vile den where crawl the slimy snakes of lust and hatred. I was in Utah a little while ago, and was on the mountain where God used to talk to Brigham Young. He never said anything to me. I said that it was just as reasonable that God in the nineteenth century should talk to a polygamist in Utah as it was that four thousand years ago, on Mount Sinai, he talked to Moses upon that hellish and damnable question.

I have no love for any God who believes in polygamy. There is no heaven on this earth save where the one woman loves the one man and the one man loves the one woman. I guess it is not inspired on the poligamy question. May be it is inspired about religious liberty. God says if anybody differs with you about religion, "kill him." He told His peculiar people, "If any one teaches a different religion, kill him!" He did not say, "Try and convince him that he is wrong," but "kill him!" He did not say, "I am in the miracle business, and I will convince him," but "kill him." He said to every husband, "If your wife, that you love as you love your own soul, says, 'let us go and worship other gods,' then

'thy hand shall be first upon her and she shall be stoned with stones until she dies.'" Well, now, I hate a God of that kind, and I cannot think of being nearer heaven than to be away from Him. A God tells a man to kill his wife simply because she differs with him on religion! If the real God were to tell me to kill my wife, I would not do it. If you had lived in Palestine at that time, and your wife—the mother of your children—had woke up at night and said: "I am tired of Jehovah. He is always turning up that board-bill. He is always telling about whipping the Egyptians. He is always killing somebody. I am tired of Him. Let us worship the sun. The sun has clothed the world in beauty; it has covered the earth with green and flowers; by its divine light I first saw your face; its light has enabled me to look into the eyes of my beautiful babe. Let us worship the sun, father and mother of light and love and joy." Then what would it be your duty to do—kill her? Do you believe any real God ever did that? Your hand should be first upon her, and when you took up some ragged rock and hurled it against the white bosom filled with love for you, and saw running away the red current of her sweet life, then you would look up to heaven and receive the congratulations of the infinite fiend whose commandments you had to obey. I guess the Bible was not inspired about religious liberty. Let me ask you right here: Suppose, as a matter of fact, God gave those laws to the Jews and told them "whenever a man preaches a different religion, kill him," and suppose that afterwards the same God took upon Himself flesh, and came to the world and taught and preached a different

religion, and the Jews crucified Him—did He not reap exactly what He sowed ?

May be this book is inspired about war. God told the Israelites to overrun that country, and kill every man, woman and child for defending their native land. Kill the old men ? Yes. Kill the women ? Certainly. And the little dimpled babes in the cradle, that smile and coo in the face of murder—dash out their brains ; that is the will of God. Will you tell me that any God ever commanded such infamy ? Kill the men and the women, and the young men and the babes ! "What shall we do with the maidens ?" Give them to the rabbel murderers !" Do you believe that God ever allowed the roses of love and the violets of modesty that shed their perfume in the heart of a maiden to be trampled beneath the brutal feet of lust ? If there is any God, I pray Him to write in the book of eternal remembrance opposite to my name, that I denied that lie.

Whenever a woman reads a Bible and comes to that passage, she ought to throw the book from her in contempt and scorn. Do you tell me that any decent god would do that ? What would the devil have done under the same circumstances ? Just think of it ; and yet that is the God that we want to get into the Constitution. That is the God we teach our children about so that they will be sweet and tender, amiable and kind ! That monster—that fiend—I guess the Bible is not inspired about religious liberty, nor about war.

Then, if it is not inspired about these things, may be it is inspired about slavery. God tells the Jews to buy up the children of the heathen round about and they should be servants for them. What is a "servant ?"

If they struck a "servant" and he died immediately, punishment was to follow; but if the injured man should linger a while, there was no punishment, because the servant represented their money! Do you believe that it is right—that God made one man to work for another and to receive pay in rations? Do you believe God said that a whip on the naked back was the legal tender for labor performed? Is it possible that the real God ever gave such infamous, blood-thirsty laws? What more does He say? When the time of a married slave expired, he could not take his wife and children with him. Then if the slave did not wish to desert his family, he had his ears pierced with an awl, and became his master's property forever. Do you believe that God ever turned the dimpled cheeks of little children into iron chains to hold a man in slavery? Do you know that a God like that would not make a respectable devil? I want none of his mercy. I want no part and no lot in the heaven of such a God. I will go to perdition, where there is human sympathy. The only voice we have ever had from either of those other worlds came from hell. There was a rich man who prayed his brothers to attend to Lazarus so that they might "not come to this place." That is the only instance, so far as we know, of souls across the river having any sympathy. And I would rather be in hell, asking for water, than in heaven denying that petition. Well, what is this book inspired about? Where does the inspiration come from? Why was it that so many animals were killed? It was simply to make atonement for man—that is all. They killed something that had not committed a crime, in order that the one who had committed the crime might be acquitted. Based

upon that idea is the atonement of the Christian religion. That is the reason I attack this book—because it is the basis of another infamy, viz: that one man can be good for another, or that one man can sin for another. I deny it. You have got to be good for yourself; you have got to sin for yourself. The trouble about the atonement is, that it saves the wrong man. For instance, I kill some one. He is a good man. He loves his wife and children and tries to make them happy; but he is not a Christian, and he goes to hell. Just as soon as I am convicted and cannot get a pardon I get religion, and I go to heaven. The hand of mercy cannot reach down through the shadows of hell to my victim.

There is no atonement for the saint—only for the sinner and the criminal. The atonement saves the wrong man. I have said that I would never make a lecture at all without attacking this doctrine. I did not care what I started out on. I was always going to attack this doctrine. And in my conclusion I want to draw you a few pictures of the Christian heaven. But before I do that I want to say the rest I have to say about Moses. I want you to understand that the Bible was never printed until 1488. I want you to know that up to that time it was in manuscript, in possession of those who could change it if they wished; and they did change it, because no two ever agreed. Much of it was in the waste basket of credulity, in the open mouth of tradition, and in the dull ear of memory. I want you also to know that the Jews themselves never agreed as to what books were inspired, and that there were a lot of books written that were not incorporated in the Old Testament. I want you to know that two or three years before Christ,

the Hebrew manuscript was translated into Greek, and that the original from which the translation was made, has never been seen since. Some Latin Bibles were found in Africa but no two agreed; and then they translated the Septuagint into the languages of Europe, and no two agreed. Henry VIII. took a little time between murdering his wives to see that the Word of God was translated correctly. You must recollect that we are indebted to murderers for our Bibles and our creeds. Constantine, who helped on the good work in its early stage, murdered his wife and child, mingling their blood with the blood of the Saviour.

The Bible that Henry VIII. got up did not suit, and then his daughter, the murderess of Mary, Queen of Scotts, got up another edition, which also did not suit; and finally, that philosophical idiot, King James, prepared the edition which we now have. There are at least one hundred thousand errors in the Old Testament, but everybody sees that it is not enough to invalidate its claim to infallibility. But these errors are gradually being fixed, and hereafter the prophet will be fed by Arabs instead of "ravens." and Samson's three hundred foxes will be three hundred "sheaves" already bound, which were fired and thrown into the standing wheat. I want you all to know that there was no contemporaneous literature at the time the Bible was composed, and that the Jews were infinitely ignorant in their day and generation—that they were isolated by bigotry and wickedness from the rest of the world. I want you to know that there are fourteen hundred millions of people in the world; and that with all the talk and work of the societies, only one hundred and twenty millions have got

Bibles. I want you to understand that not one person in one hundred in this world ever read the Bible, and no two ever understood it alike who did read it, and that no one person probably ever understood it aright. I want you to understand that where this Bible has been, man has hated his brother—there have been dungeons, racks, thumbscrews, and the sword. I want you to know that the cross has been in partnership with the sword, and that the religion of Jesus Christ was established by murderers, tyrants and hypocrites. I want you to know that the church carried the black flag. Then talk about the civilizing influence of this religion!

Now, I want to give an idea or two in regard to the Christian's heaven. Of all the selfish things in this world, it is one man wanting to get to heaven, caring nothing what becomes of the rest of mankind. "If I can only get my little soul in." I have always noticed that the people who have the smallest souls make the most fuss about getting them saved. Here is what we are taught by the church to-day. We are taught by it that fathers and mothers, brothers and sisters can all be happy in heaven, no matter who may be in hell; that the husband can be happy there with the wife that would have died for him at any moment of his life, in hell. But they say, "We don't believe in fire. What we believe in now is remorse." What will you have remorse for? For the mean things you have done when you are in hell? Will you have any remorse for the mean things you have done when you are in heaven? Or will you be so good then that you won't care how you used to be? Don't you see what an infinitely mean belief that is? I tell you to-day that, no matter in what heaven you may

be, no matter in what star you are spending the summer, if you meet another man whom you have wronged you will drop a little behind in the tune. And, no matter in what part of hell you are, and you meet some one whom you have succored, whose nakedness you have clothed. and whose famine you have fed, the fire will cool up a little. According to this Christian doctrine, when you are in heaven you won't care how mean you were once. What must be the social condition of a gentleman in heaven who will admit that he never would have been there if he had not got scared? What must be the social position of an angel who will always admit that if another had not pitied him he ought to have been damned? Is it a compliment to an infinite God to say that every being He ever made deserved to be damned the minute He got him done, and that He will damn everybody He has not had a chance to make over. Is it possible that somebody else can be good for me, and that this doctrine of the atonement is the only anchor for the human soul?

For instance: here is a man seventy years of age, who has been a splendid fellow and lived according to the laws of nature, He has got about him splendid children. whom he has loved and cared for with all his heart. But he did not happen to believe in this Bible; he did not believe in the Pentateuch. He did not believe that because some children made fun of a gentleman who was short of hair, God sent two bears and tore the little darlings to pieces. He had a tender heart, and he thought about the mothers who would take the pieces, the bloody fragments of the children, and press them to their bosom in a frenzy of grief; he thought about their wails and

lamentations, and could not believe that God was such an infinite monster. That was all he thought, but he went to Hell. Then, there is another man who made a hell on earth for his wife, who had to be taken to the insane asylum, and his children were driven from home and were wanderers and vagrants in the world. But just between the last sin and the last breath, this fellow got religion, and he never did another thing except to take his medicine. He never did a solitary human being a favor, and he died and went to heaven. Don't you think he would be astonished to see that other man in hell, and say to himself, "Is it possible that such a splendid character should bear such fruit, and that all my rascality at last has brought me next to God?"

Or, let us put another case. You were once alone in the desert—no provisions, no water, no hope. Just when your life was at its lowest ebb a man appeared, gave you water and food and brought you safely out. How you would bless that man. Time rolls on. You die and go to heaven; and one day you see through the black night of hell, the friend who saved your life, begging for a drop of water to cool his parched lips. He cries to you, "Remember what I did in the desert—give me to drink." How mean, how contemptible you would feel to see his snffering and be unable to relieve him. But this is the Christian heaven. We sit by the fireside and see the flames and the sparks fly up the chimney—everybody happy, and the cold wind and sleet are beating on the window, and out on the doorstep is a mother with a child on her breast freezing. How happy it makes a fireside, that beautiful contrast. And we say, "God is good," and there we sit, and she sits and

moans, not one night but forever. Or we are sitting at the table with our wives and children, everybody eating, happy and delighted; and Famine comes and pushes out its shriveled palms, and, with hungry eyes, implores us for a crust. How that would increase the appetite! And yet that is the Christian heaven. Don't you see that these infamous doctrines petrify the human heart? And I would have everyone who hears me, swear that he will never contribute another dollar to build another church in which is taught such infamous lies. I want everyone of you to say, that you never will, directly or indirectly, give a dollar to any man to preach that falsehood. It has done harm enough. It has covered the world with blood. It has filled the asylums for the insane. It has cast a shadow in the heart, in the sunlight of every good and tender man and woman. I say let us rid the heavens of this monster, and write upon the dome "Liberty, love and law."

No matter what may come to me or what may come to you, let us do exactly what we believe to be right, and let us give the exact thought in our brains. Rather than have this Christianity true, I would rather all the gods would destroy themselves this morning. I would rather the whole universe would go to nothing, if such a thing were possible, this instant. Rather than have the glittering dome of pleasure reared on the eternal abyss of pain, I would see the utter and eternal destruction of this universe. I would rather see the shining fabric of our universe crumble to unmeaning chaos, and take itself where oblivion broods and memory forgets. I would rather the blind Samson of some imprisoned force, released by

thoughtless chance, should so rack and strain this world that man in stress and straint, in astonishment and fear, should suddenly fall back to savagery and barbarity. I would rather that this thrilled and thrilling globe, shorn of all life, should in its cycles rub the wheel, the parent star, on which the light should fall as fruitlessly as falls the gaze of love on death, than to have this infamous doctrine of eternal punishment true; rather than have this infamous selfishness of a heaven for a few and a hell for the many established as the word of God!

One world at a time is my doctrine. Let us make some one happy here. Happiness is the interest that a decent action draws, and the more decent actions you do, the larger your income will be. Let every man try to make his wife happy, his children happy. Let every man try to make every day a joy, and God cannot afford to damn such a man. I cannot help God; I cannot injure God. I can help people; I can injure people. Consequently humanity is the only real religion.

I cannot better close this lecture than by quoting four lines from Robert Burns:

"To make a happy fireside clime
To weans and wife—
That's the true pathos and sublime
Of human life."

———:o:———

INGERSOLL'S LECTURE

— ON —

"SKULLS,"

AND HIS

REPLIES TO PROF. SWING, DR. COLLYER, AND OTHER CRITICS.

REPRINTED FROM "THE CHICAGO TIMES."

LADIES AND GENTLEMEN:—Man advances just in the proportion that he mingles his thoughts with his labor—just in the proportion that he takes advantage of the forces of nature; just in proportion as he loses superstition and gains confidence in himself. Man advances as he ceases to fear the gods and learns to love his fellowmen. It is all, in my judgment, a question of intellectual development. Tell me the religion of any man and I will tell you the degree he marks on the intellectual thermometer of the world. It is a simple question of brain. Those among us who are the nearest barbarism have a barbarian religion. Those who are nearest civilization have the least superstition. It is, I say, a simple question of brain, and I want, in the first place, to lay the foundation to prove that assertion.

A little while ago I saw models of nearly everything that man has made. I saw models of all the water

craft, from the rude dug-out in which floated a naked savage—one of our ancestors—a naked savage, with teeth twice as long as his forehead was high, with a spoonful of brains in the back of his orthodox head—I saw models of all the water craft of the world, from that dug-out up to a man-of-war that carries a hundred guns and miles of canvas ; from that dug-out to the steamship that turns its brave prow from the port of New York with a compass like a conscience, crossing three thousand miles of billows without missing a throb or beat of its mighty iron heart from shore to shore. And I saw at the same time the paintings of the world, from the rude daub of yellow mud to the landscapes that enrich palaces and adorn houses of what were once called the common people. I saw also their sculpture, from the rude god with four legs, a half dozen arms, several noses, and two or three rows of ears, and one little, contemptible, brainless head, up to the figures of to-day,—to the marbles that genius has clad in such a personality that it seems almost impudent to touch them without an introduction. I saw their books—books written upon the skins of wild beasts—upon shoulder-blades of sheep—books written upon leaves, upon bark, up to the splendid volumes that enrich the libraries of our day. When I speak of libraries I think of the remark of Plato : "A house that has a library in it has a soul."

I saw at the same time the offensive weapons that man has made, from a club, such as was grasped by that same savage when he crawled from his den in the ground and hunted a snake for his dinner ; from that club to the boomerang, to the sword, to the cross-bow, to the blunderbuss, to the flint-lock, to the cap-

lock, to the needle-gun, up to a cannon cast by Krupp, capable of hurling a ball weighing two thousand pounds through eighteen inches of solid steel. I saw too, the armor from the shell of a turtle that one of our brave ancestors lashed upon his breast when he went to fight for his country, the skin of a porcupine, dried with the quills on, which this same savage pulled over his orthodox head, up to the shirts of mail that were worn in the middle ages, that laughed at the edge of the sword and defied the point of the spear; up to a monitor clad in complete steel. And I say orthodox not only in the matter of religion, but in everything. Whoever has quit growing, he is orthodox, whether in art, politics, religion, philosophy—no matter what. Whoever thinks he has found it all out he is orthodox. Orthodoxy is that which rots, and heresy is that which grows forever. Orthodoxy is the night of the past, full of the darkness of superstition, and heresy is the eternal coming day, the light of which strikes the grand foreheads of the intellectual pioneers of the world. I saw their implements of agriculture, from the plow made of a crooked stick, attached to the horn of an ox by some twisted straw, with which our ancestors scraped the earth, and from that to the agricultural implements of this generation, that make it possible for a man to cultivate the soil without being an ignoramus.

In the old time there was but one crop; and when the rain did not come in answer to the prayer of hypocrites a famine came and people fell upon their knees. At that time they were full of superstition. They were frightened all the time for fear that some god would be enraged at his poor, hapless, feeble and starving chil-

dren. But now, instead of depending upon one crop they have several, and if there is not rain enough for one there may be enough for another. And if the frosts kill all, we have railroads and steamships enough to bring what we need from some other part of the world. Since man has found out something about agriculture, the gods have retired from the business of producing famines.

I saw at the same time their musical instruments, from the tom-tom—that is, a hoop with a couple of strings of raw-hide drawn across it—from that tom-tom, up to the instruments we have to-day, that make the common air blossom with melody, and I said to myself there is a regular advancement. I saw at the same time a row of human skulls, from the lowest skull that has been found, the Neanderthal skull—skulls from Central Africa, skulls from the bushmen of Australia—skulls from the farthest isles of the Pacific Sea—up to the best skulls of the last generation—and I noticed that there was the same difference between those skulls that there was between the *products* of those skulls, and I said to myself: "After all, it is a simple question of intellectual development." There was the same difference between those skulls. the lowest and highest skulls, that there was between the dug-out and the man-of-war and the steamship, between the club and the Krupp gun, between the yellow daub and the landscape, between the tom-tom and an opera by Verdi. The first and lowest skull in this row was the den in which crawled the base and meaner instincts of mankind, and the last was a temple in which dwelt joy, liberty and love. And I said to myself, it is all a question of intellectual development.

Man has advanced just as he has mingled his thought with his labor. As he has grown he has taken advantage of the forces of nature; first of the moving wind, then of the falling water and finally of steam. From one step to another he has obtained better houses, better clothes, and better books, and he has done it by holding out every incentive to the ingenius to produce them. The world has said, glve us better clubs and guns and cannons with which to kill our fellow Christians. And whoever will give us better weapons and better music, and better houses to live in, we will robe him in wealth crown him in honor, and render his name deathless. Every incentive was held out to every human being to improve these things, and that is the reason we have advanced in all mechanical arts. But that gentleman in the dug-out not only had his ideas about politics, mechanics, and agriculture; he had his ideas also about religion. His idea about politics was "might makes right." It will be thousands of years, may be, before mankind will believe in the saying that "right makes might." He had his religion. That low skull was a devil factory. He believed in Hell, and the belief was a consolation to him. He could see the waves of God's wrath dashing against the rocks of dark damnation. He could see tossing in the white-caps the faces of women, and stretching above the crests the dimpled hands of children; and he regarded these things as the justice and mercy of God. And all to-day who believe in this eternal punishment are the barbarians of the nineteenth century. That man believed in a devil, that had a long tail terminating with a fiery dart; that had wings like a bat—a devil that had a cheerful habit of

breathing brimstone, that had a cloven foot, such as some orthodox clergymen seem to think I have. And there has not been a patentable improvement made upon that devil in all the years since. The moment you drive the devil out of theology, there is nothing left worth speaking of. The moment they drop the devil, away goes atonement. The moment they kill the devil, their whole scheme of salvation has lost all of its interest for mankind. You must keep the devil and you must keep Hell. You must keep the devil, because with no devil no priest is necessary. Now, all I ask is this—the same privilege to improve upon his religion as upon his dug-out, and that is what I am going to do, the best I can. No matter what church you belong to, or what church belongs to us. Let us be honor bright and fair.

I want to ask you: Suppose the king, if there was one, and the priest if there was one at that time, had told these gentlemen in the dug-out: "That dug-out is the best boat that can be built by man; the pattern of that came from on high, from the great God of storm and flood, and any man who says he can improve it by putting a stick in the middle of it and a rag on the stick, is an infidel, and shall be burned at the stake;" what, in your judgment—honor bright—would have been the the effect upon the circumnavigation of the globe? Suppose the king, if there was one, and the priest, if there was one—and I presume there was a priest, because it was a very ignorant age—suppose the king and priest had said: "The tom-tom is the most beautiful instrument of music of which any man can conceive; that is the kind of music they have in Heaven; an angel sitting upon the edge of a glorified cloud, golden in the

setting sun, playing upon that tom-tom, became so enraptured, so entranced with her own music, that in a kind of ecstasy she dropped it—that is how we obtained it ; and any man who says it can be improved by putting a back and front to it, and four strings, and a bridge, and getting a bow of hair with rosin, is a blaspheming wretch, and shall die the death,"—I ask you, what effect would that have had upon music ? If that course had been pursued, would the human ears, in your judgment, ever have been enriched with the divine symphonies of Beethoven ? Suppose the king, if there was one, and the priest, had said : "That crooked sticks is the best plow that can be invented , the pattern of that plow was given to a pious farmer in an exceedingly holy dream, and that twisted straw is the *ne plus ultra* of all twisted things, and any man who says he can make an improvement upon that plow, is an atheist ;" what, in your judgment, would have been the effect upon the science of agriculture ?

Now, all I ask is the same privilege to improve upon his religion as upon his mechanical arts. Why don't we go back to that period to get the telegraph ? Because they were barbarians. And shall we go to barbarians to get our religion ? What is religion ? Religion simply embraces the duty of man to man. Religion is simply the science of human duty and the duty of man to man—that is what it is. It is the highest science of all. And all other sciences are as nothing, except as they contribute to the happiness of man. The science of religion is the highest of all, embracing all others. And shall we go to the barbarians to learn the science of sciences ? The nineteenth century knows more about religion than

all the centuries dead. There is more real charity in the world to-day than ever before. There is more thought to-day than ever before. Woman is glorified to-day as she never was before in the history of the world. There are more happy families now than ever before—more children treated as though they were tender blossoms than as though they were brutes than in any other time or nation. Religion is simply the duty a man owes to man; and when you fall upon your knees and pray for something you know not of, you neither benefit the one you pray for nor yourself. One ounce of restitutlon is worth a million of repentances anywhere, and a man will get along faster by helping himself a minute than by praying ten years for somebody to help him. Suppose you were coming along the street, and found a party of men and women on their knees praying to a bank, and you asked them, "Have any of you borrowed any money of this bank?" "No, but our fathers, they, too, prayed to this bank." "Did they ever get any?" "No, not that we ever heard of." I would tell them to get up. It is easier to earn it, and it is far more manly.

Our fathers in the "good old times,"—and the best that I can say of the "good old times" is that they are gone, and the best I can say of the good old people that lived in them is that they are gone, too—believed that you made a man think your way by force. Well, you can't do it. There is a splendid something in man that says: "I won't; I won't be driven!" But our fathers thought men could be driven. They tried it in the "good old times." I used to read about the manner in which the early Christians made converts—how they im-

pressed upon the world the idea that God loved them. I have read it, but it didn't burn into my soul. I didn't think much about it—I heard so much about being fried forever in Hell that it didn't seem so bad to burn a few minutes. I love liberty and I hate all persecutions in the name of God. I never appreciated the infamies that have been committed in the name of religion until I saw the iron arguments that Christians used. I saw, for instance, the thumb-screw, two little innocent looking pieces of iron, armed with some little protuberances on the inner side to keep it from slipping down, and through each end a screw, and when some man had made some trifling remark, for instance, that he never believed that God made a fish swallow a man to keep him from drowning, or something like that, or, for instance, that he didn't believe in baptism. You know that is very wrong. You can see for yourself the justice of damning a man if his parents happened to baptize him in the wrong way—God cannot afford to break a rule or two to save all the men in the world. I happened to be in the company of some Baptist ministers once—you may wonder how I happened to be in such company as that—and one of them asked me what I thought about baptism. Well, I told them I hadn't thought much about it—that I had never sat up nights on that question. I said: "Baptism—with soap—is a good institution." Now, when some man had said some trifling thing like that, they put this thumb-screw on him, and in the name of universal benevolence and for the love of God—man has never persecuted man for the love of man; man has never persecuted another for the love of charity—it is always for the love of something he calls God, and every

man's idea of God is his own idea. If there is an infinite God, and there may be—I don't know—there may be a million for all I know—I hope there is more than one—one seems so lonesome. They kept turning this down, and when this was done, most men would say: "I will recant." I think, I would. There is not much of the martyr about me. I would have told them: "Now you write it down, and I will sign it. You may have one God or a million, one Hell or a million. You stop that—I am tired."

Do you know, sometimes I have thought that all the hypocrites in the world are not worth one drop of honest blood. I am sorry that any good man ever died for religion. I would rather let them advance a little easier. It is too bad to see a good man sacrificed for a lot of wild beasts and cattle. But there is now and then a man who would not swerve the breadth of a hair. There was now and then a sublime heart willing to die for an intellectual conviction, and had it not been for these men we would have been wild beasts and savages today. There were some men who would not take it back, and had it not been for a few such brave, heroic souls in every age we would have been cannibals, with pictures of wild beasts tattooed upon our breasts, dancing around some dried-snake fetish. And so they turned it down to the last thread of agony, and threw the victim into some dungeon, where, in the throbbing silence and darkness, he might suffer the agonies of the fabled damned. This was done in the name of love, in the name of mercy, in the name of the compassionate Christ. And the men that did it are the men that made our Bible for us.

I saw, too, at the same time, the collar of torture. Imagine a circle of iron, and on the inside a hundred points almost as sharp as needles. This argument was fastened about the throat of the sufferer. Then he could not walk nor sit down, nor stir without the neck being punctured by these points. In a little while the throat would begin to swell, and suffocation would end the agonies of that man. This man, it may be, had committed the crime of saying, with tears upon his cheeks, "I do not believe that God, the father of us all, will damn to erternal perdition any of the children of men." And that was done to convince the world that God so loved the world that He died for us. That was in order that people might hear the glad tidings of great joy to all people.

I saw another instrument, called the scavenger's daughter. Imagine a pair of shears with handles, not only where they now are, but at the points as well and just above the pivot that unites the blades a circle of iron. In the upper handles the hands would be placed; in the lower, the feet; and through the iron ring, at the centre, the head of the victim would be forced, and in that position the man would be thrown upon the earth, and the strain upon the muscle would produce such agony that insanity took pity. And this was done to keep people from going to Hell—to convince that man that he had made a mistake in his logic—and it was done, too, by Protestants—Protestants that persecuted to the extent of their power, and that is as much as Catholicism ever did. They would persecute now if they had the power. There is not a man in this vast audience who will say that the church should have tem-

poral power. There is not one of you but what believes in the eternal divorce of church and state. Is it possible that the only people who are fit to go to heaven are the only people not fit to rule mankind?

I saw at the same time the rack. This was a box like the bed of a wagon, with a windlasss at each end, and ratchets to prevent slipping. Over each windlass went chains, and when some man had, for instance, denied the doctrine of the trinity, a doctrine it is necessary to believe in order to get to Heaven—but, thank the Lord, you don't have to understand it. This man merely denied that three times one was one, or maybe he denied that there was ever any Son in the world exactly as old as his father, or that there ever was a boy eternally older than his mother—then they put that man on the rack. Nobody had ever been persecuted for calling God bad—it has always been for calling him good. When I stand here to say that, if there is a Hell, God is a fiend, they say that is very bad. They say I am trying to tear down the institutions of public virtue. But let me tell you one thing: there is no reformation in fear—you can scare a man so that he won't do it sometimes, but I will swear you can't scare him so bad that he won't want to do it. Then they put this man on the rack and priests began turning these levers, and kept turning until the ankles, the hips, the shoulders, the elbows, the wrists, and all the joints of the victim were dislocated, and he was wet with agony, and standing by was a physician to feel his pulse. What for? To save his life? Yes. In mercy? No. But in order that they might have the pleasure of racking him once mere. And this was the

Christian spirit. This was done in the name of civilization, in the name of religion, and all these wretches who did it died in peace. There is not an orthodox preacher in the city that has not a respect for every one of them. As, for instance, for John Calvin, who was a murderer and nothing but a murderer, who would have disgraced an ordinary gallows by being hanged upon it. These men when they came to die were not frightened. God did not send any devils into their death-rooms to make mouths at them. He reserved them for Voltaire, who brought religious liberty to France. He reserved them for Thomas Paine, who did more for liberty than all the churches. But all the inquisitors died with the white hands of peace folded over the breast of piety. And when they died, the room was filled with the rustle of the wings of angels, waiting to bear the wretches to Heaven.

When I read these frightful books it seems to me sometimes as though I had suffered all these things myself. It seems sometimes as though I had stood upon the shore of exile, and gazed with tearful eyes toward home and native land; it seems to me as though I had been staked out upon the sands of the sea, and drowned by the inexorable, advancing tide; as though my nails had been torn from my hands, and into the bleeding quick needles had been thrust; as though my feet had been crushed in iron boots; as though I had been chained in the cell of Inquisition, and listened with dying ears for the coming footsteps of release; as though I had stood upon the scaffold and saw the glittering axe fall upon me; as though I had been upon the rack and had seen, bending above me, the white faces of hypo-

crite priests; as though I had been taken from my fire-side, from my wife and children, taken to the public square, chained; as though fagots had been piled about me; as though the flames had climed around my limbs and scorched my eyes to blindness, and as though my ashes had been scattered to the four winds by all the countless hands of hate. And, while I so feel, I swear that while I live I will do what little I can to augment the liberties of man, woman and child. I denounce slavery and superstition everywhere. I believe in liberty, and happiness, and love, and joy in this world. I am amazed that any man ever had the impudence to try and do another man's thinking. I have just as good a right to talk theology as a minister. If they all agreed I might admit it was a science, but as all disagree, and the more they study the wider they get apart, I may be permitted to suggest, it is not a science. When no two will tell you the road to Heaven,—that is, giving you the same route—and if you would inquire of them all, you would just give up trying to go there, and say: "I may as well stay where I am, and let the Lord come to me."

Do you know that this world has not been fit for a lady and gentleman to live in for twenty-five years, just on account of slavery. It was not until the year 1808 that Great Britain abolished the slave trade, and up to that time her judges, her priests occupying her pulpits, the members of the royal family, owned stock in the slave ships, and luxuriated upon the profits of piracy and murder. It was not until the same year that the United States of America abolished the slave trade between this and other countries, but carefully preserved

it as between the states. It was not until the 28th day of August, 1833, that Great Britain abolished human slavery in her colonies; and it was not until the 1st day of January, 1863, that Abraham Lincoln, sustained by the sublime and heroic North, rendered our flag pure as the sky in which it floats. Abraham Lincoln was, in my judgment, in many respects, the grandest man ever president of the United States, Upon his monument these words should be written: "Here sleeps the only man in the history of the world, who, having been clothed with almost absolute power, never abused it, except upon the side of mercy."

For two hundred years the Christians of the United States deliberately turned the cross of Christ into a whipping-post. Christians bred hounds to catch other Christians. Let me show you what the Bible has done for mankind: "Servants, be obedient to your masters." The only word coming from that sweet Heaven was, "Servants, obey your masters." Frederick Douglas told me that he had lectured upon the subject of freedom twenty years before he was permitted to set his foot in a church. I tell you the world has not been fit to live in for twenty-five years. Then all the people used to cringe and crawl to preachers. Mr. Buckle, in his history of civilization, shows that men were even struck dead for speaking impolitely to a priest. God would not stand it. See how they used to crawl before cardinals, bishops and popes. It is not so now. Before wealth they bowed to the very earth, and in the presence of titles they became abject. All this is slowly, but surely changing. We no longer bow to men simply because they are rich. Our fathers worshipped the

golden calf. The worst you can say of an American now is, he worships the gold of the calf. Even the calf is beginning to see this distinction.

The time will come when no matter how much money a man has, he will not be respected unless he is using it for the benefit of his fellow-men. It will soon be here. It no longer satisfies the ambition of a great man to be king or emperor. The last Napoleon was not satisfied with being the emperor of the French. He was not satisfied with having a circlet of gold about his head. He wanted some evidence that he had something of value within his head. So he wrote the life of Julius Cæsar, that he might become a member of the French academy. The emperors, the kings, the popes, no longer tower above their fellows. Compare, for instance, King William and Helmholtz. The king is one of the anointed by the Most High, as they claim—one upon whose head has been poured the divine petroleum of authority. Compare this king with Helmholtz, who towers an intellectual Colossus above the crowned mediocrity. Compare George Eliot with Queen Victoria. The queen is clothed in garments given her by blind fortune and unreasoning chance, while George Eliot wears robes of glory woven in the loom of her own genius. And so it is the world over. The time is coming when a man will be rated at his real worth, and that by his brain and heart. We care nothing now about an officer unless he fills his place. No matter if he is president, if he rattles in the place nobody cares anything about him. I might give you an instance in point, but I won't. The world is getting better and grander and nobler every day.

Now, if men have been slaves, if they have crawled in the dust before one another, what shall I say of women? They have been the slaves of men. It took thousands of ages to bring women from abject slavery up to the divine height of marriage. I believe in marriage. If there is any Heaven upon earth, it is in the family by the fireside. and the family is a unit of government. Without the family relation is tender, pure and true, civilization is impossible. Ladies, the ornaments you wear upon your persons to-night are but the souvenirs of your mother's bondage. The chains around your necks, and the bracelets clasped upon your white arms by the thrilled hand of love, have been changed by the wand of civilization from iron to shining, glittering gold. Nearly every civilization in this world accounts for the devilment in it by the crimes of woman. They say woman brought all the trouble into the world. I don't care if she did. I would rather live in a world full of trouble with the women I love, than to live in Heaven with nobody but men. I read in a book an account of the creation of the world. The book I have taken pains to say was not written by any God. And why do I say so? Because I can write a far better book myself. Because it is full of barbarism. Several ministers in this city have undertaken to answer me—notably those who don't believe the Bible themselves. I want to ask these men one thing. I want them to be fair.

Every minister in the City of Chicago that answers me, and those who have answered me had better answer me again—I want them to say, and without any sort of evasion—without resorting to any pious tricks—I want them to say whether they believe that the Eternal God

of this universe ever upheld the crime of polygamy. Say it square and fair. Don't begin to talk about that being a peculiar time, and that God was easy on the prejudices of those old fellows. I want them to answer that question and to answer it squarely, which they havn't done. Did this God, which you pretend to worship, ever sanction the institution of human slavery? Now, answer fair. Don't slide around it. Don't begin and answer what a bad man I am, nor what a good man Moses was. Stick to the text. Do you believe in a God that allowed a man to be sold from his children? Do you worship such an infinite monster? And if you do, tell your congregation whether you are not ashamed to admit it. Let every minister who answers me again tell whether he believes God cammanded his general to kill the little dimpled babe in the cradle. Let him answer it. Don't say that those were very bad times. Tell whether He did it or not, and then your people will know whether to hate that God or not. Be honest. Tell them whether that God in war captured young maidens and turned them over to the soldiers; and then ask the wives and sweet girls of your congregation to get down on their knees and worship the infinite fiend that did that thing. Answer! It is your God I am talking about, and if that is what God did, please tell your congregation what, under the same circumstances, the devil would have done. Don't tell your people that is a poem. Don't tell your people that is pictorial. That won't do. Tell your people whether it is true or false. That is what I want you to do.

In this book I read about God's making the world and one man. That is all He intended to make. The

making of woman was a second thought, though I am willing to admit that as a rule second thoughts are best. This God made a man and put him in a public park. In a little while He noticed that the man got lonesome; then He found He had made a mistake, and that He would have to make somebody to keep him company. But having used up all the nothing He originally used in making the world and one man, He had to take a part of a man to start a woman with. So He causes sleep to fall on this man—now understand me, I do not say this story is true. After the sleep had fallen on this man the Supreme Being took a rib, or, as the French would call it, a cutlett, out of him, and from that He made a woman; and I am willing to swear, taking into account the amount and quality of the raw material used, this was the most magnificent job ever accomplished in this world. Well, after He got the woman done she was brought to the man, not to see how she liked him, but to see how he liked her. He liked her and they started housekeeping, and they were told of certain things they might do and of one thing they could not do—and of course they did it. I would have done it in fifteen minutes, I know it. There wouldn't have been an apple on that tree half an hour from date, and the limbs would have been full of clubs. And then they were turned out of the park and extra policemen were put on to keep them from getting back. And then trouble commenced and we have been at it ever since. Nearly all the religions of this world account for the existence of evil by such a story as that.

Well, I read in another book what appeared to be an account of the same transaction. It was written about

four thousand years before the other. All commentators agree that the one that was written last was the original, and the one that was written first was copied from the one that was written last. But I would advise you all not to allow your creed to be disturbed by a little matter of four or five thousand years. It is a great deal better to be mistaken in dates than to go to the devil. In this other account the Supreme Brahma made up his mind to make the world and a man and woman. He made the world. and he made the man and then the woman, and put them on the Island of Ceylon. According to the account it was the most beautiful island of which man can conceive. Such birds, such songs, such flowers, and such verdure! And the branches of the trees were so arranged that when the wind swept through them every tree was a thousand Æolian harps. Brahma, when he put them there, said: "Let them have a period of courtship, for it is my desire and will that true love should forever precede marriage." When I read that, it was so much more beautiful and lofty than the other, that I said to myself: "If either one of these stories ever turns out to be true, I hope it will be this one."

Then they had their courtship, with the nightingale singing and the stars shining and the flowers blooming, and they fell in love. Imagine that courtship! No prospective fathers or mothers-in-law; no prying and gossiping neighbors; nobody to say, "Young man, how do you expect to support her?" Nothing of that kind, nothing but the nightingale singing its song of joy and pain, as though the thorn already touched its heart. They were married by the Supreme Brahma, and he said to them, "Remain here; you must never leave this island."

Well, after a little while the man—and his name was Adami, and the woman's name was Heva—said to Heva: "I believe I'll look about a little." He wanted to go West. He went to the western extremity of the island where there there was a little narrow neck of land connecting it with the mainland, and the devil, who is always playing pranks with us, produced a mirage, and when he looked over to the mainland, such hills and vales, such dells and dales, such mountains crowned with snow, such cataracts clad in bows of glory did he see there, that he went back and told Heva: "The country over there is a thousand times better than this, let us migrate." She, like every other woman that ever lived, said: "Let well enough alone; we have all we want; let us stay here." But he said: "No, let us go;" so she followed him, and when they came to this narrow lack of land, he took her on his back like a gentleman, and carried her over. But the moment they got over, they heard a crash, and, looking back, discovered that this narrow neck of land had fallen into the sea. The mirage had disappeared, and there was naught but rocks and sand, and the Supreme Brahma cursed them both to the lowest Hell.

Then it was that the man spoke—and I have liked him ever since for it—"Curse me, but curse not her; it was not her fault, it was mine." That's the kind of a man to start a world with. The Supreme Brahma said: "I will save her but not thee." And she spoke out of her fullness of love, out of a heart in which there was love enough to make all her daughters rich in holy affection, and said: "If thou wilt not spare him, spare neither me; I do not wish to live without him, I

love him." Then the Supreme Brahma said—and I have liked him ever since I read it—"I will spare you both, and watch over you and your children forever." Honor bright, is that not the better and grander story ?

And in that same book I find this : "Man is strength, woman is beauty ; man is courage, woman is love. When the one man loves the one woman, and the one woman loves the one man, the very angels leave Heaven, and come and sit in that house, and sing for joy." In the same book this : "Blessed is that man, and beloved of all the gods, who is afraid of no man, and of whom no man is afraid." Magnificent character ! A missionary certainly ought to talk to that man. And I find this : "Never will I accept private, individual salvation, but rather will I stay and work, strive and suffer, until every soul from every star has been brought home to God." Compare that with the Christian that expects to go to Heaven while the world is rolling over Niagara to an eternal and unending Hell. So I say that religion lays all the crime and troubles of this world at the beautiful feet of woman, And then the church has the impudence to say that it has exalted women. I believe that marriage is a perfect partnership ; that woman has every right that man has—and one more—the right to be protected. Above all men in the world I hate a stingy man—a man that will make his wife beg for money. "What did you do with the dollar I gave you last week ?" "And what are you going to do with this ?" It is vile. No gentleman will ever be satisfied with the love of a beggar and a slave—no gentleman will ever be satified except with the love of an equal. What kind of children does a man expect

to have with a beggar for their mother? A man can not be so poor but that he can be generous, and if you only have one dollar in the word and you have got to spend it, spend it like a lord—spend it as though it were a dry leaf, and you the owner of unbounded forests—spend it as though you had a wilderness of your own. That's the way to spend it.

I had rather be a beggar and spend my last dollar like a king, than be a king and spend my money like a beggar. If it has got to go, let it go. And this is my advice to the poor. For you can never be so poor that whatever you do you can't do in a grand and manly way. I hate a cross man. What right has a man to assassinate the joy of life? When you go home you ought to go like a ray of light—so that it will, even in the night, burst out of the doors and windows and illuminate the darkness. Some men think their mighty brains have been in a turmoil; they have been thinking about who will be Alderman from the Fifth Ward; they have been thinking about politics, great and mighty questions have been engaging their minds, they have bought calico at five cents or six, and want to sell it for seven. Think of the intellectual strain that must have been upon that man, and when he gets home everybody else in the house must look out for his comfort. A woman who has only taken care of five or six children, and one or two of them sick, has been nursing them and singing to them, and trying to make one yard of cloth do the work of two, she, of course, is fresh and fine and ready to wait upon this gentleman—the head of the family—the boss!

I was reading the other day of an apparatus invented

for the ejectment of gentlemen who subsist upon free lunches. It is so arranged that when the fellow gets both hands into the victuals, a large hand descends upon him, jams his hat over his eyes—he is seized, turned toward the door, and just in the nick of time an immense boot comes from the other side, kicks him in italics, sends him out over the side-walk and lands him rolling in the gutter. I never hear of such a man—a boss—that I don't feel as though that machine ought to be brought into requisition for his benefit.

Love is the only thing that will pay ten per cent of interest on the outlay. Love is the only thing in which the height of extravagance is the last degree of economy. It is the only thing, I tell you. Joy is wealth. Love is the legal tender of the soul—and you need not be rich to be happy. We have all been raised on success in this country. Always been talked with about being successful, and have never thought ourselves very rich unless we were the possessors of some magnificent mansion, and unless our names have been between the putrid lips of rumor we could not be happy. Every little boy is striving to be this and be that. I tell you the happy man is the successful man. The man that has won the love of one good woman is a successful man. The man that has been the emperor of one good heart, and that heart embraced all his, has been a success. If another has been the emperor of the round world and has never loved and been loved, his life is a failure. It won't do. Let us teach our children the other way, that the happy man is the successful man, and he who is a happy man is the one who always tries to make some one else happy.

The man who marries a woman to make her happy;

that marries her as much for her own sake as for his own ; not the man that thinks his wife is his property, who thinks that the title to her belongs to him—that the woman is the property of the man ; wretches who get mad at their wives and then shoot them down in the street because they think the woman is their property. I tell you it is not necessary to be rich and great and powerful to be happy.

A little while ago I stood by the grave of the old Napoleon—a magnificent tomb of gilt and gold, fit almost for a dead deity—and gazed upon the sarcophagus of black Egyptian marble, where rest at last the ashes of the restless man. I leaned over the balustrade and thought about the career of the greatest soldier of the modern world. I saw him walk upon the banks of the Seine, contemplating suicide—I saw him at Toulon—I saw him putting down the mob in the streets of Paris—I saw him at the head of the army of Italy—I saw him crossing the bridge of Lodi with the tri-color in his hand—I saw him in Egypt in the shadows of the pyramids—I saw him conquer the Alps and mingle the eagles of France with the eagles of the crags. I saw him at Marengo—at Ulm and Austerlitz. I saw him in Russia, where the infantry of the snow and the cavalry of the wild blast scattered his legions like Winter's withered leaves. I saw him at Leipzig in defeat and disaster—driven by a million bayonets back upon Paris—clutched like a wild beast—banished to Elba. I saw him escape and retake an empire by the force of his genius. I saw him upon the frightful field of Waterloo, where chance and fate combined to wreck the fortunes of their former king. And I saw him at St. Helena, with his hands

crossed behind him, gazing out upon the sad and solemn sea. I thought of the orphans and widows he had made —of the tears that had been shed for his glory, and of the only woman who ever loved him, pushed from his heart by the cold hand of ambition. And I said I would rather have been a French peasant and worn wooden shoes. I would rather have lived in a hut with a vine growing over the door, and the grapes growing purple in the kisses of the Autumn sun; I would rather have been that poor peasant with my loving wife by my side, knitting as the day died out of the sky, with my children upon my knees and their arms about me; I would rather have been that man and gone down to the tongueless silence of the dreamless dust than to have been that imperial impersonation of force and murder, known as Napoleon the Great. It is not necessary to be rich in order to be happy. It is only necessary to be in love. Thousands of men go to college and get a certificate that they have and education, and that certificate is in Latin and they stop studying, and in two years, to save their life, they couldn't read the certificate they got.

It is mostly so in marrying. They stop courting when they get married. They think, we have won her and that is enough. Ah! the difference before and after! How well they look! How bright their eyes! How light their steps, and how full they were of generosity and laughter! I tell you a man should consider himself in good luck if a woman loves him when he is doing his level best! Good luck! Good luck! And another thing that is the cause of much trouble is that people don't count fairly. They do what they call putting their best

foot forward. That means lying a little. I say put your worst foot forward. If you have got any faults admit them. If you drink say so and quit it. If you chew and smoke and swear. say so. If some of your kindred are not very good people, say so. If you have had two or three that died on the gallows, or that ought to have died there, say so. Tell all your faults and if after she knows your faults she says she will have you, you have got the dead wood on that woman forever. I claim that there should be perfect equality in the home, and I can not think of anything nearer Heaven than a home where there is true republicanism and true democracy at the fireside. All are equal.

And then, do you know, I like to think that love is eternal ; that if you really love the woman, for her sake, you will love her no matter what she may do ; that if she really loves you. for your sake, the same ; that love does not look at alterations, through the wrinkles of time, through the mask of years—if you really love her you will always see the face you loved and won. And I like to think of it. If a man loves a woman she does not ever grow old to him. And the woman who really loves a man does not see that he is growing older. He is not decrepit to her. He is not tremulous. He is not old. He is not bowed. She always sees the same gallant fellow that won her hand and heart. I like to think of it in that way, and as Shakespeare says : "Let Time reach with his sickle as far as ever he can ; although he can reach ruddy cheeks and ripe lips, and flashing eyes, he can not quite reach love." I like to think of it. We will go down the hill of life together, and enter the shadow one with the other,

and as we go down we may hear the ripple of the laughter of our grandchildren, and the birds, and spring, and youth, and love will sing once more upon the leafless branches of the tree of age, I love to think of it in that way—absolute equals, happy, happy, and free,. all our own.

But some people say: "Would you allow a woman to vote?" Yes, if she wants to; that is her business, not mine. If a woman wants to vote, I am too much of a gentleman to say she shall not. But, they say, woman has not sense enough to vote. It don't take much. But it seems to me there are some questions, as for instance, the question of peace or war, that a woman should be allowed to vote upon. A woman that has sons to be offered on the altar of that Moloch, it seems to me that such a woman should have as much right to vote upon the question of peace and war as some thrice-besotted sot that reels to the ballot box and deposits his vote for war. But if women have been slaves, what shall we say of the little children, born in the sub-cellars; children of poverty, children of crime, children of wealth, children that are afraid when they hear their names pronounced by the lips of their mother, children that cower in fear when they hear the footsteps of their brutal father, the flotsam and jetsam upon the rude sea of life, my heart goes out to them one and all.

Children have all the rights that we have and one more, and that is to be protected. Treat your children in that way. Suppose your child tells a lie. Don't pretend that the whole world is going into bankruptcy. Don't pretend that that is the first lie ever told. Tell them, like an honest man, that you have told hundreds

of lies yourself, and tell the dear little darling that it is not the best way ; that it soils the soul. Think of the man that deals in stocks whipping his children for putting false rumors afloat ! Think of an orthodox minister whipping his own flesh and blood, for not tel!ing all it thinks ! Think of that ! Think of a lawyer for beating his child for avoiding the truth ! when the old man makes about half his living that way. A lie is born of weakness on one side and tyranny on the other. That is what it is. Think of a great big man coming at a little bit of a child with a club in his hand ! What is the little darling to do ? Lie, of course. I think that mother Nature put that ingenuity into the mind of the child, when attacked by a parent, to throw up a little breastwork in the shape of a lie to defend itself. When a great general wins a battle by what they call strategy, we build monuments to him. What is strategy ? Lies. Suppose a man as much larger than we are as we are larger than a child five years of age, should come at us with a liberty pole in his hand, and in tones of thunder want to know "who broke that plate," there isn't one of us, not excepting myself, that wouldn't swear that we never had seen that plate in our lives, or that it was cracked when we got it.

Another good way to make children tell the truth is to tell it yourself. Keep your word with your child the same as you would with your banker. If you tell a child you will do anything, either do it or give the child the reason why. Truth is born of confidence. It comes from the lips of love and liberty. I was over in Michigan the other day. There was a boy over there at Grand Rapids about five or six years old, a nice, smart boy, as

you will see from the remark he made—what you might call a nineteenth century boy. His father and mother had promised to take him out riding. They had promised to take him out riding for about three weeks, and they would slip off and go without him. Well, after while that got kind of played out with the little boy, and the day before I was there they played the trick on him again. They went out and got the carriage, and went away, and as they rode away from the front of the house, he happened to be standing there with his nurse, and he saw them. The whole thing flashed on him in a moment. He took in the situation, and turned to his nurse and said, pointing to his father and mother: "There goes the two d——t liars in the State of Michigan!" When you go home fill the house with joy, so that the light of it will stream out the windows and doors, and illuminate even the darkness. It is just as easy that way as any in the world.

I want to tell you to-night that you can not get the robe of hypocricy on you so thick that the sharp eye of childhood will not see through every veil, and if you pretend to your children that you are the best man that ever lived—the bravest man that ever lived—they will find you out every time. They will not have the same opinion of father when they grow up that they used to have. They will have to be in mighty bad luck if they ever do meaner things than you have done. When your child confesses to you that it has committed a fault, take that child in your arms, and let it feel your heart beat against its heart, and raise your children in the sunlight of love, and they will be sunbeams to you along the pathway of life. Abolish the club and the whip from

the house, because, if the civilized use a whip, the ignorant and the brutal will use a club, and they will use it because you use the whip.

Every little while some door is thrown open in some orphan asylum, and there we see the bleeding back of a child whipped beneath the roof that was raised by love. It is infamous, and a man that can't raise a child without the whip ought not to have a child. If there is one of you here that ever expect to whip your child again, let me ask you something. Have your photograph taken at the time and let it show your face red with vulgar anger, and the face of the little one with eyes swimming in tears, and the little chin dimpled with fear, looking like a piece of water struck by a sudden cold wind. If that little child should die, I can not think of a sweeter way to spend an Autumn afternoon than to take that photograph and go to the cemetery, when the maples are clad in tender gold, and when little scarlet runners are coming from the sad heart of the earth, and sit down upon that mound, and look upon that photograph, and think of the flesh, now dust, that you beat. Just think of it. I could not bear to die in the arms of a child that I had whipped. I could not bear to feel upon my lips, when they were withered beneath the touch of death, the kiss of one that I had struck. Some Christians act as though they really thought that when Christ said, "Suffer little children to come unto me," He had a rawhide under His coat. They act as though they really thought that He made that remark simply to get the children within striking distance.

I have known Christians to turn their children from their doors, especially a daughter, and then get down on

their knees and pray to God to watch over them and help them. I will never ask God to help my children unless I am doing my level best in that same wretched line. I will tell you what I say to my girls: "Go where you will; do what crime you may; fall to what depth of degradation you may; in all the storms and winds and earthquakes of life, no matter what you do, you never can commit any crime that will shut my door, my arms or my heart to you. As long as I live you have one sincere friend." Call me an atheist; call me an infidel because I hate the God of the Jew—which I do. I intend so to live that when I die my children can come to my grave and truthfully say: "He who sleeps here never gave us one moment of pain."

When I was a boy there was one day in each week too good for a child to be happy in. In these good old times Sunday commenced when the sun went down on Saturday night and closed when the sun went down on Sunday night. We commenced Saturday to get a good ready. And when the sun went down Saturday night there was a gloom deeper than midnight that fell upon the house. You could not crack hickory nuts then. And if you were caught chewing gum, it was only another evidence of the total depravity of the human heart. Well, after a while we got to bed sadly and sorrowfully after having heard Heaven thanked that we were not all in Hell. And I sometimes used to wonder how the mercy of God lasted as long as it did, because I recollected that on several occasions I had not been at school, when I was supposed to be there. Why I was not burned to a crisp was a mystery to me. The next morning we got ready for church—all solemn, and when we got there

the minister was up in the pulpit, about twenty feet high, and he commenced at Genesis about "The fall of man," and he went on to about twenty thirdly; then he struck the second application, and when he struck the application I knew he was about half way through. And then he went on to show the scheme how the Lord was satisfied by punishing the wrong man. Nobody but a God would have thought of that ingenious way. Well, when he got through that, then came the catechism—the chief end of man. Then my turn came, and we sat along on a little bench where our feet came within about fifteen inches of the floor, and the dear old minister used to ask us :

"Boys, do you know that you ought to be in Hell ?'

And we answered up as cheerfully as could be expected under the circumstances :

"Yes, sir."

"Well, boys, do you know that you would go to Hell if you died in your sins ?"

And we said : "Yes, sir."

And then came the great test :

"Boys"—I can't get the tone, you know. And do you know that is how the preachers get the bronchitis. You never heard of an auctioneer getting the bronchitis, nor the second mate on a steamboat—never. What gives it to the minister is talking solemnly when they don't feel that way, and it has the same influence upon the organs of speech that it would have upon the cords of the calves of your legs to walk on your tip-toes, and so I call bronchitis "parsonitis." And if the ministers would all tell exactly what they think they would all get

well, but keeping back a part of the truth is what gives them bronchitis.

Well the old man—the dear old minister—used to try and show us how long we would be in Hell if we would only locate there. But to finish the other. The grand test question was:

"Boys, if it was God's will that you should go to Hell, would you be willing to go?"

And every little liar said:

"Yes, sir."

Then, in order to tell how long we would stay there, he used to say:

"Suppose once in a billion ages a bird should come from a far distant clime and carry off in its bill one little grain of sand, the time would finally come when the last grain of sand would be carried away. Do you understand?

"Yes, sir."

"Boys, by that time it would not be sun-up in Hell."

Where did that doctrine of Hell come from? I will tell you; from that fellow in the dug-out. Where did he get it? It was a a souvenir from the wild beasts. Yes, I tell you he got it from the wild beasts, from the glittering eye of the serpent, from the coiling, twisting snakes with their fangs mouths; and it came from the bark, growl and howl of wild beasts; it was born of a laugh of the hyena and got it from the depraved chatter of malicious apes. And I depise it with every drop of my blood and defy it. If there is any God in this universe who will damn his children for an expression of an honest thought I wish to go to Hell. I would rather go there than go to heaven and keep the company of a God

that would thus damn his children. Oh! it is an infamous doctrine to teach that to little children, to put a shadow in the heart of a child to fill the insane asylums with that miserable, infamous lie. I see now and then a little girl—a dear little darling, with a face like the light, and eyes of joy, a human blossom, and I think, "is it possible that little girl will ever grow up to be a Presbyterian?" Is it possible, my goodness, that that flower will finally believe in the five points of Calvinism or in the eternal damnation of man?" Is it possible that that little fairy will finally believe that she could be happy in Heaven with her baby in Hell? Think of it! Think of it! And that is the Christian religion!

We cry out against the Indian mother that throws her child into the Ganges to be devoured by the alligator or crocrodile, but that is joy in comparison with the Christian mother's hope, that she may be in salvation while her brave boy is in Hell.

I tell you I want to kick the doctrine about Hell—I want to kick it out every time I go by it. I want to get Americans in this country placed so they will be ashamed to preach it. I want to get the congregations so that they won't listen to it. We cannot divide the world off into saints and sinners in that way. There is a little girl, fair as a flower, nnd she grows up until she is twelve, thirten, or fourteen years old. Are you going to damn her in the fifteenth, sixteenth or seventeenth year, when the arrow from Cupid's bow touches her heart and she is glorified—are you going to damn her now? She marries and loves, and holds in her arms a beautiful child? Are you going to damn her now? When are you going to damn her? Because she has listened to some

Methodist minister and after all that flood of light failed to believe? Are you going to damn her then? I tell you God can not offord to damn such a woman.

A woman in the State of Indiana forty or fifty years ago who carded the wool and made rolls and spun them, and made the cloth and cut out the clothes for the children, and nursed them, and sat up with them nights and gave them medicine, and held them in her arms and wept over tham—cried for joy and wept for fear, and finally raised ten or eleven good men and women with the ruddy glow of health upon their cheeks, and she would have died for any one of them any moment of her life, and finally she, bowed with age and bent with care and labor, dies, and at the moment the magical touch of death is upon her face, she looks as though she never had had a care, and her children burying her cover her face with tears. Do you tell me God can afford to damn that kind of a woman? One such act of injustice would turn Heaven itself into Hell. If there is any God, sitting above him in infinite serenity we have the figure of justice. Even a God must do justice; even a God must worship justice; and any form of superstition that destroys justice is infamous! Just think of teaching that doctrine to little children! A little child would go out into the garden, and there would be a little tree laden wifh blossoms, and the little fellow would lean against it, and there would be a bird on one of the bows, singing and swinging, and thinking about four little speckled eggs, warmed by the breast of its mate — and singing and swinging, and the music in in happy waves rippling out of the tiny throat, and the flowers blossoming. the air filled with perfume, and the

great white clouds floating in the sky, and the little boy would lean up against the tree and think about Hell and the worm that never dies. Oh! the idea there can be any day too good for a child to be happy in!

Well, after we got over the catechism, then came the sermon in the afternoon, and it was exactly like the one in the forenoon, except the other end to. Then we started for home—a solemn march—"not a soldier discharged his farewell shot"—and when we got home, if we had been really good boys, we used to be taken up to the cemetery to cheer us up, and it always did cheer me, those sunken graves, those leaning stones, those gloomy epitaphs covered with the moss of years always cheered me. When I looked at them I said: "Well, this kind of thing can't last always." Then we came back home, and we had books to read which were very eloquent and amusing. We had Josephus, and the "History of the Waldenses," and "Fox's Book of Martyrs," Baxter's "Saint's Rest," and "Jenkyn on the Atonement." I used to read Jenkyn with with a good deal of pleasure, and I often thought that the atonement would have to be very broad in its provisions to cover the case of a man that would write such a book for boys. Then I would look to see how the sun was getting on, and sometimes I thought it had stuck from pure cussedness. Then I would go back and try Jenkyn's again. Well, but it had to go down, and when the last rim of light sank below the horizon, off would go our hats and we would give three cheers for liberty once again.

I tell you, don't make slaves of your children on Sunday.

The idea that there is any God that hates to hear a

child laugh! Let your children play games on Sunday. Here is a poor man that hasn't money enough to go to a big church and he has too much independence to go to a little church that the big church built for charity. He don't want to slide into Heaven that way. I tell you don't come to church, but go to the woods and take your family and a lunch with you, and sit down upon the old log and let the children gather flowers and hear the leaves whispering poems like memories of long ago, and when the sun is about going down, kissing the summits of far hills, go home with your hearts filled with throbs of joy. There is more recreation and joy in that than going to a dry goods box with a steeple on top of it and hearing a man tell you that your chances are about ninety-nine to one for being eternally damned. Let us make this Sunday a day of splendid pleasure, not to excess, but to everything that makes man purer and grander and nobler. I would like to see now something like this: Instead of so many churches, a vast cathedral that would hold twenty or thirty thousands of people, and I would like to see an opera produced in it that would make the souls of men have higher and grander and nobler aims. I would like to see the walls covered with pictures and the niches rich with statuary; I would like to see something put there that you could use in this world now, and I do not believe in sacrificing the present to the future; I do not believe in drinking skimmed milk here with the promise of butter beyond the clouds. Space or time can not be holy any more than a vacuum can be pious. Not a bit, not a bit; and no day can be so holy but what the laugh of a child will make it holier still.

Strike with hand of fire, on, weird musician, thy harp,

strung with Apollo's golden hair! Fill the vast cathedral aisles with symphonies sweet and dim, deft toucher of the organ's keys; blow, bugler, blow until thy silver notes do touch and kiss the moonlit waves, and charm the lovers wandering 'mid the vine-clad hills. But know your sweetest strains are discords all compared with childhood's happy laugh—the laugh that fills the eyes with light and every heart with joy! O, rippling river of laughter, thou art the blessed boundary line between the beasts and men, and every wayward wave of thine doth drown some fretful fiend of care. O Laughter, rose lipped daughter of Joy, there are dimples enough in thy cheeks to catch and hold and glorify all the tears of grief.

Don't plant your children in long, straight rows like posts. Let them have light and air and let them grow beautiful as palms. When I was a little boy children went to bed when they were not sleepy, and always got up when they were. I would like to see that changed, but they say we are too poor, some of us, to do it. Well, all right. It is as easy to wake a child with a kiss as with a blow; with kindness as with curse. And, another thing; let the children eat what they want to. Let them commence at whichever end of the dinner they desire. That is my doctrine. They know what they want much better than you do. Nature is a great deal smarter than you ever were.

All the advance that has been made in tbe science of medicine, has been made by the recklessness of patients. I can recollect when they wouldn't give a man water in a fever—not a drop. Now and then some fellow would get so thirsty he would say: "Well, I'll

die any way, so I'll drink it," and thereupon he would drink a gallon of water, and thereupon he would burst into a generous perspiration, and get well—and the next morning when the doctor would come to see him they would tell him about the man drinking the water, and he would say :

"How much ?"

"Well, he swallowed two pitchers full."

"Is he alive ?"

"Yes."

So they would go into the room and the doctor would feel his pulse and ask him :

"Did you drink two pitchers of water ?

"Yes."

"My God ! what a constitution you have got."

I tell you there is something splendid in man that will not always mind. Why, if we had done as the kings told us five hundred years ago, we would all have been slaves. If we had done as the priests told us we would all have been idiots. If we had done as the doctors told us we would all have been dead. We have been saved by disobedience. We have been saved by tnat splendid thing called independence, and I want to see more of it, day after day, and I want to see children raised so they will have it. That is my doctrine. Give the children a chance. Be perfectly honor bright with them, and they will be your friends when you are old. Don't try to teach them something they can never learn. Don't insist upon their pursuing some calling they have no sort of faculty for. Don't make that poor girl play ten years on a piano when she has no ear for music, and when she has practiced until she can play "Bona-

parte crossing the Alps," and you can't tell after she has played it whether Bonaparte ever got across or not. Men are oaks, women are vines, children are flowers, and if there is any Heaven in this world, it is in the family. It is where the wife loves the husband, and the husband loves the wife, and where the dimpled arms of children are about the necks of both. That is Heaven, if there is any—and I do not want any better Heaven in another world than that, and if in another world I can not live with the ones I loved here, then I would rather not be there. I would rather resign.

Well, my friends, I have some excuses to make for the race to which I belong. In the first place, this world is not very well adapted to raising good men and good women. It is three times better adapted to the cultivation of fish than of people. There is one little narrow belt running zigzag around the world, in which men and women of genius can be raised, and that is all. It is with man as it is with vegetation. In the valley you find the oak and elm tossing their branches defiantly to the storm, and as you advance up the mountain side the hemlock, the pine, the birch, the spruce, the fir, and finally you come to little dwarfed trees, that look like other trees seen through a telescope reversed—every limb twisted as through pain—getting a scanty substance from the miserly crevices of the rocks. You go on and on, until at last the highest crag is freckled with a kind of moss, and vegetation ends. You might as well try to raise oaks and elms where the mosses grow, as to raise great men and women where their surroundings are unfavorable. You must have the proper climate and soil.

There never has been a man or woman of genius from the southern hemisphere, because the Lord didn't allow the right climate to fall upon the land. It falls upon the water. There never was much civilization except where there has been snow, and ordinarily decent Winter. You can't have civilization without it. Where man needs no bedclothes but clouds, revolution is the normal condition of such a people. It is the Winter that gives us the home ; it is the Winter that gives us the fireside and the family relation and all the beautiful flowers of love that adorn that relation. Civilization, liberty, justice, charity and intellectual advancement are all flowers that bloom in the drifted snow. You can't have them anywhere else, und that is the reason we of the north are civilized, and that is the reason that civilization has always been with Winter. That is the reason that philosophy has been here, and, in spite of all our superstitions, we have advanced beyond some of the other races, because we have had this assistance of nature, that drove us into the family relation, that made us prudent ; that made us lay up at one time for another season of the year. So there is one excuse I have tor my race.

I have got another. I think we came from the lower animals. I am not dead sure of it, but think so. When I first read about it I didn't like it. My heart was filled with sympathy for those people who have nothing to be proud of except ancestors. I thought how terrible it will be upon the nobility of the old world. Think of their being forced to trace their ancestry back to the Duke Orang-Outang or to the Princess Chimpanzee. After thinking it all over I came to the conclusion that I liked that doctrine. I became convinced in spite of myself. I read

about rudimentary bones and musles. I was told that everybody had rudimentary muscles extending from the ear into the cheek. I asked; "What are they?" I was told: "They are the remains of muscles; that they became rudimentary from the lack of use." They went into bankruptcy. They are the muscles with which your ancestors used to flap their ears. Well, at first, I was greatly astonished, and afterward I was more astonished to find they had become rudimentary. How can you account for John Calvin unless we came up from the lower animals? How could you account for a man that would use the extremes of torture unless you admit that there is in man the elements of a snake, of a vulture, a hyena, and a jackal? How can you account for the religious creeds of to-day? How can you account for that infamous doctrine of Hell, except with an animal origin? How can you account for your conception of a God that would sell women and babes into slavery?

Well, I thought that thing over and I began to like it after a while, and I said: "It is not so much difference who my father was as who his son is." And I fianally said I would rather belong to a race that commenced with the skulless vertebrates in the dim Laurentian seas, that wriggled without knowing why they wriggled, swimming without knowing where they were going, that come along up by degrees through millions of ages, through all that crawls, and swims, and floats, and runs, and growls, and barks, and howls, until it struck this fellow in the dug-out. And then that fellow in the dug-out getting a little grander, and each one below calling every one above him a heretic, calling every one who had made a little advance an infidel or an atheist, and finally the

heads getting a little higher and donning up a little grander and more splendidly, and finally produced Shakspeare, who harvested all the field of dramatic thought and from whose day until now there have been none but gleaners of chaff and straw. Shakspeare was an intellectual ocean whose waves touched all the shores of human thought, within which were all the tides and currents and pulses upon which lay all the lights and shadows, and over which brooded all the calms, and swept all the storms and tempests of which the soul is capable. I would rather belong to that race that commenced with that skulless vertebrate ; that produced Shakspeare, a race that has before it an infinite future, with the angel of progress leaning from the far horizon, beckoning men forward and upward forever. I would rather belong to that race than to have descended from a perfect pair upon which the Lord has lost money every moment from that day to this.

Now, my crime has been this : I have insisted that the Bible is not the word of God. I have insisted that we should not whip our children. I have insisted that we should treat our wives as loving equals. I have denied that God—if there is any God—ever upheld polygamy and slavery. I have denied that that God ever told his generals to kill innocent babes and tear and rip open women with the sword of war. I have denied that and for that I have been assailed by the clergy of the United States. They tell me I have misquoted ; and I owe it to you, and maybe I owe it to myself, to read one or two words to you upon this subject. In order to do that I shall have to put on my glasses ; and that brings me back to where I started—that man has advanced just

in proportion as his thought has mingled with his labor. If man's eyes hadn't failed he would never have made any spectacles, he would never have had the telescope, and he would never have been able to read the leaves of Heaven.

COL. INGERSOLL'S REPLY TO DR. COLLYER.

Now, they tell me—and there are several gentlemen who have spoken on this subject—the Rev. Mr. Collyer, a gentleman standiug as high as anybody, and I have nothing to say against him—because I denounced God who upheld murder, and slavery and polygamy, he said that what I said was slang. I would like to have it compared with any sermon that ever issued from the lips of that gentleman. And before he gets through he admits that the Old Testament is a rotten tree that will soon fall into the earth and act as a fertilizer for his doctrine.

Is it honest in that man to assail my motive? Let him answer my argument! Is it honest and fair in him to say I am doing a certain thing because it is popular? Has it got to this, that, in this Christian country, where they have preached every day hundreds and thousands of sermons—has it got to this that infidelity is so popular in the United States?

If it has, I take courage. And I not only see the dawn of a brighter day, but the day is here. Think of it! A minister tells me in this year of grace, 1879, that a man is an infidel simply that he may be popular. I am glad of it. Simply that he may make money. Is it possible

that we can make more money tearing up churches than in building them up? Is it possible that we can make more money denouncing the God of slavery than we can praising the God that took liberty f.om man? If so, I am glad.

I call publicly upon Robert Collyer—a man for whom I have great respect—I call publicly upon Robert Collyer to state to the people of this city whether he believes the Old Testament was inspired. I call upon him to state whether he believes that God ever upheld these institutions; whether God was a polygamist; whether he believes that God commanded Moses or Joshua or any one else to slay little children in the cradle. Do you believe that Robert Collyer would obey such an order? Do you believe that he would rush to the cradle and drive the knife of theological hatred to the tender heart of a dimpled child? And yet when I denounce a God that will give such a hellish order, he says it is slang,

I want him to answer; and when he answers he will say he does not believe the Bible is inspired. That is what he will say, and he holds these old worthies in the same contempt that I do. Suppose he should act like Abraham. Suppose he should send some woman out into the wilderness with his child in her arms to starve, would he think that mankind ought to hold up his name forever, for reverence.

Robert Collyer says that we should read and scan every word of the Old Testament with reverence; that we should take this book up with reverential hands. I deny it. We should read it as we do every other book, and everything good in it, keep it; and everything that shocks

the brain and shocks the heart, throw it away. Let us be honest.

INGERSOLL'S REPLY TO PROF. SWING.

Prof. Swing has made a few remarks on this subject, and I say the spirit he has exhibited has been as gentle and as sweet as the perfume of a flower. He was too good a man to stay in the Presbyterian church. He was a rose among thistles. He was a dove among vultures —and they hunted him out, and I am glad he came out. I tell all the churches to drive all such men out, and when he comes I want him to state just what he thinks. I want him to tell the people of Chicago whether he believes the Bible is inspired in any sense except that in which Shakspeare was inspired. Honor bright, I tell you that all the sweet and beautiful things in the Bible would not make one play of Shakspeare; all the philosophy in the world would not make one scene in Hamlet; all the beauties of the Bible would not make one scene in the Midsummer Night's Dream ; all the beautiful things about woman in the Bible would not begin to create such a character as Perditu or Imogene or Miranda. Not one.

I want him to tell whether he believes the Bible was inspired in any other way than Shakspeare was inspired. I want him to pick out something as beautiful and tender as Burns' poem to Mary in Heaven. I want him to tell whether he believes the story about the bears eating up children ; whether that is inspired. I want him to tell whether he considers that a poem or not. I want to know if the same God made those bears that devoured the children because they laughed at an old man out of hair. I want to know if the same God that did that is

the same God who said, "Suffer little children to come unto me, for such is the kingdom of Heaven." I want him to answer it. and answer it fairly. That is all I ask. I want just the fair thing.

Now, sometimes Mr. Swing talks as though he believed the Bible, and then he talks to me as though he didn't believe the Bible. The day he made this sermon I think he did, just a little, believe it. He is like the man that passed a ten dollar counterfeit bill. He was arrested and his father went to see him and said, "John, how could you commit such a crime? How could you bring my gray hairs in sorrow to the grave?" "Well," he says, "father, I'll tell you. I got this bill and some days I thought it was bad and some days I thought it was good, and one day when I thought it was good I passed it."

I want it distinctly understood that I have the greatest respect for Prof. Swing, but I want him to tell whether the 109th psalm is inspired. I want him to tell whether the passages I shall afterward read in this book are inspired. That is what I want.

INGERSOLL'S REPLY TO BROOKE HERFORD, D. D.

Then there is another gentleman here. His name is Herford. He says it is not fair to apply the test of truth to the Bible—I don't think it is myself. He says although Moses upheld slavery, that he improved it. They were not quite so bad as they were before, and Heaven justified slavery at that time. Do you believe that God ever turned the arms of children into chains of slavery? Do you believe that God ever said to a man: "You can't have your wife unless you will be a slave? You can not have your children unless you will lose your

liberty ; and unless you are willing to throw them from your heart forever, you can not be free ? I want Mr. Herford to state whether he loves such a God. Be honor bright about it. Don't begin to talk about civilization, or what the church has done or will do. Just walk right up to the rack and say whether you love and worship a God that established slavery. Honest ! And love and worship a God that would allow a little babe to be torn from the breast of its mother and sold into slavery. Now tell it fair, Mr. Herford, I want you to tell the ladies in your congregation that you believe in a God that allowed women to be given to the soldiers. Tell them that, and then if you say it was not the God of Moses, then don't praise Moses any more. Don't do it. Answer these questions.

INGERSOLL GATTLING GUN TURNED ON DR. RYDER.

Then here is another gentleman, Mr. Ryder, the Rev. Mr. Ryder, and he says that Calvinism is rejected by a majority of Christendom. He is mistaken. There is what they call the Evangelical Alliance. They met in this country in 1875 or 1876, and there were present representatives of all the evangelical churches in the world, and they adopted a creed, and that creed is that man is totally depraved. That creed is that there is an eternal, universal Hell, and that every man that does not believe in a certain way is bound to be damned forever, and that there is only one way to be saved, and that is by faith, and by faith alone ; and they would not allow anybody to be represented there that did not believe that, and they would not allow a Unitarian there, and would not have allowed Dr. Ryder there, because he takes

away from the Christian world the consolation naturally arising from the belief in Hell.

Dr. Ryder is mistaken. All the orthodox religion of the day is Calvinism. It believes in the fall of man. It believes in the atonement. It believes in the eternity of Hell, and it believes in salvation by faith ; that is to say, by credulity.

That is what they believe, and he is mistaken ; and I want to tell Dr. Kyder to-day, if there is a God, and He wrote the Old Testament, there is a Hell. The God that wrote the Old Testament will have a Hell. And I want to tell Dr. Ryder another thing, that the Bible teaches an eternity of punishment. I want to tell him that the Bible upholds the doctrine of Hell. I want to tell Him that if there is no Hell, somebody ought to have said so, and Jesus Christ should not have said : "I will at the last day say : 'Depart from me, ye cursed, into everlasting fire prepared for the devil and his angels.'" If there was not such a place, Christ would not have said : "Depart from me, ye cursed, and these shall go hence into everlasting fire." And if you, Dr. Ryder, are depending for salvation on the God that wrote the Old Testament, you will inevitably be eternally damned.

There is no hope for you. It is just as bad to deny Hell as it is to deny Heaven. It is just as much blasphemy to deny the devil as to deny God, according to the orthodox creed. He admits that the Jews were polygamists, but, he says, how was it they finally quit it ? I can tell you—the soil was so poor they couldn't afford it. Prof. Swing says the Bible is a poem. Dr. Ryder says it is a picture. The Garden of Eden is pictorial ; a pictorial snake and a pictorial woman, I suppose, and a

pictorial man, and maybe it was a pictorial sin. And only a pictorial atonement.

INGERSOLL'S REPLY TO RABBI BIEN.

Then there is another gentleman, and he a rabbi, a Rabbi Bien, or Bean, or whatever his name is, and he comes to the defense of the Great Law-giver. There was another rabbi who attacked me in Cincinnati, and I couldn't help but think of the old saying that a man got off when he said the tallest man he ever knew, his name was Short. And the fattest man he ever saw, his name was Lean. And it is only necessary for me to add that this rabbi in Cincinnati was Wise.

The rabbi here, I will not answer him, and I will tell you why. Because he has taken himself outside of all the limits of a gentleman; because he has taken it upon himself to traduce American women in language the beastliest I ever read; and any man who says that the American women are not just as good women as any God can make and pick his mud to-day, is an unappreciative barbarian.

I will let him alone because he denounced all the men in this country, all the members of Congress, all the members of the Senate, and all the judges upon the Bench; in his lecture he denounced them as thieves and robbers. That won't do. I want to remind him that in this country the Jews were first admitted to the privileges of citizens; that in this country they were first given all their rights, and I am as much in favor of their having their rights as I am in favor of having my own. But when a rabbi so far forgets himself as to traduce the women and men of this country, I pronounce him a vulgar falsifier, and let him alone.

Strange, that nearly every man that has answered me, has answered me mostly on the same side. Strange, that nearly every man that thought himself called upon to defend the Bible was one who did not believe in it himself. Isn't it strange? They are like some suspected people, always anxious to show their marriage certificate. They want at least to convince the world that they are not as bad as I am.

Now, I want to read you just one or two things, and then I am going to let you go. I want to see if I have said such awful things, and whether I have got any scripture to stand by me. I will read only two or three verses. Does the Bible teach man to enslave his brother? If it does, it is not the word of God, unless God is a slaveholder.

"Moreover, all the children of the strangers that do sojourn among you. of them shall ye buy of their families which are with you, which they beget in your land, and they shall be your possession. Ye shall take them as an inheritance for your children after you to inherit them. They shall be your bondsmen forever."—(Old Testament.)

Upon the limbs of unborn babes this fiendish God put the chains of slavery. I hate him.

"Both thy bondmen and bondwomen shall be of the heathen round about thee and them shall ye buy, bondmen and bondwomen."

Now let us read what the New Testatament has. I could read a great deal more, but that is enough.

"Servants, be obedient to them that are your masters, according to the flesh in fear and trembling, in singleness of your heart, as unto Christ."

This is putting the dirty thief that steals your labor on an equality with God.

"Servants, be subject to your masters with all fear; not only to the good and gentle but also to the froward."

"For this is thankworthy, if a man for conscience toward God endure grief, suffering wrongfully."

The idea of a man on account of conscience toward God stealing another man, or allowing him nothing but lashes on his back as legal-tender for labor performed.

"Let as many servants as are under the yoke count their own masters worthy of all honor, that the name of God and His doctrine be not blasphemed."

How can you blaspheme the name of God by asserting your independence? How can you blaspheme the name of a God by striking fetters from the limbs of men? I wish some of your ministers would tell you that. "And they that have believing masters let them not despise them." That is to say. a good Christian could own another believer in Jesus Christ; could own a woman and her children, and could sell the child away from its mother. That is a sweet belief. O, hypocrisy!

"Let them not despise them because they are brethren, but rather do them service because they are faithful and beloved, partakers of the benefit."

Oh, what slush! Here is what they will tell the poor slave, so that he will serve the man that stole his wife and children from him:

"For we brought nothing into this world, and it is certain we can carry nothing out. Having food and raiment let us be therewith content."

Don't you think that it would do just as well to preach that to the thieving man as to the suffering slave? I think so. Then this same Bible teaches witchcraft, that spirits go into the bodies of the man, and pigs, and that God himself made a trade with the devil, and the devil traded him off—a man for a certain number of swine, and the devil lost money because the hogs ran right down into the sea. He got a corner on that deal.

Now let us see how they believed in the rights of children:

"If a man have a stubborn and rebellious son which will not obey the voice of his father, or the voice of his mother, and that, when they have chastened him, will not harken unto them, then shall his father and his mother lay hold on him, and bring him out unto the elders of his city, and unto the gate of his place. And they shall say unto the elders of his city, This, our son, is stubborn and rebellious, he will not obey our voice, he is a glutton and a drunkard, And all the men of this city shall stone him with stones, that he die, so shalt thou put evil away."

That is a very good way to raise children. Here is the story of Jephthah. He went off and he asked the Lord to let him whip some people, and he told the Lord if He would let him whip them, he would sacrifice to the Lord the first thing that met him on his return; and the first thing that met him was his own beautiful daughter, and he sacrified her. Is there a sadder story in all history than that? What do you think of a man that would sacrifice his own daughter? What do you think of a God that would receive that sacrifice? Now, then,

they come to women in this blessed gospel, and let us see what the gospel says about women. Then you ought all to go to church, girls, next Sanday and hear it. "Let the woman learn in silence with all subjection; suffer not woman to think nor usurp authority over man, for Adam was formed first, not Eve."

Don't you see?

"Adam was not deceived, but the woman being deceived was in the transgression. Notwithstanding all this she shall be saved in child-bearing if she continues in faith and charity and holiness with sobriety." (That is Mr. Timothy.) "But I would have you know that the head of every man is Christ, and the head of the woman is the man, and the head of Christ is God."

I suppose that every old maid is acephalous.

"For a man indeed ought not to cover head, forasmuch as he is the image and glory of God; but the woman is the glory of man. For the man is not of the woman, but woman of the man. Neither was the man created for the woman, but the woman for the man. Wives, submit yourselves unto your own husband as unto the Lord, for the husband is the head of the wife even as Christ is the head of the Church."

Do you hear that! You didn't know how much we were above you. When you go back to the Old Testament, to the great law-giver, you find that the woman has to ask forgiveness for having borne a child. If it was a boy, thirty-three days she was unclean; if it was a girl, sixty-six. Nice laws! Good laws! If there is a pure thing in this world, if there is a picture of perfect purity, it is a mother with her child in her arms. Yes, I think more of a good woman and a child than

I do of all the gods I have ever heard these people tell about. Just think of this:

"When thou goest forth to war against thine enemies, and the Lord thy God hath delivered them into thine hands, and thou hast taken them captive, and seest among the captives a beautiful woman and hast a desire unto her that thou wouldst have her to thy wife, then thou shalt bring her home to thine house, and she shall shave her head, and pare her nails.

Wherefore, ye must needs be subject not only for love but for conscience sake, and for this cause pay ye tribute, for they are God's ministers."

I despise this wretched doctrine. Wherever the sword of rebellion is drawn in favor of the right, I am a rebel. I suppose Alexander, czar of Russia, was put there by the order of God, was he? I am sorry he was not removed by the nihilist that shot at him the other day.

I tell you in a country like that, where there are hundreds of girls not 16 years of age prisoners in Siberia, simply for giving their ideas about liberty, and we telegraphed to that country, congratulating that wretch that he was not killed, my heart goes into the prison, my heart goes with the poor girl working as a miner in the mines, crawling on her hands and knees getting the precious ore out of the mines, and my sympathies go with her and my sympathies cluster around the point of the dagger.

Does the Bible describe a God of mercy? Let me read you a verse or two.

"I will make my arrows drunk with blood, and my sword shall devour flesh. Thy foot may be dipped in the blood of thine enemies.

And the tongue of thy dogs in the same.

And the Lord thy God will put out those nations before thee by little and little ; thou mayest not consume them at once, lest the beasts of the field increase upon thee.

But the Lord thy God shall deliver them unto thee, and shall destroy them with a mighty destruction, until they be destroyed.

And he shall deliver their kings unto thine hand, and thou shalt destroy their name from under Heaven ; then shall no man be able to stand before thee, until thou hast destroyed them."

I can see what he had her nails pared for. Does the Bible teach polygamy ?

The Rev. Dr. Newman, consul general to all the the world—had a discussion with Elder Heber or Kimball, or some such wretch in Utah—whether the Bible sustains polygamy, and the Mormons have printed that discussion as a campaign document. Read the order of Moses in the 31st chapter of Numbers. A great many chapters I dare not read to you. They are too filthy. I leave all that to the clergy. Read the 31st chapter of Exodus, the 31st chapter of Deuteronomy, the life of Abraham, and the life of David, and the life of Solomon, and then tell me that the Bible does not uphold polygamy and concubinage !

Let them answer. Then I said that the Bible upheld tyranny. Let me read you a little : "Let every soul be subject to the higher powers—the powers that be—are ordained of God."

George III. was king by the grace of God, and when our fathers rose in rebellion, according to this doctrine,

they rose against the power of God ; and if they did they were successful.

And so it goes on, telling of all the cities that were destroyed, and of the great-hearted men, that they dashed their brains out, and all the little babes, and all the sweet women that they killed and plundered — all in the name of a most merciful God. Well, think of it ! The Old Testament is filled with anathemas, and with curses, and with words of revenge, and jealousy, and hatred, and meanness, and brutality.

Have I read enough to show that what I said is so ? I think I have. I wish I had time to read to you further of what the dear old fathers of the church said about woman—wait a minute, and I will read you a little. We have got them running.

St. Augustine in his 22d book says : "A woman ought to serve her husband as unto God, affirming that woman ought to be braced and bridled betimes, if she aspire to any dominion, alleging that dangerous and perilous it is to suffer her to precede, although it be in temporal and corporeal things. How can woman be in the image of God, seeing she is subject to man, and hath no authority to teach, neither to be a witness, neither to judge, much less to rule or bear the rod of empire."

Oh, he is a good one. These are the very words of Augustine. Let me read some more. "Woman shall be subject unto man as unto Christ." That is St. Augustine, and this sentence of Augustine ought to be noted of all women, for in it he plainly affirms that women are all the more subject to man. And now, St. Ambrose, he is a good boy. "Adam was deceived by Eve—called Heva—and not Heva by Adam, and therefore just it is

that woman receive and acknowledge him for governor whom she called sin, lest that again she slip and fall with womanly facility." Don't you see that woman has sinned once, and man never? If you give woman an opportunity, she will sin again, whereas if you give it to man, who never, never betrayed his trust in the world, nothing bad can happen. "Let women be subject to their own husbands as unto the Lord, for man is the head of woman, and Christ is the head of the congregation." They are all real good men, all of them. "It is not permitted to woman to speak; let her be in silence; as the law said: unto thy husband shalt thou ever be, and he shall bear dominion over thee."

So St. Chrysostom. He is another good man. "Woman," he says, "was put under the power of man, and man was pronounced lord over her; that she should obey man, that the head should not follow the feet. False priests do commonly deceive women, because they are easily persuaded to any opinion, especially if it be again given, and because they lack prudence and right reason to judge the things that be spoken; which should not be the nature of those that are appointed to govern others. For they should be constant, stable, prudent, and doing everything with discretion and reason, which virtues woman can not have in equality with man."

I tell you women are more prudent than men. I tell you, as a rule, women are more truthful than men. I tell you that women are more faithful than men—ten times as faithful as man. I never saw a man pursue his wife into the very ditch and dust of degradation and take her in his arms. I never saw a man stand at the shore where she had been morally wrecked, waiting for the

waves to bring back even her corpse to his arms; but I have seen woman do it. I have seen woman with her white arms lift man from the mire of degradation, and hold him to her bosom as though he were an angel.

And these men thought woman not fit to be held as pure in the sight of God as man. I never saw a man that pretended that he didn't love a woman; that pretended that he loved God better than he did a woman, that he didn't look hateful to me, hateful and unclean. I could read you twenty others, but I havn't time to do it. They are all to the same effect exactly. They hate woman, and say man is as much above her as God is above man. I am a believer in absolute equality. I am a believer in absolute liberty between man and wife. I believe in liberty, and I say, "Oh, liberty, float not forever in the far horizon—remain not forever in the dream of the enthusiast, the philanthropist and poet; but come and make thy home among the children of men."

I know not what discoveries, what inventions, what thoughts may leap from the brain of the world. I know not what garments of glory may be woven by the years to come. I can not dream of the victories to be won upon the field of thought; but I do know that, coming down the infinite sea of the future, there will never touch this "bank and shoal of time" a richer gift, a rarer blessing than liberty for man, woman and child.

I never addressed a more magnificent audience in my life, and I thank you, I thank you a thousand times over.

INGERSOLL'S CATECHISM AND BIBLE CLASS.

Nothing is more gratifying than to see ideas that were received with scorn, flourishing in the sunshine of ap-

proval. Only a few weeks ago I stated that the Bible was not inspired; that Moses was mistaken, that the "flood" was a foolish myth; that the Tower of Babel existed only in credulity; that God did not create the universe from nothing, that He did not start the first woman with a rib; that He never upheld slavery; that He was not a polygamist; that He did not kill people for making hair-oil, that He did not order His Generals to kill the dimpled babes; that He did not allow the roses of love and the violets of modesty to be trodden under the brutal feet of lust; that the Hebrew language was written without vowels; that the Bible was composed of many books written by unknown men; that all translations differed from each other, and that this book had filled the world with agony and crime.

At that time I had not the remotest idea that the most learned clergymen in Chicago would substantially agree with me—in public. I have read the replies of the Rev. Robert Collyer, Dr. Thomas, Rabbi Kohler, Rev. Brooke Herford, Prof. Swing, and Dr. Ryder, and will now ask them a few questions, answering them in their own words:

First, REV. ROBERT COLLYER: Question. What is your opinion of the Bible? Answer. "It is a splendid book. It makes the noblest type of Catholics and the meanest bigots. Through this book men give their hearts for good to God, or for evil to the Devil. The best argument for the intrinsic greatness of the book is that it can touch such wide extremes, and seem to maintain us in the most unparalleled cruelty, as well as the most tender mercy; that it can inspire purity like that of the great saints and afford arguments in favor of poly-

gamy. The Bible is the text book of ironclad Calvinism and sunny Universalism. It makes the Quaker quiet and the Millerite crazy. It inspired the Union soldier to live and grandly die for the right, and Stonewall Jackson to live nobly and die grandly for the wrong."

Q. But, Mr. Collyer, do you really think that a book with as many passages in favor of wrong as right, is inspired? A. "I look upon the Old Testament as a rotting tree. When it falls it will fertilize a bank of violets."

Q. Do you believe that God upheld slavery and polygamy? Do you believe that He ordered the killing of babes and the violation of maidens? A. "There is three-fold inspiration in the Bible, the first peerless and perfect, the Word of God to man; the secoud simply and purely human, and then below this again, there is an inspiration born of an evil heart, ruthless and savage there and then as anything well can be. A three-fold inspiration, of Heaven first, then of the Earth, and then of Hell, all in the same book, all sometimes in the same chapter, and then, besides, a great many things that need no inspiration."

Q. Then, after all, you do not pretend that the Scriptures are really inspired? A. "The Scriptures make no such claim for themselves as the Church makes for them. They leave me free to say this is false, or this is true. The truth even within the Bible dies and lives, makes on this side and loses on that."

Q. What do you say to the last verse in the Bible, where a curse is threatened to any man who takes from or adds to the book? A. "I have but one answer to this question, and it is: Let who will have written this,

I can not for an instant believe that it was written by a divine inspiration. Such dogmas and threats as these are not of God, but of man, and not of any man of a free spirit and heart eager for the truth, but a narrow man who would cripple and confine the human soul in its quest after the whole truth of God, and back those who have done the shameful things in the name of the Most High."

Q. Do you not regard such talk as "slang?"

(Supposed) Answer, If an infidel had said that the writer of Revelations was narrow and bigoted, I might have denounced his discourse as "slang," but I think that Unitarian ministers can do so with the greatest propriety.

Q. Do you believe in the stories of the Bible, about Jael, and the sun standing still, and the walls falling at the blowing of horns? A. "They may be legends, myths, poems, or what they will, but they are not the Word of God. So I say again, it was not the God and Father of us all who inspired the woman to drive that nail crashing through the king's temple after she had given him that bowl of milk and bid him sleep in safety, but a very mean Devil of hatred and revenge that I should hardly expect to find in a squaw on the plains. It was not the ram's horns and the shouting before which the walls fell flat. If they went down at all, it was through good solid pounding. And not for an instant did the steady sun stand still or let his planet stand still while barbarian fought barbarian. He kept just the time then he keeps now. They might believe it who made the record. I do not. And since the whole Christian world might believe it, still we do not who gather in this

church. A free and reasonable mind stands right in our way. Newton might believe it as a Christian and disbelieve it as a philosopher. We stand then with the philosopher against the Christian, for we must believe what is true to us in the last test, and these things are not true."

SECOND, REV. DR. THOMAS. Question. What is your opinion of the Old Testament? Answer. "My opinion is that it is not one book, but many—thirty-nine books bound up in one. The date and authorship of most of these books are wholly unknown. The Hebrews wrote without vowels and without dividing the letters into syllables, words or sentences. The books were gathered up by Ezra. At that time only two of the Jewish tribes remained. All progress had ceased. In gathering up the sacred book, copyists exercised great liberty in making changes and additions."

Q. Yes, we know all that, but is the Old Testament inspired? A. "There may be the inspiration of art, of poetry, or oratory; of patriotism—and there are such inspirations. There are moments when great truths and principles come to men. They seek the man and not the man them."

Q. Yes, we will admit that, but is the Bible inspired? A. "But still I know of no way to convince any one of spirit and inspiration and God only as His reason may take hold of these things."

Q. Do you think the Old Testament true? A. "The story of Eden may be an allegory; the history of the children of Israel may have mistakes."

Q. Must inspiration claim infallibility? A. "It is a mistake to say that if you believe one part of the Bible

you must believe all. Some of the thirty-nine books may be inspired, others not ; or there may be degrees of inspiration."

Q. Do you believe that God commanded the soldiers to kill the children and the married women and save for themselves the maidens, as recorded in Numbers 31:2 ? Do you believe that God upheld slavery ? Do you believe that God upheld polygamy ? A. "The Bible may be wrong in some statements. God and right can not be wrong. We must not exalt the Bible above God. It may be that we have claimed too much for the Bible, and thereby given not a little occasion for such men as Mr. Ingersoll to appear at the other extreme, denying too much."

Q. What then shall be done ? A. "We must take a middle ground. It is not necessary to believe that the bears devoured the forty-two children, nor that Jonah was swallowed by the whale."

THIRD, REV. DR. KOHLER. Question. What is your opinion about the Old Testament ? Answer. "I will not make futile attempts of artificially interpreting the letter of the Bible so as to make it reflect the philosophical, moral and scientific views of our time. The Bible is a sacred record of humanity's childhood."

Q. Are you an orthodox Christian ? A. "No. Orthodoxy, with its face turned backward to a ruined temple or a dead Messiah, is fast becoming like Lot's wife, a pillar of salt."

Q. Do you really believe the Old Testament was inspired ? A. "I greatly acknowledge our indebtedness to men like Voltaire and Thomas Paine, whose bold denial and cutting wit were so instrumental in bringing

about this glorious era of freedom, so congenial and blissful, particularly to the long-abused Jewish race.

Q. Do you believe in the inspiration of the Bible? A. "Of course there is a destructive ax needed to strike down the old building in order to make room for the grander new. The divine origin claimed by the Hebrews for their national literature was claimed by all nations for their old records and laws as preserved by the priesthood. As Moses- the Hebrew law-giver, is represented as having received the law from God on the holy mountains, so is Zoroaster, the Persian, Manu, the Hindoo, Minos, the Cretan, Lycurgus, the Spartan, and Numa, the Roman."

Q. Do you believe all the stories in the Bible? A. "All that can and must be said against them is that they have been too long retained around the arms and limbs of grown-up manhood to check the spiritual progress of religion; that by Jewish ritualism and Christian dogmatism they became fetters unto the soul, turning the light of heaven into a misty haze to blind the eye, and even into a Hell fire of fanaticism to consume souls."

Q. Is the Bible inspired? A. True, the Bible is not free from errors, nor is any work of man and time, It abounds in childish views and offensive matters. I trust it will, in a time not far off, be presented for common use in families, schools, synagogues and churches, in a refined shape, cleansed from all dross and chaff, and stumbling-blocks on which the scoffer delights to dwell."

FOURTH, REV. MR. HERFORD. Question. Is the Bible true? Answer. "Ingersoll is very fond of saying 'The question is not, is the Bible inspired, but is it true?' That sounds very plausible, but you know as

applied to any ancient book it is simply nonsense."

Q. Do you think the stories in the Bible exaggerated? A. I dare say the numbers are immensely exaggerated."

Q. Do you think that God upheld polygamy? A. "The truth of which simply is, that four thousand years ago polygamy existed among the Jews, as everywhere else on earth then, and even their prophets did not come to the idea of its being wrong. But what is there to be indignant about in that?"

Q. And so you really wonder why any man should be indignant at the idea that God upheld and sanctioned that beastliness called polygamy? A. "What is there to be indignant about in that?"

FIFTH, PROF. SWING. Question. What is your idea of the Bible? Answer. "I think it a poem."

SIXTH, REV. DR. RYDER. Question. And what is your idea of the sacred Scriptures? Answer. "Like other nations, the Hebrews had their patriotic, descriptive, didactic and lyrical poems in the same varieties as other nations; but with them, unlike other nations, whatever may be the form of their poetry, it always possesses the characteristic of religion."

Q. I suppose you fully appreciate the religious characteristics of the Song of Solomon? No answer.

Q. Does the Bible uphold polygamy? A. "The law of Moses did not forbid it, but contained many provisions against its worst abuses, and such as were intended to restrict it within narrow limits."

Q. So you think God corrected some of the worst abuses of polygamy, but preserved the institution itself?

I might question many others, but have concluded not

to consider those as members of my Bible class who deal in calumnies and epithets. From the so-called "replies" of such ministers it appears that, while Christianity changes the heart, it does not improve the manners, and one can get into Heaven in the next world without having been a gentleman in this.

It is difficult for me to express the deep and thrilling satisfaction I have experienced in reading the admissions of the clergy of Chicago. Surely the battle of intellectual liberty is almost won when ministers admit that the Bible is filled with ignorant and cruel mistakes ; that each man has the right to think for himself, and that it is not necessary to believe the Scriptures in order to be saved.

From the bottom of my heart I congratulate my pupils on the advance they have made, and hope soon to meet them on the serene heights of perfect freedom.

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INGERSOLL'S NEW DEPARTURE.

HIS LECTURE ENTITLED

"WHAT SHALL WE DO TO BE SAVED?"

DELIVERED IN MCVICKER'S THEATRE, CHICAGO, SEPT. 19, 1880.

[From the Chicago Times. Verbatim Report.]

LADIES AND GENTLEMEN:—Fear is the dungeon of the mind, and superstition is a dagger with which hypocrisy assassinates the soul. Courage is liberty. I am in favor of absolute freedom of thought. In the realm of the mind every one is monarch. Every one is robed, sceptered, and crowned, and every one wears the purple of authority. I belong to the republic of intellectual liberty, and only those are good citizens of that republic who depend upon reason and upon persuasion, and only those are traitors who resort to brute force.

Now, I beg of you all to forget just for a few moments that you are Methodists, or Baptists, or Catholics, or Presbyterians, and let us for an hour or two remember only that we are men and women. And allow me to say "man" and "woman" are the highest titles that can be bestowed upon humanity. "Man" and "woman." And

let us if possible banish all fear from the mind. Do not imagine that there is some being in the infinite expanse who is not willing that every man and woman should think for himself and herself. Do not imagine that there is any being who would give to his children the holy torch of reason and then damn them for following where the holy light led. Let us have courage.

Priests have invented a crime called "blasphemy," and behind that crime hypocrisy has crouched for thousands of years. There is but one blasphemy, and that is injustice. There is but one worship, and that is justice!

You need not fear the anger of a God whom you cannot injure. Rather fear to injure your fellow-men. Do not be afraid of a crime you cannot commit. Rather be afraid of the one that you may commit.

There was a Jewish gentleman went into a restaurant to get his dinner, and the devil of temptation whispered in his ear: "Eat some bacon."

He knew if there was anything in the universe calculated to excite the wrath of the Infinite Being, who made every shining star, it was to see a gentleman eating bacon. He knew it, and He knew the Infinite Being was looking, and that he was the Infinite Eavesdropper of the universe. But his appetite got the better of his conscience, as it often has with us all, and he ate that bacon. He knew it was wrong. When he went into that restaurant the weather was delightful, the sky was as blue as June, and when he came out the sky was covered with angry clouds, the lightning leaping from one to the other, and the earth shaking beneath the voice of the thunder. He went back into

that restaurant with a face as white as milk, and he said to one of the keepers :

"My God, did you ever hear such a fuss about a little piece of bacon ?"

As long as we harbor such opinions of Infinity ; as long as we imagine the heavens to be filled with such tyranny, so long the sons of men will be cringing, intellectual cowards. Let us think, and let us honestly express our thought.

Do not imagine for a moment that I think people who disagree with me are bad people. I admit, and I cheerfully admit, that a very large proportion of mankind and a very large majority, a vast number, are reasonably honest. I believe that most Christians believe what they teach ; that most ministers are endeavoring to make this world better. I do not pretend to be better than they are. It is an intellectual question. It is a question, first, of intellectual liberty, and after that, a question to be settled at the bar of human reason. I do not pretend to be better than they are. Probably I am a good deal worse than many of them, but that is not the question. The question is : "Bad as I am, have I a right to think ?" And I think I have, for two reasons.

First, I can't help it. And secondly, I like it. The whole question is right at a point. If I have not a right to express my thoughts, who has ?

"Oh," they say, "we will allow you, we will not burn you."

"All right ; why won't you burn me ?"

"Because we think a decent man will allow others to think and express his thought."

"Then the reason you do not persecute me for my thought is that you believe it would be infamous in you!"

"Yes."

"And yet you worship a God who will, as you declare, punish me forever."

The next question then is: Can I commit a sin against God by thinking? If God did not intend I should think, why did He give me a "thinker." Now, then, we have got what they call the Christian system of religion, and thousands of people wonder how I can be wicked enough to attack that system.

There are many good things about it, and I shall never attack anything that I believe to be good! I shall never fear to attack anything I honestly believe to be wrong! We have, I say, what they call the Christian religion, and, I find, just in proportion that nations have been religious, just in the proportion they have gone back to barbarism. I find that Spain, Portugal, Italy are the three worst nations in Europe; I find that the nation nearest infidel is the most prosperous—France.

And so I say there can be no danger in the exercise of absolute intellectual freedom. I find among ourselves the men who think at least as good as those who do not. We have, I say, a Christian system, and that system is founded upon what they are pleased to call the "New Testament." Who wrote the New Testament? I don't know. Who does know? Nobody!

We have found some fifty-two manuscripts containing portions of the New Testament, Some of those manuscripts leave out five or six books—many of them. Others more; others less. No two of these manu-

scripts agree. Nobody knows who wrote these manuscripts. They are all written in Greek ; the disciples of Christ knew only Hebrew. Nobody ever saw, so far as we know, one of the original Hebrew manuscripts. Nobody ever saw anybody who had seen anybody who had heard of anybody that had seen anybody that had ever seen one of the original Hebrew manuscripts. No doubt the clergy of your city have told you these facts thousands of times, and they will be obliged to me for having repeated them once more. These manuscripts are written in what are called capital Greek letters. They are called Uncial characters ; and the New Testament was not divided into chapters and verses, even, until the year of grace 1551. Recollect it.

In the original the manuscripts and gospels are signed by nobody. The epistles are addressed to nobody ; and they are signed by the same person. All the addresses, all the pretended earmarks showing to whom they are written and by whom they are written are simply interpolations, and everybody who has studied the subject knows it.

It is farther admitted that even these manuscripts have not been properly translated, and they have a syndicate now making a new translation ; and I suppose that I cannot tell whether I really believe the Testament or not until I see that new translation.

You must remember, also, one other thing. Christ never wrote a solitary word of the New Testament—not one word. There is an account that He once stooped and wrote something in the sand, but that has not been preserved. He never told anybody to write a word. He never said : "Matthew, remember this. Mark,

don't forget to put that down. Luke, be sure that in your gospel you have this. John, don't forget it." Not one word. And it has always seemed to me that a Being coming from another world, with a message of infinite importance to mankind, should at least have verified that message by his own signature.

Why was nothing written? I will tell you. In my judgment they expected the end of the world in a very few days. That generation was not to pass away until the heavens should be rolled up as a scroll, and until the earth should melt with fervent heat. That was their belief. They believed that the world was to be destroyed, and that there was to be another coming, and that the saints were then to govern the world. And they even went so far among the Apostles, as we frequently do now before election, as to divide out the offices in advance. This Testament was not written for hundreds of years after the Apostles were dust. These facts lived in the open mouth of credulity. They were in the wastebaskets of forgetfulness. They depended upon the inaccuracy of legend, and for centuries these doctrines and stories were blown about by the inconstant winds. And, finally, when reduced to writing, some gentleman would write by the side of the passage his idea of it, and the next copyist would put that in as a part of the text. And, finally, when it was made, and the Church got in trouble, and wanted a passage to help it out, one was interpolated to order. So that now it is among the easiest things in the world to pick out at least one hundred interpolations in the Testament. And I will pick some of them out before I get through.

And let me say here, once for all, that for the man

Christ I have infinite respect. Let me say, once for all, that the place where man has died for man is holy ground; and let me say, once for all, to that great and serene man I gladly pay the homage of my admiration and my tears. He was a reformer in His day. He was an infidel in His time. He was regarded as a blasphemer, and His life was destroyed by hypocrites, who have, in all ages, done what they could to trample freedom out of the human mind. Had I lived at that time I would have been His friend, and should He come again He would not find a better friend than I will be.

That is for the man. For the theological creation I have a different feeling. If He was, in fact, God, He knew that there was no such thing as death. He knew that what we call death was but the eternal opening of the golden gates of everlasting joy; and it took no heroism to face a death that was simply eternal life.

But when a man, when a poor boy sixteen years of age, goes upon the field of battle to keep his flag in heaven, not knowing but that death ends all—not knowing but that, when the shadows creep over him. the darkness will be eternal—there is heroism.

And so for the man who, in the darkness, said: "My God, why hast Thou forsaken Me?"—for that man I have nothing but respect, admiration, and love.

A while ago I made up my mind to find out what was necessary for me to do in order to be saved. If I have got a soul, I want it saved. I do not wish to lose anything that is of value. For thousands of years the world has been asking that question: "What shall we do to be saved?"

Saved from poverty? No. Saved from crime? No.

Tyranny? No. But "What shall we do to be saved from the eternal wrath of the God who made us all?"

If God made us, He will not destroy us. Infinite wisdom never made a poor investment. And upon all the works of an infinite God, a dividend must finally be declared. The pulpit has cast a shadow over even the the cradle. The doctrine of endless punishment has covered the cheeks of this world with tears. I despise it, and I defy it.

I made up my mind, I say, to see what I had to do in order to save my soul according to the Testament, and thereupon I read it. I read the gospel, Matthew, Mark, Luke, and John. But I found that the Church had been deceiving me. I found that the clergy did not understand their own book. I found that they had been building upon passages that had been interpolated. I found that they had been building upon passages that were entirely untrue. And I will tell you why I think so.

The first of these gospels was written by St. Matthew, according to the claim. Of course he never wrote a word of it. Never saw it. Never heard of it. But, for the purpose of this lecture, I will admit that he wrote it. I will admit that he was with Christ for three years; that he heard much of His conversation during that time, and that he became impregnated with the doctrines, or dogmas, and the ideas of Jesus Christ.

Now let us see what Matthew says we must do in order to be saved. And I take it that, if this be true, Matthew is as good an authority as any minister in the world.

The first thing I find upon the subject of salvation is in the fifth chapter of Matthew, and is embraced in what

is commonly known as the sermon on the Mount. It is as follows:

"Blessed are the poor in spirit, for theirs is the kingdom of heaven." Good!

"Blessed are the merciful, for they shall obtain mercy." Good! Whether they belonged to any church or not; whether they believed the Bible or not.

"Blessed are the merciful, for they shall obtain mercy." Good!

"Blessed are the pure in heart, for they shall see God. Blessed are the peacemakers, for they shall be called the children of God. Blessed are they which are persecuted for righteousness' sake," (that's me, little) "for theirs is the Kingdom of Heaven."

"In the same sermon he says: "Think not that I am come to destroy the law or the prophets. I am not come to destroy, but to fulfill." And then he makes use of this remarkable language, almost as applicable to-day as it was then: "For I say unto you that except your righteousness shall exceed the righteousness of the Scribes and Pharisees ye shall in no wise enter the kingdom of Heaven." Good!

In the sixth chapter I find the following, and it comes directly after the prayer known as the Lord's prayer: "For if you forgive men their trespasses your Heavenly Father will also forgive you; but if ye forgive not men their trespasses neither will your Father forgive your trespasses." I accept the conditions. There is an offer; I accept it. If you will forgive men that trespass against you, God will forgive your trespasses against Him. I accept, and I never will ask any God to treat me any better than I treat my fellow-men. There is a square

promise. There is a contract. If you will forgive others, God will forgive you. And it does not say you must believe in the Old Testament, nor be baptized, nor join the Church, nor keep Sunday. It simply says, if you forgive others God will forgive you; and it must be true. No God could afford to damn a forgiving man. (A voice: "Will He forgive Democrats?") Oh, certainly. Let me say right here that I know lots of Democrats, great, broad, whole-souled, clever men; and I love them. And the only bad thing about them is that they vote the Democratic ticket. And I know lots of Republicans so mean and narrow that the only decent thing about them is that they vote the Republican ticket.

Now let me make myself plain upon that subject, perfectly plain. For instance, I hate Presbyterianism, but I know hundreds of splendid Presbyterians. Understand me. I hate Methodism, and yet I know hundreds of splendid Methodists. I dislike a certain set of principles called Democracy, and yet I know thousands of Democrats that I respect and like. I like a certain set of principles—that is, most of them,—called Republicanism, and yet I know lots of Republicans that are a disgrace to those principles.

I do not war against men. I do not war against persons. I war against certain doctrines that I believe to be wrong. And I give to every other human being every right that I claim for myself. Of course I did not intend to-day to tell what we must do in the election for the purpose of being saved.

The next thing that I find is in the seventh chapter and the second verse: "For with what judgment ye

judge, ye shall be judged; and with what measure ye mete, it shall be measured to you again." Good! That suits me!

And in the twelfth chapter of Matthew: "For whosoever shall do the will of my Father that is in Heaven, the same is my brother and sister and mother. For the Son of Man shall come in the glory of His Father with His angels, and then He shall reward every man according—" To the church he belongs to? No. To the manner in which he was baptized? No. According to his creed? No. "Then he shall reward every man according to his works." Good! I subscribe to that doctrine.

And in the sixteenth chapter: "And Jesus called a little child to Him and stood him in the midst, and said: 'Verily, I say unto you, except ye become converted, and become as little children, ye shall not enter into the Kingdom of Heaven.'" I do not wonder that a reformer in His day that met the Scribes and Pharisees and hypocrites, I do not wonder that at last He turned to children and said: "Except ye become as little children," I do not wonder. And yet, see what children the children of God have been. What an interesting dimpled darling John Calvin was. Think of that prattling babe known as Jonathan Edwards! Think of the infants that founded the Inquisition, that invented instruments of torture to tear human flesh. They were the ones who had become as little children.

So I find in the nineteenth chapter: "And behold, one came and said unto Him: "Good master, what good thing shall I do in order to inherit eternal life?' And He said unto him, 'why call'st thou Me good?

There is none good but one, and that is God, but if thou will enter into eternal life, keep the commandments, and he said unto Him, 'Which?"

Now, there is a pretty fair issue. Here is a child of God asking God what is necessary for him to do in order to inherit eternal life. And God says to him: Keep the commandments. And the child said to the Almighty: "Which?" Now if there ever had been an opportunity given to the Almighty to furnish a gentleman with an inquiring mind with the necessary information upon that subject, here was the opportunity. "He said unto Him, which?" And Jesus said: "Thou shalt do no murder; thou shalt not commit adultery; thou shalt not steal; thou shalt not bear false witness; honor thy father and mother; and, thou shalt love thy neighbor as thyself." He did not say to him: "You must believe in Me—that I am the only begotten Son of the living God." He did not say: "You must be born again." He did not say: "You must believe the Bible." He did not say: "You must remember the Sabbath day, to keep it holy." He simply said: "Thou shalt do no murder. Thou shalt not commit adultery. Thou shalt not steal. Thou shalt not bear false witness. Honor thy father and thy mother; and, thou shalt love thy neighbor as thyself." And thereupon the young man, who I think was a little "fresh," and probably mistaken, said unto Him: "All these things have I kept from my youth up." I don't believe that.

Now comes in an interpolation. In the old times when the Church got a little scarce for money, they always put in a passage praising poverty. So they had

this young man ask: "What lack I yet?" And Jesus said unto him: "If thou wilt be perfect, go and sell that thou hast and give it to the poor, and thou shalt have treasures in heaven." The Church has always been willing to swap off treasures in heaven for cash down.

And when the next verse was written the Church must have been nearly dead-broke. "And again I say unto you, it is easier for a camel to go through the eye of a needle than for a rich man to enter into the kingdom of God." Did you ever know a wealthy disciple to unload on account of that verse?

And then comes another verse, which I believe is an interpolation: "And every one that has forsaken houses, or brethren or sisters, or father or mother, or wife or children, or lands, for my name's sake, shall receive an hundredfold, and shall inherit everlasting life." Christ never said it. Never. "Whosoever shall forsake father and mother." Why He said to this man who asked him: "What shall I do to inherit eternal life?" among other things, He said: "Honor thy father and thy mother." And we turn over the page and He says: "If you will desert your father and your mother you shall have everlasting life." It won't do. If you desert your wife and your little children, or your lands—the idea of putting a house and lot on equality with wife and children. Think of that! I do not accept the terms. I will never desert the one I love for the promise of any God.

It is far more important that we shall love our wives than that we shall love God. And I will tell you why You cannot help Him. You can help her. You can fill her life with the perfume of perpetual joy. It is far

more important that you love your children than that you love Jesus Christ. And why? If He is God you cannot help Him, but you can plant a little flower of happiness in every footstep of the child, from the cradle until you die in that child's arms. Let me tell you to-day, it is far more important to build a home than to erect a church. The holiest temple beneath the stars is a home that love has built. And the holiest altar in all the wide world is the fireside around which gather father and mother and children.

There was a time when people believed that infamy. There was a time when they did desert fathers and mothers, and wives and children. St. Augustine says to the devotee: "Fly to the desert, and though your wife put her arms around your neck, tear her hands away; she is a temptation of the devil. Though your father and mother throw their bodies athwart your threshold, step over them; and though your children pursue and with weeping eyes beseech you to return, listen not. It is the temptation of the evil one. Fly to the desert and save your soul." Think of such a soul being worth saving. While I live I propose to stand by the folks.

Here there is another condition of salvation. I find it in the 25th chapter: "Then shall the King say unto them on His right hand, Come, ye blessed of my father, inherit the kingdom prepared for you from the foundation of the world. For I was a hungered and ye gave Me meat; I was thirsty and ye gave Me drink; I was a stranger and ye took Me in; naked and ye clothed Me; and I was sick and ye visited Me; and I was in prison, and ye came unto me." Good! And I tell you to-night that God will not punish with eternal thirst the man who

has put the cup of cold water to the lips of his neighbor. God will not allow to live in eternal nakedness of pain the man who has clothed others.

For instance, here is a shipwreck, and here is some brave sailor stands aside and allows a woman whom he never saw before to take his place in the boat, and he stands there, grand and serene as the wide sea, and he goes down. Do you tell me there is any God who will push the life-boat from the shore of eternal life, when that man wishes to step in? Do you tell me that God can be unpitying to the pitiful, that He can be unforgiving to the forgiving? I deny it; and from the aspersions of the pulpit I seek to rescue the reputation of the Deity.

Now, I have read you everything in Matthew on the subject of salvation. That is all there is. Not one word about believing anything. It is the gospel of deed, the gospel of charity, the gospel of self-denial; and if only that gospel had been preached, persecution never would have shed one drop of blood. Not one.

Now, according to the testimony, Matthew was well acquainted with Christ. According to the testimony, he had been with Him, and His companion for years, and if it was necessary to believe anything in order to get to heaven, Matthew should have told us. But he forgot it. Or he didn't believe it. Or he never heard of it. You can take your choice.

The next is Mark. Now let us see what he says. And for the purpose of this lecture it is sufficient for me to say that Mark agrees, substantially, with Matthew, that God will be merciful to the merciful; that He will be kind to the kind; that He will pity the pitying. And it

is precisely, or substantially, the same as Matthew until I come to the 16th verse of the 16th chapter, and then I strike an interpolation, put in by hypocrisy, put in by priests, who longed to grasp with bloody hands the sceptre of universal authority.

Let me read it to you. And it is the most infamous passage in the Bible. Christ never said it. No sensible man ever said it. "And He said unto them"—that is, unto His disciples—"Go ye into all the world and preach the gospel to every creature. He that believeth and is baptized shall be saved, and he that believeth not shall be damned."

Now, I propose to prove to you that that is an interpolation. Now how will I do it? In the first place, not one word is said about belief in Matthew. In the next place, not one word is said about belief in Mark, until I come to that verse. And when is that said to have been spoken? According to Mark, it is a part of the last conversation of Jesus Christ—just before, according to the account, He ascended bodily before their eyes. If there ever was any important thing happened in this world, that is one of them. If there was any conversation that people would be apt to recollect, it would be the last conversation with God before He rose through the air and seated Himself upon the throne of the Infinite. We have in this Testament five accounts of the last conversation happening between Jesus Christ and His apostles. Matthew gives it. And yet Matthew does not state that in that conversation He said: "Whoso believeth and is baptized shall be saved, and whoso believeth not shall be damned." And if He did say those words, they were the most important that ever fell from

His lips. Matthew did not hear it, or did not believe it, or forgot it.

Then I turn to Luke, and he gives an account of this same last conversation, and not one word does he say upon that subject. Now it is the most important thing, if Christ said it, that He ever said.

Then I turn to John, and he gives an account of the last conversation, but not one solitary word on the subject of belief or unbelief. Not one solitary word on the subject of damnation. Not one.

Then I turn to the first chapter of the Acts, and there I find an account of the last conversation; and in that conversation there is not one word upon this subject. Now, I say, that demonstrates that the passage in Mark is an interpolation.

What other reason have I got? That there is not one particle of sense in it. Why? No man can control his belief. You hear evidence for and against, and the integrity of the soul stands at the scales and tells which side rises and which side falls. You cannot believe as you wish. You must believe as you must. And He might as well have said: "Go into all the world and preach the gospel, and whosoever has red hair shall be be saved, and whosoever hath not shall be damned."

I have another reason. I am much obliged to the gentleman who interpolated these passages. I am much obliged to him that he put in some more—two more. Now hear:

"And these signs shall follow them that believe." Good.

"In My name shall they cast out devils. They shall speak with new tongues, and they shall take up serpents

and if they drink any deadly thing it shall not hurt them. They shall lay hands on the sick, and they shall recover."

Bring on your believer! Let him cast out a devil. I do not claim a large one. Just a "little one for a cent." Let him take up serpents. "And if he drink any deadly thing it shall not hurt him." Let me mix up a dose for the theological believer, and if it does not hurt him I ll join a church. "Oh! but," they say "those things only lasted through that Apostolic age." Let us see. Go into all the world and preach the gospel, and whosoever believes and is baptised shall be saved, and these signs shall follow them that believe."

How long? I think at least until they had gone into all the world. Certainly these signs should follow until all the world had been visited. And yet if that declaration was in the mouth of Christ, He then knew that one-half of the world was unknown and that He would be dead 1,492 years before His disciples would know that there was another world. And yet He said, "Go into all the world and preach the gospel," and He knew then that it would be 1,492 years before anybody went. Well, if it was worth while to have signs follow believers in the old world, surely it was worth while to have signs follow believers in the new world. And the very reason that signs should follow would be to convince the unbeliever, and there are as many unbelievers now as ever, and the signs are as necessary to-day as they ever were. I would like a few myself.

This frightful declaration, "He that believeth and is baptized shall be saved, but he that believeth not shall be damned," has filled the world with agony and crime.

Every letter of this passage has been sword and fagot; every word has been dungeon and chain.

That passage made the sword of persecution drip with innocent blood for ten centuries. That passage made the horizon of a thousand years lurid with the flames of fagots. That passage contradicts the Sermon on the Mount. That passage travesties the Lord's Prayer. That passage turns the splendid religion of deed and duty into the superstition of creed and cruelty. I deny it. It is infamous. Christ never said it! Now I come to Luke, and it is sufficient to say that Luke substantially agrees with Matthew and with Mark. Substantially agrees, as the evidence is read. I like it.

"Be ye therefore merciful, as your Father is also merciful." Good!

"Judge not and ye shall not be judged. Condemn not and ye shall not be condemned; forgive and ye shall be forgiven," Good!

"Give and it shall be given unto you good measure, pressed down, shaken togther, running over." Good! I like it.

"For the same measure that ye mete withal it shall be measured to you again."

He agrees substantially with Mark; he agrees substantially with Matthew; and I come at last to the nineteenth chapter.

"And Zaccheus stood and said unto the Lord, 'Behold, Lord, the one-half of my goods I give to the poor, and if I have taken anything from any man by false accusation, I restore him four-told.' And Jesus said unto him, 'This day is salvation come to this house.'"

That is good doctrine. He didn't ask Zaccheus what

he believed. He didn't ask him, "Do you believe in the Bible? Do you believe in the five points? Have you ever been baptized—sprinkled? Oh! immersed. "Half of my goods I give to the poor, and if I have taken anything from any man by false accusation, I restore him four-fold." "And Christ said, 'This day is salvation come to this house.'" Good!

I read also in Luke that Christ when upon the cross forgave His murderers, and that is considered the shining gem in the crown of His mercy—that He forgave His murderers. That He forgave the men who drove the nails in His hands, in His feet, that plunged a spear in His side; the soldier that in the hour of death offered Him in mockery the bitterness to drink; that He forgave them all freely, and that yet, although He would forgive them, He will in the nineteenth century damn to eternal fire an honest man for the expression of his honest thoughts. That won't do. I find too, in Luke, an account of two thieves that were crucified at the same time. The other gospels speak of them. One says they both railed upon Him. Another says nothing about it. In Luke we are told that one did, but one of the thieves looked and pitied Christ, and Christ said to that thief:

"This day shalt thou meet me in Paradise."

Why did He say that? Because the thief pitied Him. And God cannot afford to trample beneath the feet of His infinite wrath the smallest blossom of pity that ever shed its perfume in the human heart!

Who was this thief? To what church did he belong? I don't know. The fact that he was a thief throws no light on that question. Who was he? What did he believe? I don't know. Did he believe in the Old

Testament? In the miracles? I don't know. Did he believe that Christ was God? I don't know. Why, then, was the promise made to him that he should meet Christ in Paradise. Simply because he pitied innocence suffering on the cross.

God cannot afford to damn any man that is capable of pitying anybody.

And now we come to John, and that is where the trouble commences. The other gospels teach that God will be merciful to the merciful, forgiving to the forgiving, kind to the kind, loving to the loving, just to the just, merciful to the good.

Now we come to John, and here is another doctrine. And allow me to say that John was not written until centuries after the others. This, the Church got up:

"And Jesus answered and said unto him: 'Furthermore I say unto thee that except a man be born again he cannot see the 'Kingdom of God.'"

Why didn't He tell Matthew that? Why didn't He tell Luke that? Why didn't He tell Mark that? They never heard of it, or forgot it, or they didn't believe it.

"Except a man be born of water and of the Spirit he cannot enter into the Kingdom of God." Why?

"That which is born of the flesh is flesh, and that which is born of the spirit is spirit. Marvel not that I said unto thee, 'ye must be born again.' That which is born of the flesh is flesh, and that which is born of the spirit is spirit,"—and He might have added that which is born of water is water.

"Marvel not that I say unto thee, 'ye must be born again.'" And then the reason is given, and I admit I did not understand it myself until I read the reason, and

when you read the reason, you will understand it as well as I do ; and here it is : "The wind bloweth where it listeth, and thou hearest the sound thereof, and canst not tell whence it cometh and whither it goeth." So I find in the book of John the idea of the real presence.

So I find in the book of John, that in order to be saved we must eat of the flesh and we must drink of the blood of Jesus Christ, and if that gospel is true, the Catholic Church is right. But it is not true. I cannot believe it, and yet for all that it may be true. But I don't believe it. Neither do I believe there is any God in the universe who will damn a man simply for expressing his belief.

"Why," they say to me, "suppose all this should turn out to be true, and you should come to the day of judgment and find all these things to be true. What would you do then ?" I would walk up like a man, and say, "I was mistaken."

"And suppose God was about to pass judgment on you, what would you say ?" I would say to Him, "Do unto others as you would that others should do unto you." Why not ?

I am told that I must render good for evil. I am told that if smitten on one cheek I must turn the other. I am told that I must overcome evil with good. I am told that I must love my enemies ; and will it do for this God who tells me, "Love my enemies," to say, "I will damn mine. No, it will not do ; it will not do.

In the book of John all this doctrine of regeneration ; all this doctrine that it is necessary to believe on the Lord Jesus Christ ; all the doctrine that salvation de-

pends upon belief—in this book of John all these doctrines find their warrant; nowhere else.

Read these three gospels and then read John, and you will agree with me that the gospels that teach "We must be kind, we must be merciful, we must be forgiving, and thereupon that God will forgive us," is true, and then say whether or no that doctrine is not better than the doctrine that somebody else can be good for you, that somebody else can be bad for you, and that the only way to get to heaven is to believe something that you do not understand.

Now upon these gospels that I have read the churches rest; and out of those things that I have read they have made their creeds. And the first Church to make a creed, so far as I know, was the Catholic. I take it that is the first Church that had any power. That is the Church that has preserved all these miracles for us. That is the Church that preserved the manuscripts for us. That is the Church whose word we have to take. That Church is the first witness that Protestantism brought to the bar of history to prove miracles that took place eighteen hundred years ago; and while the witness is there Protestantism takes pains to say: "You can't believe one word that witness says, now."

That Church is the only one that keeps up a constant communication with heaven through the instrumentality of a large number of decayed saints. That Church is an agent of God on earth. That Church has a person who stands in the place of Deity; and that Church, according to their doctrine, is infallible. That Church has persecuted to the exact extent of her power

—and always will. In Spain that Church stands erect, and that Church is arrogant. In the United States that Church crawls. But the object in both countries is the same, and that is the destruction of intellectual liberty. That Church teaches us that we can make God happy by being miserable ourselves. That Church teaches you that a nun is holier in the sight of God than a loving mother with a child in her thrilled and thrilling arms. That Church teaches you that a priest is better than a father. That Church teaches you that celibacy is better than that passion of love that has made everything of beauty in this world. That Church tells the girl of 16 or 18 years of age, with eyes like dew and light—that girl with the red of health in the white of her beautiful cheeks—tells that girl, "Put on the veil woven of death and night, kneel upon stones, and you will please God."

I tell you that, by law, no girl should be allowed to take the veil, and renounce the beauties of the world, until she was at least 25 years of age. Wait until she knows what she wants.

I am opposed to allowing these spider-like priests weaving webs to catch the flies of youth; and there ought to be a law appointing commissioners to visit such places twice a year, and release every person who expresses a desire to be released. I don't believe in keeping penitentaries for God. No doubt they are honest about it. That is not the question.

Now this Church, after a few centuries of thought, made a creed, and that creed is the foundation of orthodox religion. Let me read it to you:

"Whosoever will be saved, before all things it is nec-

essary that he hold the Catholic faith; which faith, except every one do keep entire and inviolate, without doubt, he shall everlastingly perish." Now the faith is this: "That we worship one God in trinity, and trinity in unity."

Of course you understand how that's done, and there's no need of my explaining it. "Neither confounding the persons nor dividing the substance."

You see what a predicament that would leave the Deity in if you divided the substance.

For one is the person of the Father, another of the Son, and another of the Holy Ghost; but the Godhead of the Father, and of the Son, and of the Holy Ghost is all one"—you know what I mean by Godhead. "In glory equal, and in majesty co-eternal. Such as the Father is, such is the Son, such is the Holy Ghost. The Father is uncreated, the Son uncreated, the Holy Ghost uncreated. The Father incomprehensible, the Son incomprehensible, the Holy Ghost incomprehensible." And that is the reason we know so much about the thing. "The Father is eternal, the Son eternal, the Holy Ghost eternal," and yet there are not three eternals, only one eternal, as also there are not three uncreated, nor three incomprehensibles, only one uncreated, one incomprehensible.

"In like manner, the Father is almighty, the Son almighty, the Holy Ghost almighty." Yet there are not three almighties, only one Almighty. So the Father is God, the Son God, the Holy Ghost God, and yet not three Gods; and so likewise, the Father is Lord, the Son is Lord, the Holy Ghost is Lord, yet there are not three Lords, for as we are compelled by the Christian

truth to acknowledge every person by himself to be God and Lord, so we are all forbidden by the Catholic religion to say there are three Gods, or three Lords. "The Father is made of no one, not created or begotten. The The Son is from the Father alone, not made, nor created, or begotten. The Holy Ghost is from the Father and the Son, not made nor begotten, but proceeded—"

You know what proceeding is.

"So there is one Father, not three Fathers." Why should there be three Fathers, and only one Son?

"One Son, and not three Sons; one Holy Ghost, not three Holy Ghosts; and in this Trinity there is nothing before or afterward, nothing greater or less, but the whole three persons are co-eternal with one another, and co-equal, so that in all things the unity is to be worshiped in Trinity, and the Trinity is to be worshiped in unity, and therefore we will believe. Those who will be saved must thus think of the Trinity. Furthermore, it is necessary to everlasting salvation that he also believe rightly the incarnation of our Lord Jesus Christ. Now the right of this thing is this: That we believe and confess that our Lord Jesus Christ, the Son of God, is both God and man. He is God of the substance of His Father begotten before the world was. That was a good while before His mother lived.

"And He is man of the substance of His mother, born in this world, perfect God and perfect man, and the rational soul in human flesh subsisting equal to the Father according to His Godhead, but less than the Father, according to His manhood; who being both God and man is not two but one—one not by conversion of God into flesh but by the taking of the manhood into God."

You see that it is a great deal easier than the other. "One altogether, not by a confusion of substance, but by unity of person, for as the rational soul and flesh is one man, so God the man, is one Christ, who suffered for our salvation, descended into hell, rose again the third day from the dead, ascended into heaven, and He sitteth at the right hand of God, the Father Almighty, and He shall come to judge the living and the dead."

In order to be saved it is necessary to believe this. What a blessing that we do not have to understand it. And in order to compel the human intellect to get upon its knees before that infinite absurdity, thousands and millions have suffered agonies; thousands and millions have perished in dungeons and in fire; and if all the bones of all the victims of the Catholic Church could be gathered together, a monument higher than all the pyramids would rise in our presence, and the eyes even of priests would be suffused with tears.

That Church covered Europe with cathedrals and dungeons. That Church robbed men of the jewel of the soul. That Church had ignorance upon its knees. That Church went into partnership with the tyrants of the throne, and between these two vultures, the altar and the throne, the heart of man was devoured.

Of course I have met, and cheerfully admit that there is thousands of good Catholics; but Catholicism is contrary to human liberty, Catholicism bases salvation upon belief. Catholicism teaches man to trample his reason under foot. And for that reason, it is wrong.

Now, the next Church that comes along in the way that I wish to speak of is the Episcopalian. That was founded by Henry VIII., now in heaven. He cast off

Queen Catherine and Catholicism together. And he accepted Episcopalianism and Annie Boleyn at the same time. That Church, if it had a few more ceremonies, would be Catholic. If it had a few less, nothing. We have an Episcopalian Church in this country, and it has all the imperfection of a poor relation. It is always boasting of a rich relative. In England the creed is made by law, the same as we pass statutes here. And when a gentleman dies in England, in order to determine whether he shall be saved or not, it is necessary for the power of heaven to read the acts of Parliament. It becomes a question of law, and sometimes a man is damned on a very nice point. Lost on demurrer.

A few years ago, a gentleman by the name of Seabury, Samuel Seabury, was sent over to England to get some apostolic succession. We hadn't a drop in the house. It was necessary for the bishops of the English church to put their hands upon his head. They refused; there was no act of Parliament justifying it. He had then to go to the Scotch Bishops; and, had the Scotch Bishops refused, we never would have had any apostolic succession in the new world. And God would have been driven out of half the world; and the true church never could have been founded. But the Scotch Bishops put their hands on his head, and now we have an unbroken succession of heads and hands from St. Paul to the last bishop.

In this country the Episcopal Church has done some good, and I want to thank that Church. Having, on an average, less religion than the others, on an average you have done more good to mankind. You preserved some of the humanities. You did not hate music; you did

not absolutely despise painting, and you did not altogether abhor architecture, and you finally admitted that it was no worse to keep time with your feet than with your hands. And some went so far as to say that people could play cards, and God would overlook it, or would look the other way. For all these things accept my thanks.

When I was a boy, the other Churches looked upon dancing as probably the mysterious sin against the Holy Ghost; and they used to teach that when four boys got in a hay-mow, playing seven-up, that the Eternal God stood whetting the sword of His eternal wrath waiting to strike them down to the lowest hell. And so that Church has done some good.

After a while, in England, a couple of gentlemen, or a couple of men by the name of Wesley and Whitfield, said: "If everybody is going to hell, nearly, somebody ought to mention it. The Episcopal clergy said: "Keep still; don't tear your gown." Wesley and Whitfield said: "This frightful truth ought to be proclaimed from the housetops at every opportunity, from the highway of every occasion." They were good, honest men. They believed their doctrine. And they said: "If there is a hell, and a Niagara of souls pouring over an eternal precipice of ignorance, somebody ought to say something." They were right; somebody ought, if such thing was true. Wesley was a believer in the Bible. He believed in the actual presence of the Almighty. God used to do miracles for him; used to put off a rain several days to give his meeting a chance; used to cure his horse of lameness; used to cure Mr. Wesley's headaches.

And Mr. Wesley also believed in the actual existence

of the devil. He believed that devils had possession of people. He talked to the devil when he was in folks, and the devil told him that he was going to leave; and that he was going into another person; that he would be there at a certain time; and Wesley went to that other person, and there the devil was, prompt to the minute. He regarded every conversion as an absolute warfare between God and this devil for the possession of that human soul. Honest, no doubt. Mr. Wesley did not believe in human liberty. Honest, no doubt. Was opposed to the liberty of the colonies. Honestly so. Mr. Wesley preached a sermon entitled, "The Cause and Cure of Earthquakes," in which he took the ground that earthquakes were caused by sin; and the only way to stop them was to believe in the Lord Jesus Christ. No doubt an honest man.

Wesley and Whitfield fell out on the question of predestination. Wesley insisted that God invited everybody to the feast. Whitfield said He did not invite those He knew would not come. Wesley said He did. Whitfield said: "Well, He didn't put plates for them, anyway." Wesley said He did. So that, when they were in hell, he could show them that there was a seat left for them. And that Church that they founded is still active. And probably no Church in the world has done so much preaching for as little money as the Methodists. Whitfield believed in slavery and advocated the slave trade. And it was of Whitfield that Whittier made the two lines:

He bade the slave ships speed from coast to coast,
Fanned by the wings of the Holy Ghost.

We have lately had a meeting of the Methodists, and

I find, by their statistics, that they believe they have converted 130,000 folks in a year. That. in order to do this, they have 26,000 preachers, 226,000 Sunday-school scholars, and about $100,000,000 invested in church property. I find, in looking over the history of the world, that there are 40,000,000 or 50,000,000 of people born a year, and if they are saved at the rate of 130,000 a year, about how long will it take that doctrine to save this world? Good, honest people; they are mistaken.

In old times they were very simple. Churches used to be like barns. They used to have them divided—men on that side, and women on this. A little barbarous. We have advanced since then, and we now find as a fact, demonstrated by experience, that a man sitting by the woman he loves can thank God as heartily as though sitting between two men that he has never been introduced to.

There is another thing these Methodists should remember, and that is, that the Episcopalians were the greatest enemies they ever had. And they should remember that the Free-Thinkers have always treated them kindly and well.

There is one thing about the Methodist Church in the North that I like. But I find that it is not Methodism that does that. I find that the Methodist Church in the South is as much opposed to liberty as the Methodist Church North is in favor of liberty. So it is not Methodism that is in favor of liberty or slavery. They differ a little in their creed from the rest. They do not believe that God does everything. They believe that He does His part, and that you must do the rest, and that getting to heaven is a partnership business.

The next church is the Presbyterians—in my judgment the worst of all, as far as creed is concerned. This Church was founded by John Calvin, a murderer! John Calvin, having power in Geneva, inaugurated human torture. Voltaire abolished torture in France. The man who abolished torture, if the Christian religion be true, God is now torturing in hell; and the man who inaugurated torture, is now a glorified angel in heaven. It won't do.

John Knox started this doctrine in Scotland, and there is this peculiarity about Presbyterianism, it grows best where the soil is poorest. I read the other day an account of a meeting between John Knox and John Calvin. Imagine a dialogue between a pestilence and a famine! Imagine a conversation between a block and an ax! As I read their conversation it seemed to me as though John Knox and John Calvin were made for each other; that they fitted each other like the upper and lower jaws of a wild beast. They believed happiness was a crime; they looked upon laughter as blasphemy, and they did all they could to destroy every human feeling, and to fill the mind with the infinite gloom of predestination and eternal damnation. They taught the doctrine that God had a right to damn us because He made us. That is just the reason that He has not a right to damn us. There is some dust. Unconsciouse dust! What right has God to change that unconscious dust into a human being, when He knows that human being will sin; and He knows that human being will suffer eternal agony? Why not leave him in the unconscious dust? What right has an infinite God to add to the sum of human agony? Suppose I knew that I could change that piece of furniture

into a living, sentient human being, and I knew that that being would suffer untold agony forever. If I did it, I would be a fiend. I would leave that being in the unconscious dust. And yet we are told that we must believe such a doctrine, or we are to be eternally damned! It won't do.

In 1839 there was a division in this Church, and they had a lawsuit to see which was the Church of God. And they tried it by a judge and jury, and the jury decided that the new school was the Church of God, and then they got a new trial, and the next jury decided that the old school was the Church of God, and that settled it. That Church teaches that infinite innocence was sacrificed for me! I don't want it! I don't wish to go to heaven unless I can settle by the books, and go there because I ought to go there. I have said, and I say again, I don't want to be a charity angel. I have no ambition to become a winged pauper of the skies.

The other day a young gentleman, a Presbyterian, who had just been converted, came to me and gave me a tract and he told me he was perfectly happy. Ugh! Says I: "Do you think a great many people are going to hell?" "Oh, yes." "And you are perfectly happy?" "Well, he didn't know as he was quite." "Wouldn't you be happier if they were all going to heaven?" "O, yes." "Well, then you are not perfectly happy?" "No, he didn't think he was." Says I: "When you get to heaven, then you would be perfectly happy?" "Oh, yes." "Now, when we are only going to hell, you are not quite happy; but when we are in hell, and you in heaven, then you will be perfectly happy? You won't be as decent when you get to be an angel as you are

now, will you?" "Well," he said, "that was not exactly it." Said I: "Suppose your mother were in hell, would you be happy in heaven then?" "Well," he says, "I suppose God would know the best place for mother." And I thought to myself, then, if I was a woman, I would like to have five or six boys like that.

It will not do. Heaven is where are those we love, and those who love us. And I wish to go to no world unless I can be accompanied by those who love me here. Talk about the consolations of this infamous doctrine. The consolations of a dcctrine that makes a father say, "I can be happy with my daughter in hell"; that makes a mother say, "I can be happy with my generous, brave boy in hell"; that makes a boy say, "I can enjoy the glory of heaven with the woman who bore me, the woman *who would have died for me*, in eternal agony." And they call that tidings of great joy.

I have not time to speak of the Baptists,—that Jeremy Taylor said were as much to be rooted out as anything that is the greatest pest and nuisance on the earth. Nor of the Quakers, the best of all, and abused by all. I can not forget that John Fox, in the year of grace 1640, was put in the pillory and whipped from town to town, scarred, put in a dungeon, beaten, trampled upon, and what for? Simply because he preached the doctrine: "Thou shalt not resist evil with evil. Thou shalt love thy enemies." Think what the Church must have been that day to scar the flesh of that loving man! Just think of it? I say I have not time to speak of all these sects. And of the varieties of Presbyterians and Campbellites. The people who think they must dive in order to go up. There are hundreds and hundreds of these sects, all

founded upon this creed that I read, differing simply in degree. Ah! but they say to me: "You are fighting something that is dead. Nobody believes this, now." The preachers do not believe what they preach in the pulpit. The people in the pews do not believe what they hear preached. And they say to me: "You are fighting something that is dead. This is all a form, we do not believe a solitary creed in it. We sign it and swear that we believe it, but we don't. And none of us do. And all the ministers they say in private, admit that they do not believe it, not quite." I don't know whether this is so or not. I take it that they believe what they preach. I take it that when they meet and solemnly agree to a creed, I take it they are honest and solemnly believe in that creed.

The Evangelical Alliance, made up of all orthodox denominations of the world, met only a few years ago, and here is their creed: They believe in the divine inspiration, authority, and sufficiency of the Holy Scriptures; the right and duty of private judgment in the interpretation of Holy Scriptures, but if you interpret wrong you are damned. They believe in the unity of the Godhead and the trinity of the persons therein. They believe in the utter depravity of human nature. There can be no more infamous doctrine than that. They look upon a little child as a lump of depravity. I look upon it as a bud of humanity, that will, under proper circumstances, blossom into rich and glorious life.

Total depravity of human nature! Here is a woman whose husband has been lost at sea; the news comes that he has been drowned by the ever-hungry-waves, and she waits. There is something in her heart that

tells her he is alive. And she waits. And years afterwards as she looks down toward the little gate, she sees him; he has been given back by the sea, and she rushes to his arms and covers his face with kisses, and with tears. And if that infamous doctrine is true, every tear is a crime, and every kiss a blasphemy. It won't do. According to that doctrine, if a man steals and repents, and takes back the property, the repentance and the taking back of the property are two other crimes if he is totally depraved. It is an infamy. What else do they believe? "The justification of a sinner by faith alone," without works, just faith. Believing something that you don't understand. Of course God cannot afford to reward a man for believing anything that is reasonable. God rewards only for believing something that is unreasonable, if you believe something that you know is not so. What else? They believe in the eternal blessedness of the righteous, and in the eternal punishment of the wicked. Tidings of great joy! They are so good that they will not associate with Universalists. They will not associate with Unitarians. They will not associate with scientists. They will only associate with those who believed that God so loved the world that He made up his mind to damn the most of us.

Then they say to me: "What do you propose? You have torn this down; what do you propose to give in the place of it?" I have not torn the good down. I have only endeavored to trample out the ignorant, cruel fires of hell. I do not tear away the passage, "God will be merciful to the merciful." I do not destroy the promise, "If you will forgive others, God will forgive you." I would not for anything blot out the faintest

stars that shine in the horizon of human despair, nor in the horizon of human hope ; but I will do what I can to get that infinite shadow out of the heart of man.

"What do you propose to put in place of this ?"

"Well, in the first place, I propose good fellowship—good friends all ground. No matter what we believe, shake hands and let it go. That is your opinion. This is mine : "Let us be friends." Science makes friends ; religion—superstition—makes enemies. They say, "Belief is important." I say, no, good actions are important. Judge by deed, not by creed, good fellowship. We have had too many of these solemn people. Whenever I see an exceedingly solemn man, I know he is an exceedingly stupid man. No man of any humor ever founded any religion—never. Humor sees both sides, while reason is the holy light ; humor carries the lantern and the man with a keen sense of humor is preserved from the solemn stupidities of superstition. I like a man who has got good feeling for everybody—good fellowship. One man said to another :

"Will you take a glass of wine ?"

"I don't drink."

"Will you smoke a cigar ?"

"I don't smoke."

"Maybe you will chew something ?"

"I don't chew."

"Let us eat some hay."

"I tell you I don't eat hay."

"Well, then, good-bye ; for you are no company for man or beast."

I believe in the gospel of cheerfulness, the gospel of good nature, the gospel of good health. Let us pay

some attention to our bodies. Take care of our bodies, and our souls will take care of themselves. Good health! And I believe that the time will come when the public thought will be so great and grand that it will be looked upon as infamous to perpetuate disease. I believe the time will come when man will not fill the future with consumption and insanity. I believe the time will come when we study ourselves, and understand the laws of health, that we will say, "We are under obligation to put the flags of health in the cheeks of our children." Even if I got to heaven, and had a harp, I would hate to look back upon my children and grandchildren, and see them diseased, deformed, crazed, all suffering the penalties of crimes I had committed.

I, then, believe in the gospel of good health, and I believe in a gospel of good living. You can not make any God happy by fasting. Let us have good food, and let us have it well cooked—and it is a thousand times better to know how to cook it than it is to understand any theology in the world. I believe in the gospel of good clothes; I believe in the gospel of good houses; in the gospel of water and soap. I believe in the gospel of intelligence, in the gospel of education. The school-house is my cathedral. The universe is my Bible. I believe in that gospel of justice that we must reap what we sow.

I do not believe in forgiveness. If I rob Mr. Smith and God forgives me, how does that help Smith? If I, by slander, cover some poor girl with the leprosy of some imputed crime, and she withers away like a blighted flower, and afterward I get forgiveness, how does that help her? If there is another world we

have got to settle. No bankrupt court there. Pay down. The Christians say, that among the ancient Jews, if you committed a crime you had to kill a sheep, now they say, "Charge it." "Put it upon the slate." It won't do, for every crime you commit you must answer to yourself and to the one you injure. And if you have ever clothed another with unhappines, as with a garment of pain, you will never be quite as happy as though you hadn't done that thing. No forgiveness. Eternal, inexorable. everlasting justice. That is what I believe in. And if it goes hard with me, I will stand it, and I will stick to my logic and I will bear it like a man.

And I believe, too, in the gospel of liberty, in giving to others what we claim for ourselves. I believe there is room everywhere for thought, and the more liberty you give away the more you will have. In liberty, extravagance is economy. Let us be just. Let us be generous to each other.

I believe in the gospel of intelligence. That is the only lever capable of raising mankind. Intelligence must be the saviour of this world. Humanity is the grand religion, and no God can put another in hell in another world who has made a little heaven in this. God cannot make a man miserable if that man has made somebody else happy. God cannot hate anybody who is capable of loving anybody.

So I believe in this great gospel of generosity.

"Ah! but," they say, "it won't do. You must believe." I say no. My gospel of health will bring life. My gospel of intelligence, my gospel of good living, my gospel of good-fellowship will cover the world with happy

homes. My doctrine will put carpets upon your floors, pictures upon your walls. My doctrine will put books upon your shelves, ideas in your minds. My doctrine will rid the world of the abnormal monsters born of the ignorance of superstition. My doctrine will give us health, wealth, and happiness. That is what I want. That is what I believe in. Give us intelligence. In a little while a man may find that he cannot steal without robbing himself. He will find that he cannot murder without assassinating his own joy. He will find that every crime is a mistake. He will find that only that man carries the cross who does wrong, and that the man who does right the cross turns to wings upon his shoulders that will bear him upwards forever. He will find that intelligent self-love embraces within its mighty arms all the human race.

"Oh," but they say to me, "you take away immortality." I do not. If we are immortal, it is a fact in nature, and we are not indebted to priests for it, nor to Bibles for it, and it cannot be destroyed by unbelief.

As long as we love we will hope to live, and when the one dies that we love, we will say: "Oh, that we could meet again!" And whether we do or not, it will not be the work of theology. It will be a fact in nature. I would not for my life destroy one star of human hope; but I want it so that when a poor woman rocks the cradle, and sings a lullaby to the dimpled darling, that she will not be compelled to believe that, ninety-nine chances in a hundred, she is raising kindling-wood for hell. One world at a time—that is my doctrine.

It is said in the Testament, "Sufficient unto the day is the evil thereof;" and I say, sufficient unto each

world is the evil thereof. And suppose, after all, that death does end all, next to eternal joy, next to being forever with those we love and those who have loved us, next to that is to be wrapt in the dreamless drapery of eternal peace.

Next to eternal life is eternal death. Upon the shadowy shore of death the sea of trouble casts no wave. Eyes that have been curtained by the everlasting dark will never know again the touch of tears. Lips that have been touched by eternal silence will never utter another word of grief. Hearts of dust do not break; the dead do not weep. And I had rather think of those I have loved, and those I have lost, as having returned, as having become a part of the elemental wealth of the world—I would rather think of them as unconscious dust—I would rather think of them as gurgling in the stream, floating in the clouds, bursting in the foam of light upon the shores of worlds—I would rather think of them as the inanimate and eternally unconscious, than to have even a suspicion that their naked souls had been clutched by an orthodox God.

But for me, I will leave the dead where nature leaves them. And whatever flower of hope springs up in my heart I will cherish; but I can not believe that there is any being in this universe who has created a human soul for eternal pain. And I would rather that every God would detroy himself; I would rather that we all should go to eternal chaos, to black and starless night, than that just one soul should suffer eternal agony. I have made up my mind that if there is a God, he will be merciful to the merciful. Upon that rock I stand. That he will forgive the forgiving. Upon that rock I

stand. That every man should be true to himself, and that there is no world, no star, in which honesty is a crime. And upon that rock I stand. The honest man, the good, kind, sweet woman, the happy child, has nothing to fear, neither in this world, nor the world to come. And upon that rock I stand.

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INGERSOLL'S ANSWER TO PROF. SWING, DR. THOMAS, AND OTHERS.

After looking over the replies made to his new lecture, Col. Ingersoll was asked by a *Tribune* reporter what he thought of them? He replied as follows:

"I think they dodge the point. The real point is this: If salvation by faith is the real doctrine of Christianity, I asked on Sunday before last, and I still ask, why didn't Matthew tell it? I still insist that Mark should have remembered it, and I shall always believe that Luke ought, at least, to have noticed it. I was endeavoring to show that modern Christianity has for its basis an interpolation. I think I showed it. The only gospel on the orthodox side is that of John, and that was certainly not written, or did not appear in its present form, until long after the others were written. I know very well that the Catholic Church claimed during the Dark Ages, and still claims, that references had been made to the gospels by persons living in the first, second and third centuries; but I believe such manuscripts were manufactured by the Catholic Church. For many years in Europe there was not one person in 20,000 who could

read and write. During that time the Church had in its keeping the literature of our world. They interpolated as they pleased. They created. They destroyed. In other words, they did whatever in their opinion was necessary to substantiate the faith. The gentlemen who saw fit to reply did not answer the question, and I again call upon the clergy to explain to the people why, if salvation depended upon belief in the Lord Jesus Christ, Matthew did not mention it. Some one has said that Christ didn't make known this doctrine of salvation by belief or faith until after His resurrection. Certainly none of the gospels were written until after His resurrection ; and if He made that doctrine known after His resurrection, and before His ascension, it should have been in Matthew, Mark, and Luke, as well as John.

The replies of the clergy show that they have not investigated the subject ; that they are not well acquainted with the New Testament. In other words, they have not read it except with the regulation theological bias. There is one thing I wish to correct here. In an editorial in the *Tribune* it was stated that I had admitted that Christ was beyond and above Buddha, Zoroaster, Confucius, and others. I didn't say so. Another point was made against me, and those who made it seemed to think it was a good one. In my lecture I asked why it was that the Disciples of Christ wrote in Greek, whereas, in fact, they understood only Hebrew. It is now claimed that Greek was the language of Jerusalem at that time ; that Hebrew had fallen into disuse ; that no one understood it except the literati and the highly educated. If I fell into an error upon this point it was because I relied upon the New Testament. I find in the

twenty-first chapter of the Acts an account of Paul having been mobbed in the city of Jerusalem ; that he was protected by a Chief Captain and some soldiers ; that, when upon the stairs of the castle to which he was being taken for protection, he obtained leave from the Captain to speak unto the people. In the fortieth verse of that chapter I find the following :

"And when he had given him license, Paul stood on the stairs and beckoned with the hand unto the people ; and when there was made a great silence he spake unto them in the Hebrew tongue, saying—"

And then follows the speech of Paul, wherein he gives an account of his conversion. It seems a little curious to me that Paul for the purpose of quieting the mob, would speak to that mob in an unknown language. If I were mobbed in the city of Chicago, and wished to defend myself with an explanation, I certainly would not make that explanation in Chocktaw, even if I understood that tongue. My present opinion is that I would speak in English ; and the reason I would speak in English is, because that language is generally understood in this city. And so I conclude from the account in the twenty-first chapter of the Acts that "Hebrew was the language of Jerusalem at that time, or that Paul would not have addressed the mob in that tongue."

"Did you read Mr. Courtney's answer ?"

"I read what Mr. Courtney read from others, and think some of his quotations very good ; and have no doubt that the authors will feel complimented by being quoted."

"But what about there being 'belief' in Matthew ?"

"Mr. Courtney says that certain people were cured of diseases on account of faith. Admitting that mumps, measles, and whooping-cough could be cured in that way, there is not even a suggestion that salvation depended upon a like faith. I think he can hardly afford to rely upon the miracles of the New Testament to prove his doctrine. There is one instance in which a miracle was performed by Christ without His knowledge. And I hardly think that even Mr. Courtney would insist that any faith could have been great enough for that. The fact is, I believe that all these miracles were ascribed to Christ long after His death, and that Christ never, at any time or place, pretended to have any supernatural power whatever. Neither do I believe that He claimed any supernatural origin. He claimed simply to be a man—no less, no more. I don't believe Mr. Courtney is satisfied with his own reply."

"And now as to Prof. Swing?"

"Mr. Swing has been out of the orthodox church so long that he seems to have forgotten the reasons for which he left it. I don't believe there is an orthodox minister in the city of Chicago who will agree with Mr. Swing that salvation by faith is no longer preached. Prof. Swing seems to think it of no importance who wrote the Gospel of St. Matthew. In this I agree with him. Judging from what he said, there is hardly difference enough of opinion between us to justify a reply on his part. He, however, makes one mistake. I did not in the lecture say one word about tearing churches down. I have no objection to people building all the churches they wish. While I admit that it is a pretty sight to see children on a morning in June going through

the fields to the country church, I still insist that the beauty of that sight doesn't answer the question how it is that Matthew forgot to say anything about salvation through Christ. Prof. Swing is a man of poetic temperament; but this is not a poetic question."

"How did the card of Dr. Thomas strike you?"

"I think the reply of Dr. Thomas in the best possible spirit. I regard him to day as the best intellect in the Methodist denomination. He seems to have what is generally understood as a Christian spirit. He has always treated me with perfect fairness, and I should have said long ago many grateful things, had I not feared I might hurt with his own people. He seems to be by nature a perfectly fair man; and I know of no man in the United States for whom I have a profounder respect. Of course I don't agree with Mr. Thomas. I think in many things he is mistaken. But I believe him to be perfectly sincere. There is one trouble about him,—he is growing; and this fact will no doubt give great trouble to many of his brethren. Certain Methodist hazelbrush feel a little uneasy in the shadow of his oak.

"Are you going to make a formal reply to their sermons?"

"Not unless something better is done than has been. Of course I don't know what another Sabbath may bring forth. I am waiting. But of one thing I feel perfectly assured; that no man in the United States, or in the world, can account for the fact, if we are to be saved only by faith in Christ, that Matthew forgot it, that Luke said nothing about it, and that Mark never mentioned it except in two passages written by *another* per-

son. Until that is answered, as one grave-digger says to the other in "Hamlet," I shall say: 'Ay, tell me that and unyoke." In the meantime, I wish to keep on the best terms with all parties concerned. I cannot see why my forgiving spirit fails to gain their sincere praise."

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THOMAS PAINE.

INGERSOLL'S LECTURE

— ON —

THOMAS PAINE.

DELIVERED IN CENTRAL MUSIC HALL, CHICAGO,

JANUARY 29, 1880.

(From fhe Chicago Times, Verbatim Report.)

LADIES AND GENTLEMEN :—It so happened that the first speech—the very first public speech I ever made—I took occasion to defend the memory of Thomas Paine.

I did it because I had read a little something of the history of my country. I did it because I felt indebted to him for the liberty I then enjoyed—and whatever religion may be true, ingratitude is the blackest of crimes. And whether there is any God or not, in every star that shines, gratitude is a virtue.

The man who will tell the truth about the dead is a good man, and for one, about this man, I intend to tell just as near the truth as I can.

Most history consists in giving the details of things that never happened—most biography is usually the lie

coming from the mouth of flattery, or the slander coming from the lips of malice, and whoever attacks the religion of a country will, in his turn, be attacked. Whoever attacks a superstition will find that superstition defended by all the meanness of ingenuity. Whoever attacks a superstition will find that there is still one weapon left in the arsenal of Jehovah—slander.

I was reading, yesterday, a poem called the "Light of Asia," and I read in that how a Boodh seeing a tigress perishing of thirst, with her mouth upon the dry stone of a stream, with her two cubs sucking at her dry and empty dugs, this Boodh took pity upon this wild and famishing beast, and, throwing from himself the yellow robe of his order, and stepping naked before this tigress, said: "Here is meat for you and your cubs." In one moment the crooked daggers of her claws ran riot in his flesh, and in another he was devoured. Such, during nearly all the history of this world, has been the history of every man who has stood in front of superstition.

Thomas Paine, as has been so eloquently said by the gentleman who introduced me, was a friend of man, and whoever is a friend of man is also a friend of God—if there is one. But God has had many friends who were the enemies of their fellow-men. There is but one test by which to measure any man who has lived. Did he leave this world better than he found it? Did he leave in this world more liberty? Did he leave in this world more goodness, more humanity, than when he was born? That is the test. And whatever may have been the faults of Thomas Paine, no American who appreciates liberty, no American who believes in true democracy and pure republicanism, should ever breathe one word

against his name. Every American, with the divine mantle of charity, should cover all his faults, and with a never-tiring tongue should recount his virtues.

He was a common man. He did not belong to the aristocracy. Upon the head of his father God had never poured the divine petroleum of authority. He had not the misfortune to belong to the upper classes. He had the fortune to be born among the poor and to feel against his great heart the throb of the toiling and suffering masses. Neither was it his misfortune to have been educated at Oxford. What little sense he had was not squeezed out at Westminster. He got his education from books. He got his education from contact with fellow-men, and he *thought;* and a man is worth just what nature impresses upon him. A man standing by the sea, or in a forest, or looking at a flower, or hearing a poem, or looking in the eyes of the woman he loves, receives all that he is capable of receiving—and if he is a great man the impression is great, and he uses it for the purpose of benefiting his fellow-man.

Thomas Paine was not rich; he was poor, and his father before him was poor, and he was raised a sail-maker, a very lowly profession, and yet that man became one of the main-stays of liberty in this world. At one time he was an excise man, like Burns. Burns was once—speak it softly—a gauger—and yet he wrote poems that will wet the cheek of humanity with tears as long as the world travels in its orb around the sun.

Poverty was his brother, necessity his master. He had more brains than books; more courage than politeness; more strength than polish. He had no veneration for old mistakes, no admiration for ancient

lies. He loved the truth for truth's sake and for man's sake. He saw oppression on every hand, injustice everywhere, hypocricy at the altar, venality on the bench, tyranny on the throne, and with a splendid courage he espoused the cause of the weak against the strong, of the enslaved many against the titled few.

In England he was nothing. He belonged to the lower classes—that is, the useful people. England depended for her prosperity upon her mechanics and her thinkers, her sailors and her workers, and they are the only men in Europe who are not gentlemen. The only obstacles in the way of progress in Europe were the nobility and the priests, and they are the only gentlemen.

This, and his native genius, constituted his entire capital, and he needed no more. He found the colonies clamoring for justice; whining about their grievances; upon their knees at the foot of the throne, imploring that mixture of idiocy and insanity, George III., by the grace of God, for a restoration of their ancient privileges. They were not endeavoring to become free men, but were trying to soften the heart of their master. They were perfectly willing to make brick if Pharaoh would furnish the straw. The colonists wished for, hoped for, and prayed for reconciliation. They did not dream of independence.

Paine gave to the world his "Common Sense." It was the first argument for separation; the first assault upon the British form of government; the first blow for a republic, and it aroused our fathers like a trumpet's blast. He was the first to perceive the destiny of the new world. No other pamphlet ever accomplished such

wonderful results. It was filled with arguments, reasons, persuasions, and unanswerable logic. It opened a new world. It filled the present with hope and the future with honor. Everywhere the people responded, and in a few months the Continental Congress declared the colonies free and independent states. A new nation was born.

It is simple justice to say that Paine did more to cause the Declaration of Independence than any other man. Neither should it be forgotten that his attacks upon Great Britain were also attacks upon monarchy, and while he convinced the people that the colonies ought to separate from the mother country, he also proved to them that a free government is the best that can be instituted among men.

In my judgment Thomas Paine was the best political writer that ever lived. "What he wrote was pure nature, and his soul and his pen ever went together." Ceremony, pageantry, and all the paraphernalia of power had no effect upon him. He examined into the why and wherefore of things. He was perfectly radical in his mode of thought. Nothing short of the bed-rock satisfied him. His enthusiasm for what he believed to be right knew no bounds. During all the dark scenes of the revolution never for a moment did he despair. Year after year his brave words were ringing through the land, and by the bivouac fires the weary soldiers read the inspiring words of "Common Sence," filled with ideas sharper than their swords, and consecrated themselves anew to the cause of freedom.

Paine was not content with having aroused the spirit of independence, but he gave every energy of his soul to

keep that spirit alive. He was with the army. He shared its defeats, its dangers, and its glory. When the situation became desperate, when gloom settled upon all, he gave them the "Crisis." It was a cloud by day and a pillar of fire by night, leading the way to freedom, honor, and glory. He shouted to them "These are the times that try men's souls." The summer soldier and the sunshine patriot, will, in this crisis, shrink from the service of his country; but he that stands it now deserves the love and thanks of man and woman.

To those who wished to put the war off to some future day, with a lofty and touching spirit of self-sacrifice, he said: "Every generous parent should say: , If there must be war, let it be in my day, that my child may have peace.'" To the cry that Americans were rebels, he replied: "He that rebels against reason is a real rebel; but he that in defense of reason rebels against tyranny, has a better title to 'Defender of the Faith' than George III."

Some said it was to the interest of the colonies to be free. Paine answered this by saying: "To know whether it be the interest of the continent to be independent, we need ask only this simple, easy question: 'Is it the interest of man to be a boy all his life?'" He found many who would listen to nothing, and to them he said: "That to argue with a man who has renounced his reason is like giving medicine to the dead." This sentiment ought to adorn the walls of every orthodox church.

There is a world of political wisdom in this: "England lost her liberty in a long chain of right reasoning

from wrong principles;" and there is real discrimination in saying: "The Greeks and Romans were strongly possessed of the spirit of liberty, but not the principles, for at the time they were determined not to be slaves themselves, they employed their power to enslave the rest of mankind."

In his letter to the British people, in which he tried to convince them that war was not to their interest, occurs the following passage brimful of common sense: "War never can be the interest of a trading nation any more than quarreling can be profitable to a man in business. But to make war with those who trade with us is like setting a bull-dog upon a customer at the shop door."

The writings of Paine fairly glitter with simple, compact, logical statements that carry conviction to the dullest and most prejudicial. He had the happiest possible way of putting the case, in asking questions in such a way that they answer themselves, and in stating his premises so clearly that the deduction could not be avoided.

Day and night he labored for America. Month after month, year after year, he gave himself to the great cause, until there was "a government of the people and for the people," and until the banner of the stars floated over a continent redeemed and consecrated to the happiness of mankind.

At the close of the Revolution no one stood higher in America than Thomas Paine. The best, the wisest, the most patriotic were his friends and admirers; and had he been thinking only of his own good he might

have rested from his toils and spent the remainder of his life in comfort and in ease. He could have been what the world is pleased to call "respectable." He could have died surrounded by clergymen, warriors, and statesmen, and at his death there would have been an imposing funeral, miles of carriages, civic societies, salvos of artillery, a Nation in mourning, and, above all, a splendid monument covered with lies. He choose rather to benefit mankind. At that time the seeds sown by the great infidels were beginning to bear fruit in France. The eighteenth century was crowning its gray hairs with the wreath of progress.

On every hand science was bearing testimony against the church. Voltaire had filled Europe with light; D'Holbach was giving to the *elite* of Paris the principles contained in his "System of Nature." The encyclopædists had attacked superstition with information for the masses. The foundation of things began to be examined. A few had the courage to keep their shoes on and let the bush burn. Miracles began to get scarce. Everywhere the people began to inquire. America had set an example to the world. The word liberty was in the mouths of men, and they began to wipe the dust from their superstitious knees. The dawn of a new day had appeared.

Thomas Paine went to France. Into the new movement he threw all his energies. His fame had gone before him, and he was welcomed as a friend of the human race and as a champion of free government.

He had never relinquished his intention of pointing out to his countrymen the defects, absurdities, and abuse of the English government. For this purpose

he composed and published his greatest political work, "The Rights of Man." This work should be read by every man and woman. It is concise, accurate, rational, convincing, and unanswerable. It shows great thought, an intimate knowledge of the various forms of government, deep insight into the very springs of human action, and a courage that compels respect and admiration. The most difficult political problems are solved in a few sentences. The venerable arguments in favor of wrong are refuted with a question—answered with a word. For forcible illustration, apt comparison, accuracy and clearness of statement, and absolute thoroughness, it has never been excelled.

The fears of the administration were aroused, and Paine was prosecuted for libel, and found guilty; and yet there is not a sentiment in the entire work that will not challenge the admiration of every civilized man. It is a magazine of political wisdom, an arsenal of ideas, and an honor not only to Thomas Paine, but to nature itself. It conld have been written only by the man who had the generosity, the exalted patriotism, the goodness to say: "The world is my country, and to do good my religion."

There is in all the utterances of the world no grander, no sublimer sentiment. There is no creed that can be compared with it for a moment. It should be wrought in gold, adorned with jewels. and impressed upon every human heart: "The world is my country, and to do good my religion."

In 1792, Paine was elected by the department of Calais as their representative in the National Assembly. So great was his popularity in France, that he was

selected about the same time by the people of no less than four departments.

Upon taking his place in the assembly, he was appointed as one of a committee to draft a constitution for France. Had the French people taken the advice of Thomas Paine, there would have been no "reign of terror." The streets of Paris would not have been filled with blood in that reign of terror. There were killed in the City of Paris not less, I think, than seventeen thousand people—and on one night, in the massacre of St. Bartholomew, there were killed, by assassination, over sixty thousand souls—men, women, and children. The revolution would have been the grandest success of the world. The truth is that Paine was too conservative to suit the leaders of the French revolution. They, to a great extent, were carried away by hatred and a desire to destroy. They had suffered so long, they had borne so much, that it was impossible for them to be moderate in the hour of victory.

Besides all this, the French people had been so robbed by the government, so degraded by the church, that they were not fit material with which to construct a republic. Many of the leaders longed to establish a beneficent and just government, but the people asked for revenge. Paine was filled with a real love for mankind. His philanthropy was boundless. He wished to destroy monarchy—not the monarch. He voted for the destruction of tyranny, and against the death of the tyrant. He wished to establish a government on a new basis—one that would forget the past ; one that would give privileges to none, and protection to all.

In the assembly, where all were demanding the execu-

tion of the king,—where to differ with the majority was to be suspected, and where to be suspected was almost certain death — Thomas Paine had the courage, the goodness, and the justice to vote against death. To vote against the execution of the king was a vote against his own life. This was the sublimity of devotion to principle. For this he was arrested, imprisoned, and doomed to death. There is not a theologian who has ever maligned Thomas Paine that has the courage to do this thing. When Louis Capet was on trial for his life before the French convention, Thomas Paine had the courage to speak and vote against the sentence of death. In his speech I find the following splendid sentiments :

My contempt and hatred for monarchical governments are sufficiently well known, and my compassion for the unfortunate, friends or enemies, is equally profound.

I have voted to put Louis Capet upon trial, because it was necessary to prove to the world the perfidy, the corruption, and the horror of the monarchical system.

To follow the trade of a king destroys all morality, just as the trade of a jailer deadens all sensibility.

Make a man a king to-day and to-morrow he will be a brigand.

Had Louis Capet been a farmer, he might have been held in esteem by his neighbors, and his wickedness results from his position rather than from his nature.

Let the French nation purge its territory of kings without soiling itself with their impure blood.

Let the United States be the asylum of Louis Capet, where, in spite of the overshadowing miseries and crimes of a royal life, he will learn by the continual contempla-

tion of the general prosperity that the true system of government is not that of kings, but of the people.

I am an enemy of kings, but I can not forget that they belong to the human race.

It is always delightful to pursue that course where policy and humanity are united.

As France has been the first of all the nations of Europe to destroy royalty, let it be the first to abolish the penalty of death.

As a true republican, I consider kings as more the objects of contempt than of vengeance."

Search the records of the world and you will find but few sublimer acts than that of Thomas Paine voting against the king's death. He, the hater of despotism, the abhorrer of monarchy, the champion of the rights of man, the republican, accepting death to save the life of a deposed tyrant—of a throneless king! This was the last grand act of his political life—the sublime conclusion of his political career.

All his life he had been the disinterested friend of man. He had labored not for money, not for fame, but for the general good. He had aspired to no office. He had no recognition of his services, but had ever been content to labor as a common soldier in the army of progress, confining his efforts to no country, looking upon the world as his field of action. Filled with a genuine love for the right, he found himself imprisoned by the very people he had striven to save.

Had his enemies succeeded in bringing him to the block, he would have escaped the calumnies and the hatred of the Christian world. And let me tell you how near they came getting him to the block. He was in prison,

there was a door to his cell—it had two doors, a door that opened in and an iron door that opened out. It was a dark passage, and whenever they concluded to cut a man's head off the next day, an agent went along and made a chalk mark upon the door where the poor prisoner was bound. Mr. Barlow, the American minister, happened to be with him and the outer door was shut, that is, open against the wall, and the inner door was shut, and when the man came along whose business it was to mark the door for death, he marked this door where Thomas Paine was, but he marked the door that was against the wall, so when it was shut the mark was inside, and the messenger of death passed by on the next day. If that had happened in favor of some Methodist preacher, they would have clearly seen, not simply the hand of God, but both hands. In this country, at least, he would have ranked with the proudest names. On the anniversary of the Declaration, his name would have been apon the lips of all orators, and his memory in the hearts of all the people.

Thomas Paine had not finished his career. He had spent his life thus far in destroying the power of kings, and now turned his attention to the priests. He knew that every abuse had been embalmed in scripture—that every outrage was in partnership with some holy text. He knew that the throne skulked behind the altar, and both behind a pretended revelation of God. By this time he had found that it was of little use to free the body and leave the mind in chains. He had explored the foundations of despotism, and had found them infinitely rotten. He had dug under the throne, and it occurred to him that he would take a look behind the

altar. The result af this investigation was given to the world in the "Age of Reason." From the moment of its publication he became infamous. He was calumniated beyond measure. To slander him was to secure the thanks of the church. All his services were instantly forgotten, disparaged, or denied. He was shunned as though he had been a pestilence. Most of his old friends forsook him. He was regarded as a moral plague, and at the bare mention of his name the bloody hands of the church were raised in horror. He was denounced as the most despiceable of men.

Not content with following him to his grave, they pursued him after death with redoubled fury, and recounted with infinite gusto and satisfaction the supposed horrors of his death-bed : gloried in the fact that he was forlorn and friendless, and gloated like fiends over what they supposed to be the agonizing remorse of his lonely death.

It is wonderful that all his services are thus forgotten. It is amazing that one kind word did not fall from some pulpit ; that some one did not accord to him, at least—honesty. Strange that in the general denunciation some one did not remember his labor for liberty, his devotion to principle, his zeal for the rights of his fellow-men. He had, by brave and splendid effort, associated his name with the cause of progress. He had made it impossible to write the history of political freedom with his name left out. He was one of the creators of light ; one of the heralds of the dawn. He hated tyranny in the name of kings, and in the name of God, with every drop of his noble blood. He believed in liberty and justice, and in the sacred doctrine of human equality.

Under these divine banners he fought the battle of his life. In both worlds he offered his blood for the good of man. In the wilderness of America, in the French assembly, in the sombre cell waiting for death, he was the same unflinching, unwavering friend of his race; the same undaunted champion of universal freedom. And for this he has been hated; for this the church has violated even his grave.

This is enough to make one believe that nothing is more natural than for men to devour their benefactors. The people in all ages have crucified and glorified. Whoever lifts his voice against abuses, whoever arraigns the past at the bar of the present, whoever asks the king to show his commission, or question the authority of the priest, will be denounced as the enemy of man and God. In all ages reason has been regarded as the enemy of religion. Nothing has been considered so pleasing to the Deity as a total denial of the authority of your own mind. Self-reliance has been thought deadly sin; and the idea of living and dying without the aid and consolation of superstition has always horrified the church. By some unaccountable infatuation, belief has been and still is considered of immense importance. All religions have been based upon the idea that God will forever reward the true believer, and eternally damn the man who doubts or denies. Belief is regarded as the one essential thing. To practice justice, to love mercy, is not euough; you must believe in some incomprehensible creed. You must say: "Once one is three, and three times one is one." The man who practiced every virtue, but failed to believe, was execrated. Nothing so outrages the feel-

ings of the church as a moral unbeliever, nothing so horrible as a charitable atheist.

When Paine was born the world was religious, the pulpit was the real throne, and the churches were making every effort to crush out of the brain the idea that it had the right to think. He again made up his mind to sacrifice himself. He commenced with the assertion. "That any system of religion that had anything in it that shocks the mind of a child can not be a true system." What a beautiful, what a tender sentiment! No wonder the church began to hate him. He believed in one God, and no more. After his life he hoped for happiness. He believed that true religion consisted in doing justice, loving mercy; in endeavoring to make our fellow-creatures happy, and in offering to God the fruit of the heart. He denied the inspiration of the scriptures. This was his crime.

He contended that it is a contradiction in terms to call anything a revelation that comes to us at second-hand, either verbally or in writing. He asserted that revelation is necessarily limited to the first communication, and that after that it is only an account of something which another person says was a revelation to him. We have only his word for it, as it was never made to us. This argument never had been, and probably never will be answered. He denied the divine origin of Christ and showed conclusively that the pretended prophecies of the Old Testament had no reference to Him whatever. And yet he believed that Christ was a virtuous and amiable man; that the morality He taught and practiced was of the most benevolent and elevated character, and that it had not been exceeded by any. Upon this point

he entertained the same sentiments now held by the Unitarians, and in fact by all the most enlightened Christians.

In his time the church believed and taught that every word in the Bible was absolutely true. Since his day it has been proven false in its cosmogony, false in its astronomy, false in its chronology and geology, false in its history, so far as the Old Testament is concerned, false in almost everything. There are but few, if any, scientific men, who apprehend that the Bible is literally true. Who on earth at this day would pretend to settle any scientific question by a text from the Bible? The old belief is confined to the ignorant and zealous. The church itself will before long be driven to occupy the position of Thomas Paine. The best minds of the orthodox world, to-day, are endeavoring to prove the existence of a personal Deity. All other questions occupy a minor place. You are no longer asked to swallow the Bible whole, whale, Jonah and all; you are simply required to believe in God and pay your pew-rent.

There is not now an enlightened minister in the world who will seriously contend that Sampson's strength was in his hair, or that the necromaneers of Egypt could turn water into blood, and pieces of wood into serpents. These follies have passed away, and the only reason that the religious world can now have for disliking Paine, is that they have been forced to adopt so many of his opinions.

Paine thought the barbarites of the Oid Testament inconsistent with what he deemed the real character of God. He believed the murder, massacre, and indis-

criminate slaughter had never been commanded by the Deity. He regarded much of the Bible as childish, unimportant and foolish. The scientific world entertains the same opinion. Paine attacked the Bible precisely in the same spirit in which he had attacked the pretensions of the kings. He used the same weapons. All the pomp in the world could not make him cower. His reason knew no "Holy of Holies," except the abode of truth. The sciences were then in their infancy. The attention of the really learned had not been directed to an impartial examination of our pretended revelation. It was accepted by most as a matter of course.

The church was all-powerful, and no one else, unless thoroughly imbued with the spirit of self-sacrifice, thought for a moment of disputing the fundamental doctrines of Christianity. The infamous doctrine that salvation depends upon belief, upon a mere intellectual conviction, was then believed and preached. To doubt was to secure the damnation of your soul. This absurd and devilish doctrine shocked the common sense of Thomas Paine, and he denounced it with the fervor of honest indignation. This doctrine, although infinitely ridiculous, has been nearly universal, and has been as hurtful as senseless. For the overthrow of this infamous tenet, Paine exerted all his strength. He left few arguments to be used by those who should come after him, and he used none that have been refuted.

The combined wisdom and genius of all mankind can not possibly conceive of an argument against liberty of thought. Neither can they show why anyone should be punished, either in this world or another, for acting honestly in accordance with reason; and yet a doctrine

with every possible argument against it has been, and still is, believed and defended by the entire orthodox world. Can it be possible that we have been endowed with reason simply that our souls may be caught in its toils and snares, that we may be led by its false and delusive glare out of the narrow path that leads to joy into the broad way of everlasting death? Is it possible that we have been given reason simply that we may through faith ignore its deductions and avoid its conclusions? Ought the sailor to throw away his compass and depend entirely upon the fog? If reason is not to be depended upon in matters of religion, that is to say, in respect to our duties to the Deity, why should it be relied upon in matters respecting the rights of our fellows? Why should we throw away the law given to Moses by God Himself, and have the audacity to make some of our own? How dare we drown the thunders of Sinai by calling the ayes and naes in a petty legislature? If reason can determine what is merciful, what is just, the duties of man to man, what more do we want either in time or eternity?

Down, forever down, with any religion that requires upon its ignorant altar its sacrifice of the goddess Reason; that compels her to abdicate forever the shining throne of the sonl, strips from her form the imperial purple, snatches from her hand the sceptre of thought and makes her the bond-woman of senseless faith.

If a man should tell you he had the most beautiful painting in the world, and after taking you where it was should insist upon having your eyes shut, you would likely suspect either that he had no painting or that it was some pitiful daub. Should he tell you that

he was a most excellent performer on the violin, and yet refused to play unless your ears were stopped, you would think, to say the least of it, that he had an odd way of convincing you of his musical ability. But would this conduct be any more wonderful than that of a religionist who asks that before examining his creed you will have the kindness to throw away your reason? The first gentleman says: "Keep your eyes shut; my picture will bear everything but being seen. Keep your ears stopped; my music objects to nothing but being heard." The last says: "Away with your reason; my religion dreads nothing but being understood."

So far as I am concerned, I most cheerfully admit that most Christians are honest and most ministers sincere. We do not attack them; we attack their creed. We accord to them the same rights that we ask for ourselves. We believe that their doctrines are hurtful, and I am going to do what I can against them. We believe that the frightful text, "He that believes shall be saved, and he that believeth not shall be damned," has covered the earth with blood. You might as well say that all that have red hair shall be damned. It has filled the heart with arrogance, cruelty, and murder. It has caused the religious wars; bound hundreds of thousands to the stake; founded inquisitions; filled dungeons; invented instruments of torture; taught the mother to hate her child; imprisoned the mind; filled the world with ignorance; persecuted the lovers of wisdom; built the monasteries and convents; made happiness a crime, investigation a sin, and self-reliance a blasphemy. It has poisoned the springs of learning; misdirected the energies of the world; filled all countries with want; housed

the people in hovels ; fed them with famine ; and but for the efforts of a few brave infidels, it would have taken the world back to the midnight of barbarism, and left the heavens without a star.

The maligners of Paine say that he had no right to attack this doctrine, because he was unacquainted with the dead languages, and, for this reason, it was a piece of pure impudence to investigate the scriptures.

Is it necessary to understand Hebrew in order to know that cruelty is not a virtue, that murder is inconsistent with infinite goodness, and that eternal punishment can be inflicted upon man only by an eternal fiend ? Is it really essential to conjugate the Greek verbs before you can make up your mind as to the probability of dead people getting out of their graves ? Must one be versed in Latin before he is entitled to express his opinion as to the genuiness of a pretended revelation from God ? Common sense belongs exclusively to no tongue. Logic is not confirmed to, nor has it been buried with, the dead languages. Paine attacked the Bible as it is translated. If the translation is wrong, let its defenders correct it.

The Christianity of Paine's day is not the Christianity of our time. There has been a great improvement since then. It is better now because there is less of it. One hundred and fifty years ago the foremost preachers of our time—that gentleman who preaches in this magnificent hall—would have perished at the stake. Lord, Lord, how John Calvin would have liked to have roasted this man, and the perfume of his burning flesh would have filled heaven with joy. A Universalist would have

been torn to pieces in England, Scotland, and America. Unitarians would have found themselves in the stocks, pelted by the rabble with dead cats, after which their ears would have been cut off, their tongues bored, and their foreheads branded. Less than one hundred and fifty years ago the following law was in force in Maryland:

"Be it enacted by the right honorable, the lord proprietor, by and with the advice and consent of his lordship's governor, and the upper and lower houses of the assembly, and the authority of the same:

That if any person shall hereafter, within this province, willingly, maliciously, and advisedly, by writing or speaking, blaspheme or curse God, or deny our Saviour, Jesus Christ, to be the son of God, or shall deny the Holy Trinity, the Father, Son, and the Holy Ghost, or the God-head of any of the three persons, or the unity of the God-head, or shall utter any profane words concerning the Holy Trinity, or the persons thereof and shall therefore be convicted by verdict, shall, for the first offense, be bored through the tongue, and fined £20, to be levied on his body. As for the second offense, the offender shall be stigmatized by burning in the forehead the letter B, and fined £40. And that for the third offense, the offender shall suffer death without the benefit of clergy.

The strange thing about this law is, that it has never been repealed, and was in force in the District of Columbia up to 1875. Laws like this were in force in most of the colonies and in all countries where the church had power.

In the Old Testament the death penalty was attached

to hundreds of offenses. It has been the same in all Christian countries. To-day, in civilized governments, the death penalty is attached only to murder and treason; and in some it has been entirely abolished. What a commentary upon the divine systems of the world!

In the days of Thomas Paine the church was ignorant, bloody, and relentless. In Scotland the "kirk" was at the summit of its power. It was a full sister of the Spanish Inquisition. It waged war upon human nature. It was the enemy of happiness, the hater of joy, and the despiser of liberty. It taught parents to murder their children rather than to allow them to propagate error. If the mother held opinions of which the infamous "kirk" disapproved, her children were taken from her arms, her babe from her very bosom, and she was not allowed to see them, or write them a word. It would not allow shipwrecked sailors to be rescued from drowning on Sunday.

Oh, you have no idea what a muss it kicks up in heaven to have anybody swim on Sunday. It fills all the wheeling worlds with sadness to see a boy in a boat, and the attention of the recording secretary is called to it. In a voice of thunder they say, "Upset him!" It sought to annihilate pleasure, to pollute the heart by filling it with religious cruelty and gloom. and to change mankind into a vast horde of pious, heartless fiends. One of the most famous Scotch divines said: "The kirk holds that religious toleration is not far from blasphemy." And this same Scotch kirk denounced, beyond measure, the man who had the moral grandeur to say, "The world is my country, and to do good my religion." And this

same kirk abhorred the man who said, "Any system of religion that shocks the mind of a child can not be a true system."

At that time nothing so delighted the church as the beauties of endless torment, and listening to the weak wailing of damned infants struggling in the slimy coils and poison folds of the worm that never dies.

About the beginning of the nineteenth century a boy by the name of Thomas Aikenhead was indicted and tried at Edinburgh for having denied the inspiration of the scriptures, and for having, on several occasions, when cold, wished himself in hell that he might get warm. Notwithstanding the poor boy recanted and begged for mercy, he was found guilty and hanged. His body was thrown in a hole at the foot of the scaffold and covered with stones, and though his mother came with her face covered with tears, begging for the corpse, she was denied and driven away in the name of charity. That is religion, and in the velvet of their politeness there lurks the claws of the tiger. Just give them the power and see how quick I would leave this part of the country. They know I am going to be burned forever; they know I am going to hell, but that don't satisfy them. They want to give me a little foretaste here.

Prosecutions and executions like these were common in every Christian country, and all of them based upon the belief that an intellectnal conviction is a crime. No wonder the church hated and traduced the author of the "Age of Reason." England was filled with Puritan gloom and Episcopal ceremony. The ideas of crazy fanatics and extravagant poets were taken as sober facts. Milton had clothed Christianity in the soiled and faded

finery of the gods—had added to the story of Christ the fables of mythology. He gave to the Protestant church the most outrageously material ideas of the Deity. He turned all the angels into soldiers—made heaven a battle-field, put Christ in uniform, and described God as a militia-general. His works were considered by the Protestants nearly as sacred as the Bible itself, and the imagination of the people was thoroughly polluted by the horrible imagery, the sublime absurdity of the blind Milton.

Heaven and hell were realities—the judgment-day was expected—books of accounts would be opened. Every man would hear the charges against him read. God was supposed to sit upon a golden throne, surrounded by the tallest angels, with harps in their hands and crowns on their heads. The goats would be thrust into eternal fire on the left, while the orthodox sheep, on the right, were to gambol on sunny slopes forever and ever. So all the priests were willing to save the sheep for half the wool.

The nation was profoundly ignorant, and consequently extremely religious, so far as belief was concerned.

In Europe liberty was lying chained up in the inquisition, her white bosom stained with blood. In the new world the Puritans had been hanging and burning in the name of God, and selling white Quaker children into slavery in the name of Christ, who said, "Suffer little children to come unto Me."

Under such conditions progress was impossible. Some one had to lead the way. The church is and always has been, incapable of a forward movement. Religion al-

ways looks back. The church has already reduced Spain to a guitar, Italy to a hand-organ, and Ireland to exile.

Some one, not connected with the church, had to attack the monster that was eating out the heart of the world, Some one had to sacrifice himself for the good of all. The people were in the most abject slavery; their manhood had been taken from them by pomp, by pageantry, and power.

Progress is born of doubt and inquiry. The church never doubts—never inquires. To doubt is heresy—to inquire is to admit that you do not know—the church does neither.

More than a century ago Catholicism, wrapped in robes red with the innocent blood of millions, holding in her frantic clutch crowns and scepters, honors and gold, the keys of heaven and hell, tramping beneath her feet the liberties of nations, in the proud movement of almost universal dominion, felt within her heartless breast the deadly dagger of Voltaire. From that blow the church can never recover. Livid with hatred she launched her eternal anathema at the great destroyer, and ignorant Protestants have echoed the curse of Rome.

In our country the church was all-powerful, and, although divided into many sects, would instantly unite to repel a common foe. Paine did for Protestantism what Voltaire did for Catholicism. Paine struck the first blow.

The "Age of Reason" did more to undermine the power of the Protestant church than all other books then known. It furnished an immense amount of food for thought. It was written for the average mind, and

is a straightforward, honest investigation of the Bible, and of the Christian System.

Paine did not falter from the first page to the last. He gives you his candid thought, and candid thoughts are always valuable.

The "Age of Reason" has liberalized us all. It put arguments in the mouths of the people; it put the church on the defensive, it enabled somebody in every village to corner the parson; it made the world wiser and the church better; it took power from the pulpit and divided it among the pews.

Just in proportion that the human race has advanced, the church has lost its power. There is no exception to this rule. No nation ever materially advanced that held strictly to the religion of its founders. No nation ever gave itself wholly to the control of the church without losing its power, its honor, and existence.

Every church pretends to have found the exact truth. This is the end of progress. Why pursue that which you have? Why investigate when you know.

Every creed is a rock in running water; humanity sweeps by it. Every creed cries to the universe, "Halt!" A creed is the ignorant past bullying the enlightened present.

The ignorant are not satisfied with what can be demonstrated. Science is too slow for them, and so they invent creeds. They demand completeness. A sublime segment, a grand fragment, are of no value to them. They demand the complete circle—the entire structure.

In music they want a melody with a recurring accent at measured periods. In religion they insist upon immediate answers to the questions of creation and destiny.

The alpha and omega of all things must be in the alphabet of their superstition. A religion that can not answer every question, and guess every conundrum, is in their estimation, worse than worthless. They desire a kind of theological dictionary—a religious ready reckoner, together with guide-boards at all crossings and turns. They mistake impudence for authority, solemnity for wisdom, and pathos for inspiration. The beginning and the end are what they demand. The grand flight of the eagle is nothing to them. They want the nest in which he was hatched, and especially the dry limb upon which he roosts. Anything that can be learned is hardly worth knowing. The present is considered of no value in itself. Happiness must not be expected this side of the clouds, and can only be attained by self-denial and faith; not self-denial for the good of others, but for the salvation of your own sweet self.

Paine denied the authority of Bibles and creeds; this was his crime, and for this the world shut the door in his face and emptied its slops upon him from the windows.

I challenge the world to show that Thomas Paine ever wrote one line, one word in favor of tyranny—in favor of immorality; one line, one word against what he believed to be for the highest and best interest of mankind; one line, one word against justice, charity, or liberty, and yet he has been pursued as though he had been a fiend from hell. His memory had been execrated as though he had murdered some Uriah for his wife; driven some Hagar into the desert to starve with his child upon her bosom; defiled his own daughters; ripped open with the sword the

sweet bodies of loving and innocent women; advised one brother to assassinate another; kept a harem with seven hundred wives and three hundred concubines, or had persecuted Christians even unto strange cities.

The church has pursued Paine to deter others. The church used painting, music, and architecture simply to degrade mankind. But there are men that nothing can awe. There have been at all times brave spirits that dared even the gods. Some proud head has always been above the waves. Old Diogenes, with his mantle upon him, stiff and trembling with age, caught a small animal bred upon people, went into the Pantheon, the temple of the gods, and took the animal upon his thumb nail, and, pressing it with the other, "he sacrificed Diogenes to all the gods." Just as good as anything! In every age some Diogenes has sacrificed to all the gods. True genius never cowers, and there is always some Samson feeling for the pillars of authority.

Cathedrals and domes, and chimes and chants, temples frescoed and grained and carved, and gilded with gold, altars and tapers, and paintings of virgin and babe, censer and chalice, chasuble, paten and alb, organs, and anthems and incense rising to the winged and blest, maniple, anice and stole, crosses and crosiers, tiaras, and crowns, mitres and missals and masses, rosaries, relics and robes, martyrs and saints, and windows stained as with the blood of Christ, never, never for one moment awed the brave, proud spirit of the infidel. He knew that all the pomp and glitter had been purchased with liberty, that priceless jewel of the soul. In looking at the cathedral he remembered the dungeon. The music of the organ was not loud enough to drown the clank of

fetters. He could not forget that the taper had lighted the fagot. He knew that the cross adorned the hilt of the sword, and so where others worshiped, he wept and scorned. He knew that across the open Bible lay the sword of war, and so where others worshiped he looked with scorn and wept. And so it has been through all the ages gone.

The doubter, the investigator, the infidel, have been the saviors of liberty. The truth is beginning to be realized, and the truly intellectual are honoring the brave thinker of the past. But the church is as unforgiving as ever, and still wanders why any infidel should be wicked enough to attempt to destroy her power. I will tell the church why I hate it.

You have imprisoned the human mind; you have been the enemy of liberty; you have burned us at the stake, roasted us before slow fires, torn our flesh with irons; you have covered us with chains, treated us as outcasts; you have filled the world with fear; you have taken our wives and children from our arms; you have confiscated our property; you have denied us the right to testify in courts of justice; you have branded us with infamy; you have torn out our tongues; you have refused us burial. In the name of your religion you have robbed us of every right; and after having inflicted upon us every evil that can be inflicted in this world, you have fallen upon your knees, and with clasped hands implored your God to finish the holy work in hell.

Can you wonder that we hate your doctrines; that we despise your creeds; that we feel proud to know that we are beyond your power; that we are free in spite of you; that we can express our honest thought.

and that the whole world is gradually rising into the blessed light? Can you wonder that we point with pride to the fact that infidelity has ever been found battling for the rights of man, for the liberty of conscience, and for the happiness of all? Can you wonder that we are proud to know that we have always been disciples of reason and soldiers of freedom; that we have denounced tyranny and superstition, and have kept our hands unstained with human blood?

I deny that religion is the end or object of this life. When it is so considered it becomes destructive of happiness. The real end of life is happiness. It becomes a hydra-headed monster, reaching in terrible coils from the heavens, and thrusting its thousand fangs into the bleeding, quivering hearts of men. It devours their substance, builds palaces for God (who dwells not in temples made with hands), and allows His children to die in huts and hovels. It fills the earth with mourning, heaven with hatred, the present with fear, and all the future with fire and despair. Virtue is a subordination of the passion of the intellect. It is to act in accordance with your highest convictions. It does not consist in believing, but in doing. This is the sublime truth that the infidels in all ages have uttered. They have handed the torch from one to the other through all the years that have fled. Upon the altar of reason they have kept the sacred fire, and through the long midnight of faith they fed the divine flame. Infidelity is liberty; all superstition is slavery. In every creed man is the slave of God, woman is the slave of man, and the sweet children are the slaves of all. We do not want creeds; we want some knowledge. We want happiness. And yet we are told by the church that we have accomplished nothing; that we are simply destroyers; that we tear down without building again.

Is it nothing to free the mind? Is it nothing to civilize mankind? Is it nothing to fill the world with light, with discovery, with science? Is it nothing to dignify man and exalt the intellect? Is it nothing to grope your way into the dreary prisons, the damp and dropping dungeons, the dark and silent cells of superstition, where the souls of men are chained to floors of stone; to greet them like a ray of light, like the song of a bird, the murmur of a stream, to see the dull eyes open and grow slowly bright; to feel yourself grasped by the shrunken and unused hands, and hear yourself thanked by a strange and hollow voice? Is it nothing to conduct these souls gradually into the blessed light of day—to let them see again the happy fields, the sweet, green earth, and hear the everlasting music of the waves? Is it nothing to make men wipe the dust from their swollen knees, the tears from their blanched and furrowed cheeks? Is it a small thing to reave the heavens of an insatiate monster and write

upon the eternal dome, glittering with stars, the grand word liberty? Is it a small thing to quench the thirst of hell with the holy tears of piety, break all the chains, put out the fires of civil war, stay the sword of the fanatic, and tear the bloody hands of the church from the white throat of progress? Is it a small thing to make men truly free, to destroy the dogmas of ignorance, prejudice, and power, the poisoned fables of superstition, and drive from the beautiful face of the earth the fiend of fear?

It does seem as though the most zealous Christians must at times entertain some doubt as to the divine origin of his religion. For eighteen hundred years the doctrine has been preached. For more than a thousand years the church had, to a great extent, the control of the civilized world, and what has been the result? Are the Christian nations patterns of charity and forbearance? On the contrary, their principal business is to destroy each other. More than five millions of Christians are trained and educated and drilled to murder their fellow-Christians. Every nation is groaning under a vast debt incurred in carrying on war against other Christians, or defending itself from Christian assault. The world is covered with forts to protect Christians from Christians, and every sea is covered with iron monsters ready to blow Christian brains into eternal froth. Millions upon millions are annually expended in the effort to construct still more deadly and terrible engines of death. Industry is crippled, honest toil is robbed, and even beggary is taxed to defray the expenses of Christian murder. There must be some other way to reform this world. We have tried creed and dogma and fable, and they have failed—and they have failed in all the nations dead.

Nothing but education—scientific education—can benefit mankind. We must find out the laws of nature and conform to them. We need free bodies and free minds, free labor and free thought, chainless hands and fetterless brains. Free labor will give us wealth. Free thought will give us truth. We need men with moral courage to speak and write their real thoughts, and to stand by their convictions, even to the very death. We need have no fear of being too radical. The future will verify all grand and brave predictions. Paine was splendidly in advance of his time, but he was orthodox compared to the infidels of to-day.

Science, the great iconoclast, has been very busy since 1809, and by the highway of progress are the broken images of the past. On every hand the people advance. The vicar of God has been pushed from the throne of the Cæsars, and upon the roofs of the Eternal city falls once more the shadow of the eagle. All has been accomplished by the heroic few. The men of science have explored heaven and earth, and with in-

finite patience have furnished the facts. The brave thinkers have aided them. The gloomy caverns of superstition have been transformed into temples of thought, and the demons of the past are the angels of to-day.

Science took a handful of sand, constructed a telescope, and with it explored the starry depths of heaven. Science wrested from the gods their thunderbolts; and now, the electric spark freighted with thought and love, flashes under all the waves of the sea. Science took a tear from the cheek of unpaid labor, converted it into steam, and created a giant that turns with tireless arm the countless wheels of toil.

Thomas Paine was one of the intellectual heroes, one of the men to whom we are indebted. His name is associated forever with the great republic. He lived a long, laborious, and useful life. The world is better for his having lived. For the sake of truth he accepted hatred and reproach for his portion. He ate the bitter bread of neglect and sorrow. His friends were untrue to him because he was true to himself and true to them. He lost the respect of what is called society, but kept his own. His life is what the world calls failure, and what history calls success.

If to love your fellow-men more than self is goodness, Thomas Paine was good. If to be in advance of your time, to be a pioneer in the direction of right, is greatness, Thomas Paine was great. If to avow your principles and discharge your duty in the presence of death is heroic, Thomas Paine was a hero.

At the age of 73, death touched his tired heart. He died in the land his genius defended, under the flag he gave to the skies. Slander can not touch him now; hatred can not reach him more. He sleeps in the sanctuary of the tomb, beneath the quiet of the stars. A few more years, a few more brave men, a few more rays of light, and mankind will venerate the memory of him who said:

Any system of religion that shocks the mind of a child can not be a true system. The world is my country, and to do good my religion.

The next question is: Did Thomas Paine recant? Mr. Paine had prophesied that fanatics would crawl and cringe around him during his last moments. He believed that they would put a lie in the mouth of death. When the shadow of the coming dissolution was upon him, two clergymen, Messrs. Milledollar and Cunningham, called to annoy the dying man. Mr. Cunningham had the politeness to say: "You have now a full view of death; you can not live long; whoever does not believe in the Lord Jesus Christ, will assuredly be damned." Mr. Paine replied: "Let me have none of your popish stuff. Get away with you. Good

morning." On another occasion a Methodist minister obtruded himself. Mr. Willet Hicks was present. The minister declared to Mr. Paine that "unless he repented of his unbelief he would be damned." Paine, although at the door of death, rose in his bed and indignantly requested the clergyman to leave the room. On another occasion, two brothers by the name of Pigott sought to convert him. He was displeased, and requested their departure. Afterward, Thomas Nixon and Capt. Daniel Pelton visited him for the express purpose of ascertaining whether he had, in any manner, changed his religious opinions. They were assured by the dying man that he still held the principles he had expressed in his writings.

Afterward, these gentlemen, hearing that William Cobbet was about to write a life of Paine, sent him the following note: I must tell you now that it is of great importance to find out whether Paine recanted. If he recanted, then the Bible is true—you can rest assured that a spring of water gushed out of a dead dry bone. If Paine recanted, there is not the slightest doubt about that donkey making that speech to Mr. Baalam —not the slightest—and if Paine did not recant, then the whole thing is a mistake. I want to show that Thomas Paine died as he has lived, a friend of man and without superstition, and if you will stay here I will do it.

NEW YORK, April 24, 1818.—SIR: Having been informed that you have a design to write a history of the life and writings of Thomas Paine, if you have been furnished with materials in respect to his religious opinions, or rather of his recantation of his former opinions before his death, all you have heard of his recanting is false. Being aware that such reports would be raised after his death by fanatics who infested his house at the time it was expected he would die, we, the subscribers, intimate acquaintances of Thomas Paine since the year 1776, went to his house. He was sitting up in a chair, and apparently in full vigor and use of all his mental faculties We interrogated him upon his religious opinions, and if he had changed his mind, or repented of anything he had said or wrote on that subject. He answered, "Not at all," and appeared rather offended at our supposition that any change should take place in his mind. We took down in writing the questions put to him and his answers thereto, before a number of persons then in his room, among whom were his doctor, Mrs. Bonneville, etc. This paper is mislaid and can not be found at present, but the above is the substance, which can be attested by many living witnesses. THOMAS NIXON,
DANIEL PELTON.

Mr. Jarvis, the artist, saw Mr. Paine one or two days before his death. To Mr. Jarvis he expressed his belief in his written opinions upon the subject of religion. B. F. Haskin, an attorney of the City of New York, also visited him, and inquired as to his religious opinions. Paine was then upon the threshold of death, but he did not tremble, he was not a

coward. He expressed his firm and unshaken belief in the religious ideas he had given to the world.

Dr. Manly was with him when he spoke his last words. Dr. Manly asked the dying man, and Dr. Manly was a Christian, if he did not wish to believe that Jesus was the Son of God, and the dying philosopher answered: "I have no wish to believe on that subject." Amasa Woodsworth sat up with Thomas Paine the night before his death. In 1839 Gilbert Vale, hearing that Woodsworth was living in or near Boston, visited him for the purpose of getting his statement, and the statement was published in *The Beacon* of June 5, 1839, and here it is:

We have just returned from Boston. One object of our visit to that city was to see Mr. Amasa Woodsworth, an engineer, now retired in a handsome cottage and garden at East Cambridge, Boston. This gentleman owned the house occupied by Paine at his death, while he lived next door. As an act of kindness, Mr. Woodsworth visited Mr. Paine every day for six weeks before his death. He frequently sat up with him, and did so on the last two nights of his life. He was always there with Dr. Manly, the physician, and assisted in removing Mr. Paine while his bed was prepared. He was present when Dr. Manly asked Mr. Paine if he wished to believe that Jesus Christ was the Son of God. He says that lying on his back he used some action and with much emphasis replied: "I have no wish to believe on that subject." He lived some time after this, but was not known to speak, for he died tranquilly. He accounts for the insinuating style of Dr. Manly's letter by stating that that gentleman, just after its publication, joined a church. He informs us that he has openly proved the doctor for the falsity contained in the spirit of that letter, boldly declaring before Dr. Manly, who is still living, that nothing which he saw justified the insinuations. Mr. Woodsworth assures us that he neither heard nor saw anything to justify the belief of any mental change in the opinions of Mr. Paine previous to his death; but that being very ill and in pain, chiefly arising from the skin being removed in some parts by long lying, he was generally too uneasy to enjoy conversation on abstract subjects. This, then, is the best evidence that can be procured on this subject, and we publish it while the contravening parties are yet alive, and with the authority of Mr. Woodsworth.

GILBERT VALE.

A few weeks ago I received the following letter, which confirms the statement of Mr. Vale:

NEAR STOCKTON, Cal., GREENWOOD COTTAGE, July 9, 1877.—COL. INGERSOLL: In 1842 I talked with a gentleman in Boston. I have forgotten his name; but he was then an engineer of the Charleston navy yard. I am thus particular so that you can find his name on the books. He told me that he nursed Thomas Paine in his last illness and closed his eyes when dead. I asked him if he recanted and called upon God to save him. He replied: "No; he died as he had taught. He had a sore upon his side, and when we turned him it was very painful, and he would cry out, 'O God!' or something like that." "But," said the narrator, "that was nothing, for he believed in a God." I told him that I had often heard it asserted from the pulpit that Mr. Paine had

recanted in his last moment. The gentleman said that it was not true, and he appeared to be an intelligent, truthful man. With respect, I remain, etc., PHILIP GRAVES, M. D.

The next witness is Willet Hicks, a Quaker preacher. He says that during the last illness of Mr. Paine he visited him almost daily, and that Paine died firmly convinced of the truth of the religious opinions that he had given to his fellow-men. It was to this same Willet Hicks that Paine applied for permission to be buried in the cemetery of the Quakers. Permission was refused. This refusal settles the question of recantation. If he had recanted, of course there would have been no objection to his body being buried by the side of the best hypocrites in the earth. If Paine recanted, why should he be denied "a little earth for charity?" Had he recanted, it would have been regarded as a vast and splendid triumph for the gospel. It would, with much noise and pomp and ostentation, have been heralded about the world.

Here is another letter:

PEORIA, Ill., Oct. 8, 1877.—ROBERT G. INGERSOLL.—*Esteemed Friend:* My parents were Friends (Quakers). My father died when I was very young. The elderly and middle-aged Friends visited at my mother's house. We lived in the City of New York. Among the number I distinctly remember Elias Hicks, Willet Hicks, and a Mr. —— Day, who was a bookseller in Pearl St. There were many others whose names I do not now remember. The subject of the recantation of Thomas Paine of his views about the Bible in his last illness, or any other time, was discussed by them in my presence at different times. I learned from them that some of them had attended upon Thomas Paine in his last sickness, and ministered to his wants up to the time of his death. And upon the question of whether he did recant there was but one expression. They all said that he did not recant in any manner. I often heard them say they wished he had recanted. In fact, according tot hem, the nearer he approached death the more positive he appeared to be in his convictions. These conversations were from 1820 to 1822. I was at that time from ten to twelve years old, but these conversations impressed themselves upon me because many thoughtless people then blamed the society of Friends for their kindness to that "arch-infidel," Thomas Paine. Truly yours, A. C. HANKENSON.

A few days ago I received the following:

ALBANY, N. Y., Sept. 27, 1877.—DEAR SIR: it is over twenty years ago that, professionally, I made the acquaintance of John Hogeboom, a justice of the peace of the County Rensselaer, New York. He was then over seventy years of age, and had the reputation of being a man of candor and integrity. He was a great admirer of Paine. He told me he was personally acquainted with him, and used to see him frequently during the last years of his life in the City of New York, where Hogeboom then resided. I asked him if there was any truth in the charge that Paine was in the habit of getting drunk. He said that it was utterly false; that he never heard of such a thing during the lifetime of Mr. Paine, and did not believe anyone else did. I asked him

about the recantation of his religious opinions on his deathbed, and the revolting deathbed scenes that the world heard so much about. He said there was no truth in them; that he had received his information from persons who attended Paine in his last illness, and that he passed peacefully, as we may say, in the sunshine of a great soul. Yours truly, W. J. HILTON.

The witnesses by whom I substantiate the fact that Thomas Paine did not recant, and that he died holding the religious opinions he had published are:

1. Thomas Nixon, Capt. Daniel Pelton, B. F. Haskin. These gentlemen visited him during his last illness for the purpose of ascertaining whether he had, in any respect, changed his views upon religion. He told them that he had not.

2. James Cheetham. This man was the most malicious enemy Mr. Paine had, and yet he admits that "Thomas Paine died placidly, and almost without a struggle."—*Life of Thomas Paine, by James Cheetham.*

3. The ministers, Milledollar and Cunningham. These gentleman told Mr. Paine that if he died without believing in the Lord Jesus Christ, he would be damned, and Paine replied: "Let me have none of your popish stuff. Good morning."—*Sherwin's Life of Paine, page 220.*

4. Mrs. Hedden. She told these same preachers, when they attempted to obtrude themselves upon Mr. Paine again, that the attempt to convert Mr. Paine was useless; "that if God did not change his mind, no human power could."

5. Andrew A. Dean. This man lived upon Paine's farm, at New Rochelle, and corresponded with him upon religious subjects.—*Paine's Theological Works, Page 308.*

6. Mr. Jarvis, the artist with whom Paine lived. He gives an account of an old lady coming to Paine, and telling him that God Almighty had sent her to tell him that unless he repented and believed in the blessed Saviour he would be damned. Paine replied that God would not send such a foolish old waman with such an impertinent message.—*Clio Rickman's Life of Paine.*

7. William Carver, with whom Paine boarded. Mr. Carver said again and again that Paine did not recant. He knew him well, any had every opportunity of knowing.—*Life of Paine, by Vale.*

8. Dr. Manly, who attended him in his last sickness, and to whom Paine spoke his last words. Dr. Manly asked him if he did not wish to believe in Jesus Christ, and he replied: "I have no wish to believe on that subject."

9. Willet Hicks and Elias Hicks, who were with him frequently during his last sickness, and both of whom tried to persuade him to recant.

According to their testimony Mr. Paine died as he lived—a believer in God and a friend to man. Willet Hicks was offered money to say something false against Paine. He was even offered money to remain silent, and allow others to slander the dead. Mr. Hicks, speaking of Thomas Paine, said: "He was a good man. Thomas Paine was an honest man."

10. Amasa Woodsworth, who was with him every day for some six weeks immediately preceding his death, and sat up with him the last two nights of his life. This man declares that Paine did not recant, and that he died tranquilly. The evidence of Mr. Woodsworth is conclusive.

11. Thomas Paine himself. The will of Mr. Paine, written by himself, commences as follows: "The last will and testament of me, the subscriber, Thomas Paine, reposing confidence in my Creator, God, and in no other being, for I know of no other, nor believe in any other," and closes with these words: "I have lived an honest and useful life to mankind. My time has been spent in doing good, and I die in perfect composure and resignation to the will of my Creator, God."

12. If Thomas Paine recanted, why do you pursue him? If he recanted he died in your belief. For what reason, then, do you denounce his death as cowardly? If upon his death-bed he renounced the opinions he had published, the business of defaming him should be done by infidels, not by Christians. I ask Christians if it is honest to throw away the testimony of his friends, the evidence of fair and honorable men, and take the putrid words of avowed and malignant enemies? When Thomas Paine was dying he was infested by fanatics, by the snaky spies of bigotry. In the shadows of death were the unclean birds of prey waiting to tear, with beak and claw, the corpse of him who wrote the "Rights of Man," and there lurking and crouching in the darkness, were the jakals and hyenas of superstition, ready to violate his grave. These birds of prey—these unclean beasts—are the witnesses produced and relied upon to malign the memory of Thomas Paine. One by one the instruments of torture have been wrenched from the cruel clutch of the church, until within the armory of orthodoxy there remains but one weapon—Slander.

Against the witnesses that I have produced there can be brought just two—Mary Roscoe and Mary Hinsdale. The first is referred to in the memoir of Stephen Grellet. She had once been a servant in his house. Grellet tells what happened between this girl and Paine. According to this account, Paine asked her if she had ever read any of his writings, and on being told that she had read very little of them, he inquired

what she thought of them, adding that from such an one as she he expected a correct answer.

Let us examine this falsehood. Why would Paine expect a correct answer about his writings from one who read very little of them? Does not such a statement devour itself? This young lady further said that the "Age of Reason" was put in her hands, and that the more she read in it, the more dark and distressed she felt, and that she threw the book into the fire. Whereupon Mr. Paine remarked: "I wish all had done as you did, for if the devil ever had any agency in any work, he had in my writing that book."

The next is Mary Hinsdale. She was a servant in the family of Willet Hicks. The church is always proving something by a nurse. She, like Mary Roscoe, was sent to carry some delicacy to Mr. Paine. To this young lady Paine, according to his account, said precisely the same that he did to Mary Roscoe, and she said the same thing to Mr. Paine.

My own opinion is that Mary Roscoe and Mary Hinsdale are one and the same person, or the same story has been, by mistake, put in the mouths of both. It is not possible that the identical conversation should have taken place between Paine and Mary Roscoe and between him and Mary Hinsdale. Mary Hinsdale lived with Willet Hicks, and he pronounced her story a pious fraud and fabrication.

Another thing about this witness. A woman by the name of Mary Lockwood, a Hicksite Quaker, died. Mary Hinsdale met her brother about that time and told him that his sister had recanted, and wanted her to say so at her funeral. This turned out to be a lie.

It has been claimed that Mary Hinsdale made her statement to Charles Collins. Long after the alleged occurrence Gilbert Vale, one of the biographers of Paine, had a conversation with Collins concerning Mary Hinsdale. Vale asked him what he thought of her. He replied that some of the Friends believed that she used opiates, and that they did not give credit to her statements. He also said that he believed what the Friends said, but thought that when a young woman she might have told the truth.

In 1818 William Cobbett came to New York. He began collecting material for a life of Thomas Paine. In this way he became acquainted with Mary Hinsdale and Charles Collins. Mr. Cobbett gave a full account of what happened in a letter addressed to *The Norwich Mercury* in 1819. From this account it seems that Charles Collins told Cobbett that Paine had recanted. Cobbett called for the testimony, and told Mr. Collins that he must give time, place, and circumstances. He finally brought a statement that he stated had been made by Mary Hinsdale. Armed with this document, Cobbett, in October of that

year, called upon the said Mary Hinsdale, at No. 10 Anthony Street, New York, and showed her the statement. Upon being questioned by Mr. Cobbett she said that it was so long ago that she could not speak positively to any part of the matter; that she would not say that any part of the paper was true; that she had never seen the paper, and that she had never given Charles Collins authority to say anything about the matter in her name. And so in the month of October, in the year of grace 1818, in the mist of fog and forgetfulness, disappeared forever one Mary Hinsdale, the last and only witness against the intellectual honesty of Thomas Paine.

A letter was written to the editor of *The New York World* by the Rev. A. W. Cornell, in which he says:

SIR: I see by your paper that Bob Ingersoll discredits Mary Hinsdale's story of the scenes which occurred at the death bed of Thomas Paine. No one who knew that good old lady would for one moment doubt her veracity, or question her testimony. Both she and her husband were Quaker preachers, and well known and respected inhabitants of New York City.

Ingersoll is right in his conjecture that Mary Roscoe and Mary Hinsdale were the same person. Her maiden mame was Roscoe and she married Henry Hinsdale. My mother was a Roscoe, a niece of Mary Roscoe, and lived with her for some time.

REV. A. W. CORNELL, Harpersville, N. Y.

The editor of the *New York Observer* took up the challenge that I had thrown down. I offered $1,000 in gold to any minister who would prove, or to any person who would prove that Thomas Paine recanted in his last hours. *The New York Observer* accepted the wager, and then told a falsehood about it. But I kept after the gentlemen until I forced them, in their paper, published on the 1st of November, 1877, to print these words:

We have never stated in any form, nor have we ever supposed, that Paine actually renounced his infidelity. . The accounts agree in stating that he died a blaspheming infidel.

This, I hope, for all coming time will refute the slanders of the churches yet to be.

The next charge they make is that Thomas Paine died in destitution and want. That, of course, would show that he was wrong. They boast that the founder of their religion had not whereon to lay his head, but when they found a man who stood for the rights of man, when they say that he did, that is an evidence that this doctrine was a lie. Won't do! Did Thomas Paine die in destitution and want? The charge has been made over and over again that Thomas Paine died in want and destitution; that he was an abandoned pauper—an outcast, without friends and without money. This charge is just as false as the

rest. Upon his return to this country, in 1802, he was worth $30,000, according to his own statement, made at that time in the following letter, and addressed to Clio Rickman:

My dear friend, Mr. Monroe, who is appointed minister extraordinary to France, takes charge of this, to be delivered to Mr. Este, banker, in Paris, to be forwarded to you.

I arrived in Baltimore, 30th of October, and you can have no idea of the agitation which my arrival occasioned. From New Hampshire to Georgia (an extent of 1,500 miles), every newspaper was filled with applause or abuse.

My property in this country has been taken care of by my friends, and is now worth six thousand pounds sterling, which, put in the funds, will bring about £400 sterling a year.

Remember me in affection and friendship to your wife and family, and in the circle of your friends. THOMAS PAINE.

A man in those days worth $30,000 was not a pauper. That amount would bring an income of at least $2,000. Two thousand dollars then would be fully equal to $5,000 now. On the 12th of July, 1809, the year in which he died, Mr. Paine made his will. From this instrument we learn that he was the owner of a valuable farm within twenty miles of New York. He was also owner of thirty shares in the New York Phœnix Insurance Company, worth upward of $1,500. Besides this, some personal property and ready money. By his will he gave to Walter Morton and Thomas Addis Emmet, a brother of Robert Emmet, $200 each, and $100 to the widow of Elihu Palmer. Is it possible that this will was made by a pauper, by a destitute outcast, by a man who suffered for the ordinary necessities of life?

But suppose, for the sake of argument, that he was poor, and that he died a beggar, does that tend to show that the Bible is an inspired book, and that Calvin did not burn Servetus? Do you really regard poverty as a crime? If Paine had died a millionaire, would Christians have accepted his religious opinions? If Paine had drank nothing but cold water, would Christians have repudiated the five cardinal points of Calvinism? Does an argument depend for its force upon the pecuniary condition of the person making it? As a matter of fact, most reformers—most men and women of genius—have been acquainted with poverty. Beneath a covering of rags have been found some of the tenderest and bravest hearts.

Owing to the attitude of the churches for the last fifteen hundred years, truth telling has not been a very lucrative business. As a rule, hypocrisy has worn the robes, and honesty the rags. That day is passing away. You can not now answer a man by pointing at the holes in his coat. Thomas Paine attacked the church when it was powerful; when it had what is called honors to bestow; when it was the keeper of

the public conscience; when it was strong and cruel. The church waited till he was dead, and then attacked his reputation and his clothes. Once upon a time a donkey kicked a lion. The lion was dead. You just don't know how happy I am to-night that justice so long delayed at last is going to be done, and to see so many splendid looking people come here out of deference to the memory of Thomas Paine. I am glad to be here.

The next thing is: Did Thomas Paine live the life of a drunken beast, and did he die a drunken, cowardly, and beastly death? Well, we will see. Upon you rests the burden of substantiating these infamous charges. The Christians have, I suppose, produced the best evidence in their possession, and that evidence I will now proceed to examine. Their first witness is Grant Thorburn. He made three charges against Thomas Paine:

1. That his wife obtained a divorce from him in England for cruelty and neglect.
2. That he was a defaulter and fled from England to America.
3. That he was a drunkard.

These three charges stand upon the same evidence—the word of Grant Thorburn If they are not all true, Mr. Thorburn stands impeached.

The charge that Mrs. Paine obtained a divorce on account of the cruelty and neglect of her husband is utterly false. There is no such record in the world, and never was. Paine and his wife separated by mutual consent. Each respected the other. They remained friends. This charge is without any foundation, in fact, I challenge the Christian world to produce the record of this decree of divorce. According to Mr. Thorburn, it was granted in England. In that country public records are kept of all such decrees. I will give $1,000 if they will produce a decree, showing that it was given on account of cruelty, or admit that Mr. Thorburn was mistaken.

Thomas Paine was a just man. Although separated from his wife, he always spoke of her with tenderness and respect, and frequently sent her money without letting her know the source from whence it came. Was this the conduct of a drunken beast?

The next is that he was a defaulter, and fled from England to America. As I told you in the first place, he was an exciseman; if he was a defaulter, that fact is upon the records of Great Britain. I will give $1,000 in gold to any man who will show, by the records of England, that he was a defaulter of a single, solitary cent. Let us bring these gentlemen to Limerick.

And they charge that he was a drunkard. That is another falsehood. He drank liquor in his day, as did the preachers. It was no unusual

thing for a preacher going home to stop in a tavern and take a drink of hot rum with a deacon, and it was no unusual thing for the deacon to help the preacher home. You have no idea how they loved the sacrament in those days. They had communion pretty much all the time.

Thorburn says that in 1802 Paine was an "old remnant of mortality, drunk, bloated, and half asleep." Can anyone believe this to be a true account of the personal appearance of Mr. Paine in 1802? He had just returned from France. He had been welcomed home by Thomas Jefferson, who had said that he was entitled to the hospitality of every American.

In 1802 Mr. Paine was honored with a public dinner in the City of New York. He was called upon and treated with kindness and respect by such men as De Witt Clinton. In 1806 Mr. Paine wrote a letter to Andrew A. Dean upon the subject of religion. Read that letter and then say that the writer of it was an old remnant of mortality, drunk, bloated, and half asleep. Search the files of Christian papers, from the first issue to the last, and you will find nothing superior to this letter. In 1803 Mr. Paine wrote a letter of considerable length, and of great force, to his friend Samuel Adams. Such letters are not written by drunken beasts, nor by remnants of old mortality, nor by drunkards. It was about the same time that he wrote his "Remarks on Robert Hall's Sermons." These "Remarks" were not written by a drunken beast, but by a clear-headed and thoughtful man.

In 1804 he published an essay on the invasion of England and a treatise on gun-boats, full of valuable maritime information; in 1805 a treatise on yellow fever, suggesting modes of prevention. In short, he was an industrious and thoughtful man. He sympathized with the poor and oppressed of all lands. He looked upon monarchy as a species of physical slavery. He had the goodness to attack that form of government. He regarded the religion of his day as a kind of mental slavery. He had the courage to give his reasons for his opinion. His reasons filled the churches with hatred. Instead of answering his arguments they attacked him. Men who were not fit to blacken his shoes blackened his character. There is too much religious cant in the statement of Mr. Thorburn. He exhibits too much anxiety to tell what Grant Thorburn said to Thomas Paine. He names Thomas Jefferson as one of the disreputable men who welcomed Paine with open arms. The testimony of a man who regarded Thomas Jefferson as a disreputable person, as to the character of anybody, is utterly without value.

Now, Grant Thorburn—this gentleman who was "four feet and a half high, and who weighed ninety-eight pounds three and one-half ounces" —says that he used to sit nights at Carver's, in New York, with Thomas

Paine. Mrs. Ferguson, the daughter of William Carver, says that she knew Thorburn when she saw him, but that she never saw him in her father's house. The denial of Mrs. Ferguson enraged Thorburn, and he at once wrote a few falsehoods about her. Thereupon a suit was commenced by Mrs. Ferguson and her husband against Thorburn, the writer, and Fanshaw, the publisher, of the libel. Thorburn ran away to Connecticut. Fanshaw wrote him for evidence of what he had written. Thorburn replied that what he had written about Mrs. Ferguson could not be proved. Fanshaw then settled with the Fergusons, paying them the amount demanded.

In 1859 the Fergusons lived at No. 148 Duane Street, New York. In *The Commercial Advertiser* of New York, in 1830, appeared the written acknowledgment of this same little Grant Thorburn that he did, on the 22d of August, 1830, at half-past 6 in the morning, take four bottles of cider from the cellar of Mr. Comstock.

Mr. Comstock says that Thorburn was arrested, and that when brought before him he pleaded guilty and threw himself upon his (Comstock's) mercy.

The Philadelphia Tract Society gave Thorburn $100 to write his recollections of Thomas Paine.

Let us dispose of this four feet and a half of wretch. In October, 1877, I received the following letter frem James Parton:

NEWBURYPORT, Mass., Oct. 27, 1877.—MY DEAR SIR: Touching Grant Thorburn, I personally knew him to have been a liar. At the age of 92 he copied with trembling hand a piece from a newspaper and brought it to the office of *The Home Journal* as his own. It was I who received it and detected the deliberate forgery. * * JAMES PARTON.

So much for Grant Thorburn. In my judgment, the testimony of Mr. Thorburn should be thrown aside as utterly unworthy of belief.

The next witness is the Rev. J. D. Wickham, D. D., who tells what an elder in his church said. This elder said that Paine passed his last days on his farm at New Rochelle, with a solitary female attendant. This is not true. He did not pass his last days at New Rochelle, consequently, this pious elder did not see him during his last days at that place. Upon this elder we prove an alibi. Mr. Paine passed his last days in the City of New York, in a house upon Columbia Street. The story of the Rev. J. D. Wickham, D. D., is simply false.

The next competent false witness was the Rev. Charles Hawley, D. D., who proceeds to state that the story of the Rev. J. D. Wickham, D. D., is corroborated by older citizens of New Rochelle. The names of these ancient residents are withheld. According to these unknown witnesses, the account given by the deceased elder was entirely correct. But as the particulars of Mr. Paine's conduct "were too loathsome to be described in print," we are left entirely in the dark as to what he really did.

While at New Rochelle, Mr. Paine lived with Mr. Purdy, Mr. Dean, with Capt. Pelton, and with Mr. Staple. It is worthy of note that all of these gentlemen give the lie direct to the statements of "older residents" and ancient citizens spoken of by the Rev. Charles Hawley, D. D., and leave him with the "loathsome particulars" existing only in his own mind.

The next gentleman brought upon the stand is W. H. Ladd, who quotes from the memoirs of Stephen Grellett. This gentleman also has the misfortune to be dead. According to his account, Mr. Paine made his recantation to a servant girl of his by the name of Mary Roscoe. Mr. Paine uttered the wish that all who read his book had burned it. I believe there is a mistake in the name of this girl. Her name was probably Mary Hinsdale, as it was once claimed that Paine made the same remark to her.

These are the witnesses of the church, and the only ones you bring forward to support your charge that Thomas Paine lived a drunken and beastly life, and died a drunken, cowardly, and beastly death. All these calumnies are found in a life of Paine by James Cheetham, the convicted libeler already referred to. Mr. Cheetham was an enemy of the man whose life he pretended to write. In order to show you the estimation in which this libeler was held by Mr. Paine, I will give you a copy of a letter that throws light upon this point:

OCT. 27, 1807.—MR. CHEETHAM: Unless you make a public apology for the abuse and falsehood in your paper of Tuesday, Oct. 27, respecting me, I will prosecute you for lying. THOMAS PAINE.

In another letter, speaking of this same man, Mr. Paine says: "If an unprincipled bully can not be reformed, he can be punished." Cheetham has been so long in the habit of giving false information, that truth is to him like a foreign language.

Mr. Cheetham wrote the life of Mr. Paine to gratify his malice and to support religion. He was prosecuted for libel—was convicted and fined. Yet the life of Paine, written by this liar, is referred to by the Christian world as the highest authority.

As to the personal habits of Mr. Paine, we have the testimony of William Carver, with whom he lived; of Mr. Jarvis, the artist, with whom he lived; of Mr. Purdy, who was a tenant of Paine's; of Mr. Buyer, with whom he was intimate; of Thomas Nixon and Capt. Daniel Pelton, both of whom knew him well; of Amasa Woodsworth, who was with him when he died; of John Fellows, who boarded at the same house; of James Wilburn, with whom he boarded; of B. F. Haskins, a lawyer, who was well acquainted with him, and called upon him during his last illness; of Walter Morton, President of the Phœnix Insurance Company; of Clio Rickman, who had known him for many years; of

Willet and Elias Hicks, Quakers, who knew him intimately and well; of Judge Hertell, H. Margary, Elihu Palmer, and many others. All these testified to the fact that Mr. Paine was a temperate man. In those days nearly everybody used spirituous liquors. Paine was not an exception, but he did not drink to excess. Mr. Lovett, who kept the City Hotel, where Paine stopped, in a note to Caleb Bingham declared that Paine drank less than any boarder he had.

Against all this evidence Christians produce the story of Grant Thorburn, the story of the Rev. J. D. Wickham, that an elder in his church told him that Paine was a drunkard, corroborated by the Rev. Charles Hawley, and an extract from Lossing's history to the same effect. The evidence is overwhelmingly against them. Will you have the fairness to admit it? Their witnesses are merely the repeaters of the falsehoods of James Cheetham, the convicted libeler.

After all, drinking is not as bad as lying. An honest drunkard is better than a calumniator of the dead. "A remnant of old mortality drunk, bloated, and half-asleep," is better than a perfectly sober defender of human slavery. To become drunk is a virtue compared with stealing a babe from the breast of its mother. Drunkenness is one of the beatitudes, compared with editing a religious paper devoted to the defense of slavery upon the ground that it is a divine institution. Do you think that Paine was a drunken beast when he wrote "Common Sense," a pamphlet that aroused three millions of people, as people were never aroused by words before? Was he a drunken beast when he wrote the "Crisis?" Was it to a drunken beast that the following letter was addressed:

ROCKY HILL, September 10, 1783.—I have learned, since I have been at this place, that you are at Bordentown. Whether for the sake of retirement or economy, I know not. Be it for either, or both, or whatever it may, if you will come to this place and partake with me, I shall be exceedingly happy to see you at it. Your presence may remind Congress of your past services to this country; and if it is in my power to impress them, command my best exertions with freedom, as they will be rendered cheerfully by one who entertains a lively sense of the importance of your works, and who, with much pleasure, subscribes himself your sincere friend, GEORGE WASHINGTON.

Do you think that Paine was a drunken beast when the following letters were received by him:

You express a wish in your letter to return to America in a national ship. Mr. Dawson, who brings over the treaty, and who will present you with this letter, is charged with orders to the Captain of the Maryland to receive and accommodate you back, if you can be ready to depart at such a short warning. You will, in general, find us returned to sentiments worthy of former times; in these it will be your glory to have steadily labored, and with as much effect as any man living. That

you may live long to continue your useful labors, and reap the reward in the thankfulness of nations, is my sincere prayer. Accept the assurances of my high esteem and affectionate attachment.

THOMAS JEFFERSON.

It has been very generally propagated through the continent that I wrote the pamphlet "Common Sense." I could not have written anything in so manly and striking a style. JOHN ADAMS.

A few more such *flaming* arguments as were exhibited at Falmouth and Norfolk, added to the sound doctrine and unanswerable reasoning contained in the pamphlet "Common Sense," will not leave numbers at a loss to decide on the propriety of a separation.

GEORGE WASHINGTON.

It is not necessary for me to tell you how much all your countrymen —I speak of the great mass of the people—are interested in your welfare. They have not forgotten the history of their own revolution, and the difficult scenes through which they passed; nor do they review its several stages without reviving in their bosoms a due sensibility of the merits of those who served them in that great and arduous conflict. The crime of ingratitude has not yet stained, and I trust never will stain, our national character. You are considered by them as not only having rendered important services in our revolution, but as being on a more extensive scale the friend of human right and a distinguished and able advocate in favor of public liberty. To the welfare of Thomas Paine, the Americans are not, nor can they be, indifferent.

JAMES MONROE.

No writer has exceeded Paine in ease and familiarity of style, in perspicuity of expression, happiness of elucidation, and in simple and unassuming language. THOMAS JEFFERSON.

Was it in consideration of the services of a drunken beast that the Legislature of Pennsylvania presented Thomas Paine with £500 sterling? Did the State of New York feel indebted to a drunken beast, and confer upon Thomas Paine an estate of several hundred acres? Did the Congress of the United States thank him for his services because he had lived a drunken and beastly life? Was he elected a member of the French convention because he was a drunken beast? Was it the act of a drunken beast to put his own life in jeopardy by voting against the death of the King? Was it because he was a drunken beast that he opposed the "Reign of Terror"—that he endeavored to stop the shedding of blood, and did all in his power to protect even his own enemies? Do the following extracts sound like the words of a drunken beast:

I believe in the equality of man, and I believe that religious duties consist in doing justice, loving mercy, and endeavoring to make our fellow creatures happy.

My own mind is my own church.

It is necessary to the happiness of man that he be mentally faithful to himself.

Any system of religion that shocks the mind of a child can not be a true system.

The work of God is the creation which we behold.

The age of ignorance commenced with the Christian system.

It is with a pious fraud as with a bad action—it begets a calamitous necessity of going on.

To read the Bible without horror, we must undo everything that is tender, sympathizing, and benevolent in the heart of man.

The man does not exist who can say I have persecuted him, or that I have, in any case, returned evil for evil.

Of all the tyrants that afflict mankind, tyranny in religion is the worst.

The belief in a cruel God makes a cruel man.

My own opinion is, that those whose lives have been spent in doing good, and endeavoring to make their fellow-mortals happy, will be happy hereafter.

The intellectual part of religion is a private affair between every man and his Maker, and in which no third party has any right to interfere. The practical part consists in our doing good to each other.

No man ought to make a living by religion. One person can not act religion for another—every person must act for himself.

One good school-master is of more use than a hundred priests.

Let us propagate morality, unfettered by superstition.

God is the power, or first cause; nature is the law, and matter is the subject acted upon.

I believe in one God and no more, and I hope for happiness beyond this life.

The key of happiness is not in the keeping of any sect, nor ought the road to it to be obstructed by any.

My religion, and the whole of it, is the fear and love of the Deity, and universal philanthropy.

I have yet, I believe, some years in store, for I have a good state of health and a happy mind. I take care of both, by nourishing the first with temperance and the latter with abundance.

He lives immured within the bastile of a word.

How perfectly that sentence describes the orthodox. The bastile in which they are immured is the word "Calvinism."

Man has no property in man.

The world is my country, to do good my religion.

I ask again whether these splendid utterances came from the lips of a drunken beast?

"Man has no property in man."

What a splendid motto that would make for the religious newspapers of this country thirty years ago. I ask, again, whether these splendid utterances came from the lips of a drunken beast?

Only a little while ago—two or three days—I read a report of an address made by Bishop Doane, an Episcopal Bishop in apostolic succession—regular line from Jesus Christ down to Bishop Doane. The Bishop was making a speech to young preachers—the sprouts, the theological buds. He took it upon him to advise them all against early marriages. Let us look at it. Do you believe there is any duty that man owes to God that will prevent a man marrying the woman he loves? Is there some duty that I owe to the clouds that will prevent me from marrying some good, sweet woman? Now, just think of that! I tell you, young man, you marry as soon as you can find her and support her. I had rather have one woman that I know than any amount of gods that I am not acquainted with. If there is any revelation from God to man, a good woman is the best revelation He has ever made; and I will admit that that revelation was inspired.

Now, on the subject of marriage, let me offset the speech of Bishop Doane by a word from this "wretched infidel:"

Though I appear a sorry wanderer, the marriage state has not a sincerer friend than I. It is the harbor of human life, and is, with respect to the things of this world, what the next world is to this. It is home, and that one word conveys more than any other word can express. For a few years we may glide along the tide of a single life, but it is a tide that flows but once, and, what is still worse, it ebbs faster than it flows, and leaves many a hapless voyager aground. I am one, you see, that has experienced the fall I am describing. I have lost my tide; it passed by while every throb of my heart was on the wing for the salvation of America, and I have now, as contentedly as I can, made myself a little tower of walls on that shore that has the solitary resemblance of home

I just want you to know what this dreadful infidel thought of home. I just wanted you to know what Thomas Paine thought of home.

Then here is another letter that Thomas Paine wrote to congress on the 21st day of January, 1808, and I wanted you to know those two. It is only a short one:

To the Honorable the Senate of the United States: The purport of this address is to state a claim I feel myself entitled to make on the United States, leaving it to their representatives in congress to decide on its worth and its merits. The case is as follows:

Toward the latter end of the year 1780 the continental money had become depreciated—the paper dollar being then not more than a cent—that it seemed next to impossible to continue the war. As the United States was then in alliance with France, it became necessary to make France acquainted with our real situation. I therefore drew up a letter to the Count De Vergennes, stating undisguisedly the whole case, and concluding with a request whether France could not, either as a sub-

sidy or a loan, supply the United States with a million pounds sterling, and continue that supply, annually, during the war. I showed this letter to Mr. Morbois, secretary of the French minister. His remark upon it was that a million sent out of the nation exhausted it more than ten millions spent in it. I then showed it to Mr. Ralph Izard, member of congress from South Carolina. He borrowed the letter of me and said: "We will endeavor to do something about it in congress." Accordingly, congress then appointed John A. Laurens to go to France and make representation for the purpose of obtaining assistance. Col. Laurens wished to decline the mission, and asked that congress would appoint Col. Hamilton, who did not choose to do it. Col. Laurens then came and stated the case to me, and said that he was well enough acquainted with the military difficulties of the army, but he was not acquainted with political affairs, or with the resources of the country, to undertake such a mission. Said he, "If you will go with me I will accept the mission." This I agreed to do, and did do. We sailed from Boston in the Alliance frigate February, 1781, and arrived in France in the beginning of March. The aid obtained from France was six millions of liyres, as at present, and ten millions as a loan, borrowed in Holland on the security of France. We sailed from Brest in the French frigate Resolue the 1st of June, and arrived at Boston on the 25th of August, bringing with us two millions and a half in silver, and conveying a ship and a brig laden with clothing and military stores.

The money was transported with sixteen ox teams to the National bank at Philadelphia, which enable l our army to move to Yorktown to attack in conjunction with the French army under Rochambeau, the British army under Cornwallis.

As I never had a single cent for these services, I felt myself entitled, as the country is now in a state of prosperity, to state the case to congress.

As to my political works, beginning with the pamphlet "Common Sense," published the beginning of January 1776, which awakened America to a declaration of independence, as the president and vice-president both know, as they were works done from principle I can not dishonor that principle by ever asking any reward for them. The country has been benefited by them, and I make myself happy in the knowledge of that benefit. It is, however, proper for me to add that the mere independence of America, were it to have been followed by a system of government modeled after the corrupt system of the English government, would not have interested me with the uabated ardor it did. It was to bring forward and establish a representative system of government. As the work itself will show, that was the leading principle with me in writing that work, and all my other works during the progress of the revolution, and I followed the same principle in writing in English the "Rights of Man."

After the failure of the 5 per cent. duty recommended by congress to pay the interest of the loan to be borrowed in Holland, I wrote to Chancellor Livingston, then minister for foreign affairs, and Robert Morris, minister of finance, and proposed a method for getting over the difficulty at once, which was by adding a continental legislature which should be empowered to make laws for the whole union instead of recommending them. So the method proposed met with their fu[illegible] probation. I held myself in reserve to take a step up whenever a direct occasion occurred.

In a conversation afterward with Gov. Clinton, of New York, now vice-president, it was judged that for the purpose of my going fully into the subject, and to prevent any misconstruction of my motive or object, it would be best that I received nothing from congress, but to leave it to the states individually to make me what acknowledgment they pleased. The State of New York presented me with a farm, which since my return to America, I have found it necessary to sell, and the State of Pennsylvania voted me £500 of their currency, but none of the states to the east of New York, or the south of Pennsylvania, have made me the least acknowledgment. They had received benefits from me which they accepted, and there the matter ended. This story will not tell well in history. All the civilized world knows I have been of great service to the United States, and have generously given away that which would easily have made me a fortune. I much question if an instance is to be found in ancient or modern times of a man who had no personal interest in the case to take up that of the establishment of a representative government, and who sought neither place nor office after it was established; that pursued the same undeviating principles that I had for more than thirty years, and that in spite of dangers, difficulties, and inconveniences of which I have had my share. THOMAS PAINE.

An old man in Pennsylvania told me once that his father hired a old revolutionary soldier by the name of Thomas Martin to work for him. Martin was then quite an old man; and there was an old Presbyterian preacher used to come there, by the name of Crawford, and he sat down by the fire and he got to talking one night, among other things, about Thomas Paine—what a wretched, infamous dog he was; and while he was in the midst of this conversation the old soldier rose from the fireplace, and he walked over to the preacher, and he said to him: "Did you ever see Thomas Paine?" "No." "Well," he says, "I have; I saw him at Valley Forge. I heard read at the head of every regiment and company the letters of Thomas Paine. I heard them read the 'Crisis,' and I saw Thomas Paine writing on the head of a drum, sitting at the bivouac fire, those simple words that inspired every patriot's bosom, and I want to tell you Mr. Preacher, that Thomas Paine did more for liberty than any priest that ever lived in this world.

And yet they say he was afraid to die! Afraid of what? Is there any God in heaven that hates a patriot? If there is Thomas Paine ought to be afraid to die. Is there any God that would damn a man for helping to free three millions of people? If Thomas Paine was in hell to-night, and could get God's attention long enough to point him to the old banner of the stars floating over America, God would have to let him out. What would he be afraid of? Had he ever burned anybody? No. Had he ever put anybody in the inquisition? No. Ever put the thumb-screw on anybody? No. Ever put anybody in prison so that some poor wife and mother would come and hold her little babe up at the grated window that the man bound to the floor might get one glimpse of his blue-eyed babe? Did he ever do that?

Did he ever light a fagot? Did he ever tear human flesh? Why, what had he to be afraid of? He had helped to make the world free. He had helped create the only republic then on the earth. What was he afraid of? Was God a tory? It won't do.

One would think from the persistence with which the orthodox have charged for the last seventy years that Thomas Paine recanted, that there must be some evidence of some kind to support these charges. Even with my ideas of the average honor of the believers in superstition, the average truthfulness of the disciples of fear, I did not believe that all those infamies rested solely upon poorly-attested falsehoods. I had charity enough to suppose that something had been said or done by Thomas Paine capable of being tortured into a foundation of all these calumnies. What crime had Thomas Paine committed that he should have feared to die? The only answer you can give is that he denied the inspiration of the scriptures. If that is crime, the civilized world is filled with criminals. The pioneers of human thought, the intellectual leaders of this world, the foremost men in every science, the kings of literature and art, those who stand in the front of investigation, the men who are civilizing and elevating and refining mankind, are all unbelievers in the ignorant dogma of inspiration.

Why should we think Thomas Paine was afraid to die? and why should the American people malign the memory of that great man? He was the first to advocate the separation from the mother country. He was the first to write these words: "The United States of America." Think of maligning that man! He was the first to lift his voice against human slavery, and while hundreds and thousands of ministers all over the United States not only believed in slavery, but bought and sold women and babes in the name of Jesus Christ, this infidel, this wretch who is now burning in the flames of hell, lifted his voice against human slavery and said: "It is robbery, and a slaveholder is a theif; the whipper of women is a barbarian; the seller of a child is a savage." No wonder that the theiving hypocrite of his day hated him!

I have no love for any man who ever pretended to own a human being. I have no love for a man that would sell a babe from the mother's throbbing, heaving, agonized breast. I have no respect for a man who considered a lash on the naked back as a legal tender for labor performed. So write it down, Thomas Paine was the first great abolitionist of America.

Now let me tell you another thing. He was the first man to raise his voice for the abolition of the death penalty in the French convention. What more did he do? He was the first to suggest a federal constitution for the United States. He saw that the old articles of confederation

were nothing; that they were ropes of water and chains of mist, and he said, "We want a federal constitution so that when you pass a law raising 5 per cent. you can make the states pay it." Let us give him his due. What were all these preachers doing at that time?

He hated superstition; he loved the truth. He hated tyranny; he loved liberty. He was the friend of the human race. He lived a brave and thoughtful life. He was a good and true and generous man, and he died as he lived. Like a great and peaceful river with green and shaded banks, without a murmur, without a ripple, he flowed into the waveless ocean of eternal peace. I love him; I love every man who gave me, or helped to give me the liberty I enjoy to-night; I love every man who helped me put our flag in heaven. I love every man who has lifted his voice in any age for liberty, for a chainless body and a fetterless brain. I love every man who has given to every other human being every right that he claimed for himself. I love every man who has thought more of principle than he has of position. I love the men who have trampled crowns beneath their feet that they might do something for mankind, and for that reason I love Thomas Paine.

I thank you all, ladies and gentlemen, every one—every one, for the attention you have given me this evening.

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